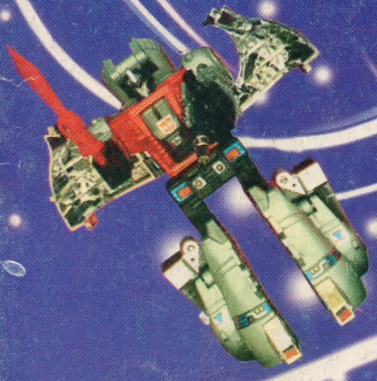
RETRO HELL!

Retro Hell! part two



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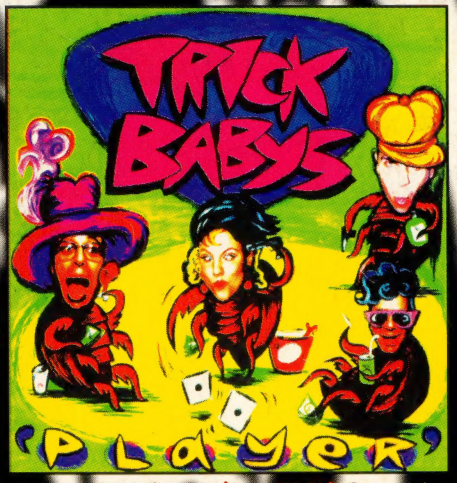

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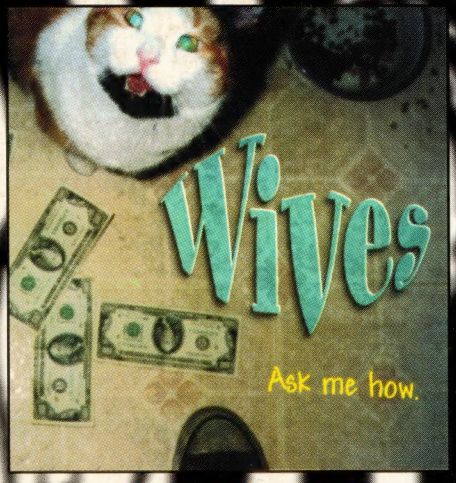

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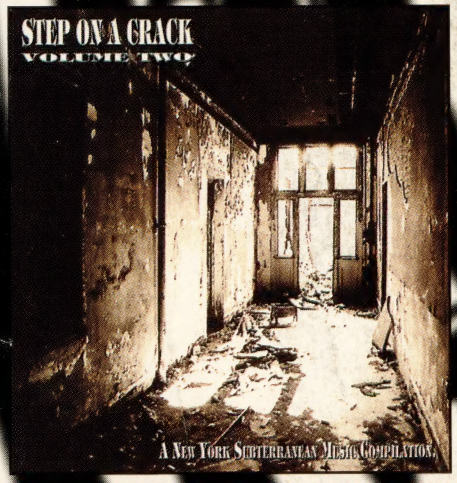

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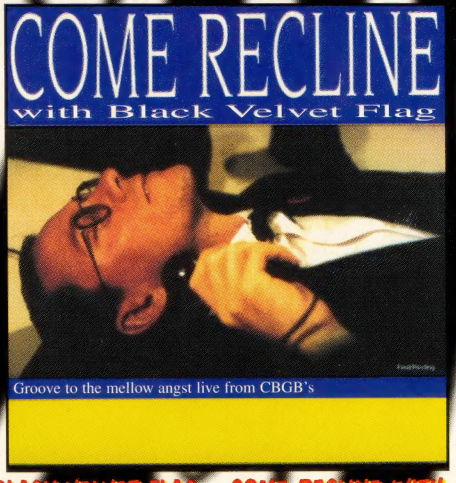

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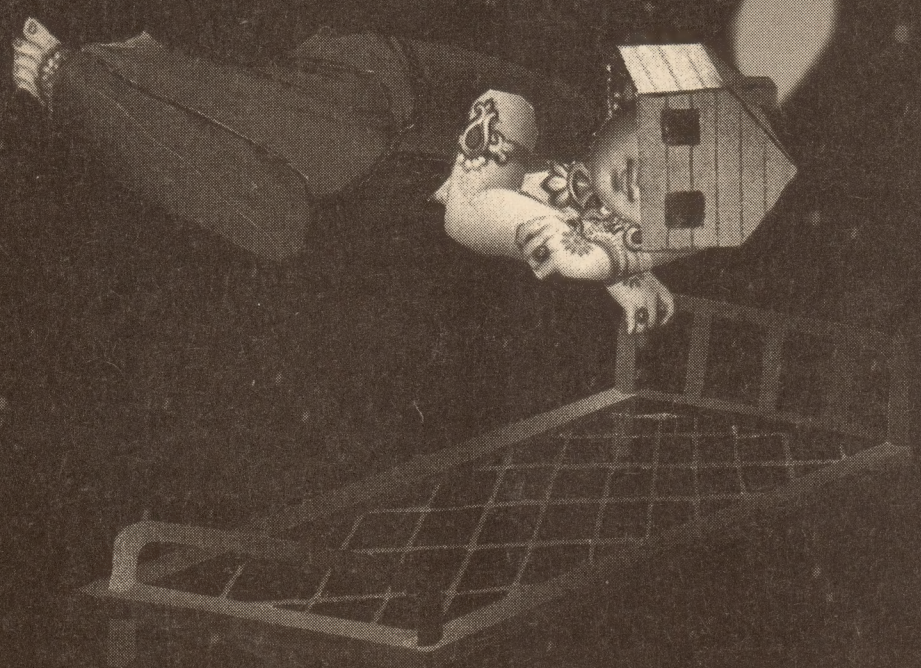

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BEN IS DEAD

ISSUE #26 WINTER 1996

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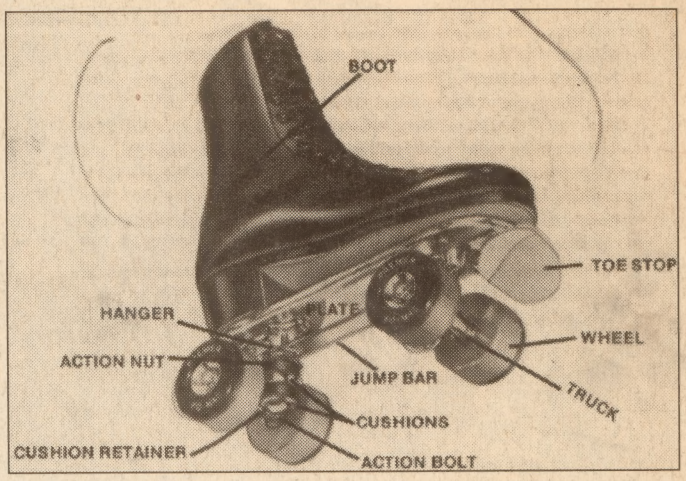

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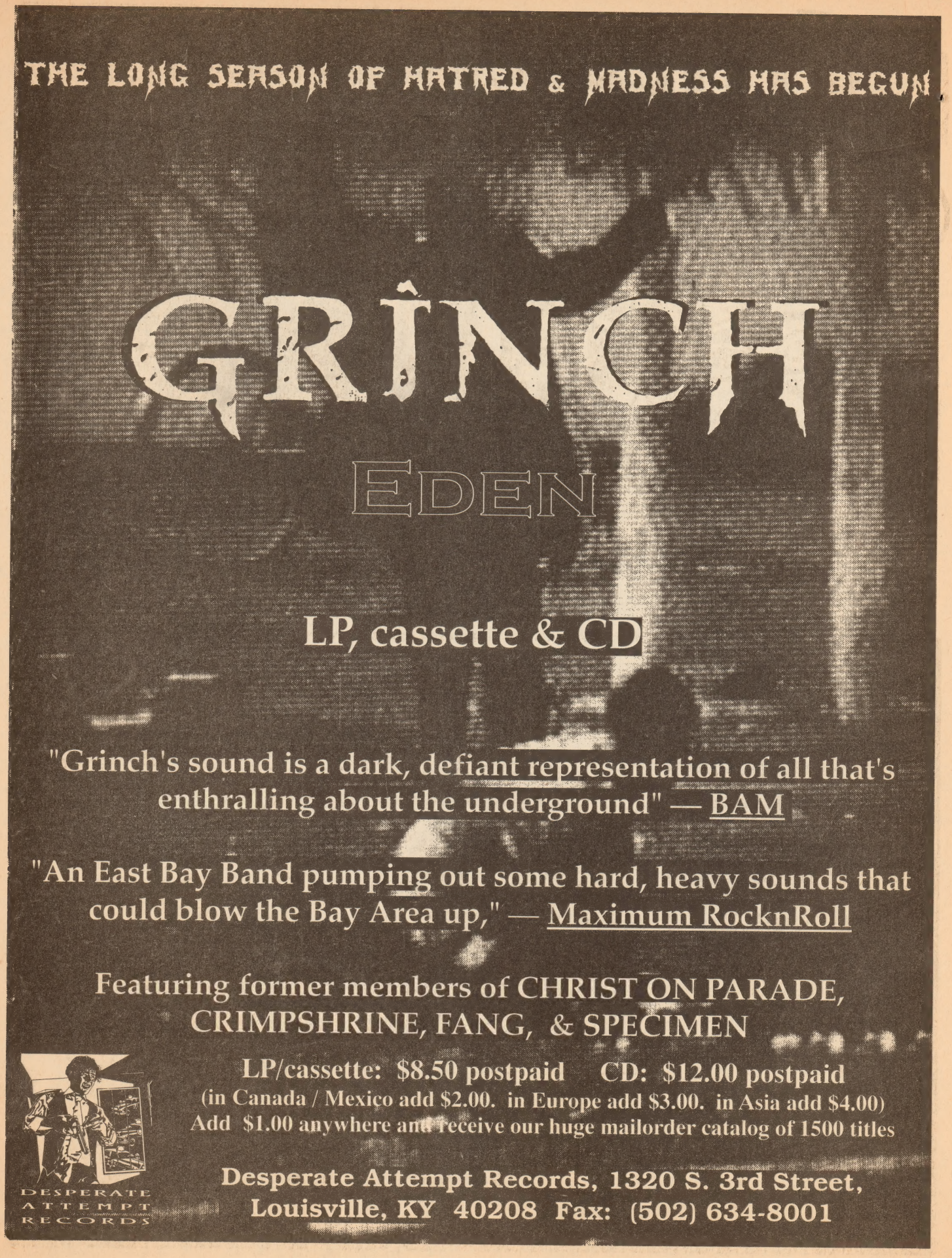
And more good stuff...

If my guests do not like it here, I suggest they accompany you to the nursery where I'm sure you'll all feel more at home. –Margo Channing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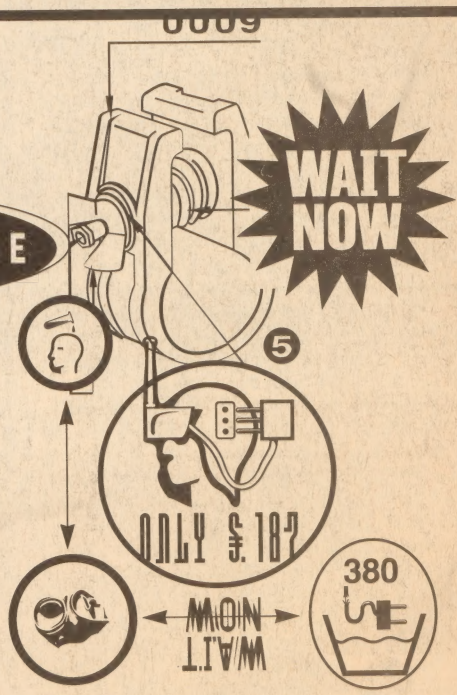

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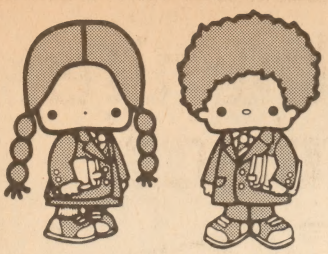

LETTERS

To all the hard workin' folks at *B.I.D.*
I must say that I was truly excited to see your publication available in my notorious hometown of Waco. While reading through the Retro Hell issue (part one) I was catapulted back in time. But what really creeped me out was the "Kiddie Records" article by Don Bolles. In this article Mr. Bolles highlights Geraldine and Ricky. I was shocked to see this because I had the terror filled experience of witnessing Geraldine and Ricky perform LIVE. Not once, but five or six times!!! They would perform at my fundamentalist, Nazi, Christian supremacist school that I attended. Each year there was a week-long revival. During this week different performers (who understood God's mission) would perform and try to convert us young-uns. I must say I don't remember the skits or much about Geraldine or Ricky other than the prevailing fear we the audience felt. The time frame seemed to coincide with the release of the movie *Magic* and Ricky looks a wee bit similar.

Also, in the list of movies 1968-1985, I was surprised to see that the cinematic triumph *C.H.U.D.* (Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers) was absent from the list.

Much thanx for jogging buried memories that otherwise would have been forgotten!! Long live *Ben is Dead*!

Mitch Youts, Waco, TX

Darby dear,
I recently acquired a copy of your Retro Hell! pt. 1, and it's FABULOUS! After reading and re-reading it I felt compelled to send you this, to express my gratitude for making available a magazine that I can relate to.

I was so pleased with the Tom Jones interview I almost peed myself. Even if he is considered the king of cheese, he has helped me through so many bleary days with his "It's not unusual..." that I cannot be thankful enough that he's still going strong.

As for the "Boy" paper games, I have the answer you were lookin' for. If the paper football slides to the edge, hanging off without falling, you score. You get four tries, like four downs in the real thing. When you score a perfect "field goal" it's one point, but a "T.D." is six. As for the Tank Game, when you get close enough to your opponent's tank, you have to hit it two times to kill it. The first merely disables it so it cannot move. When all tanks are disabled/destroyed you go for the main bunker. I can't remember how many hits the fortress can take before it's gone, but any number between one and five seems appropriate.

That's all for the letter. I'd like info on submissions, if I could. As for a pro-bono masseuse, well isn't that what boy/girl friends are for?

Faithfully reading (for two issues at least),
C. the Milkman

Since receiving his letter, Christian the Milkman has been coming over regularly to give massages and we've been very pleased with his work.

Dear *Ben Is Dead*,
Hi. I wanted to write and tell you how wonderful your lovely 'zine is. I've had the Retro Hell! (part 1) issue for three days now, and I'm still nowhere finished reading it. I was particularly thrilled to see Bruce Elliot's "Flashback" article. See, I've been driving myself crazy over Moonstones cereal for a couple of years. No one but me seems to remember it. Well, needless to say I nearly jumped out of my skin when Bruce started to reminisce over that beautiful box. It was the artwork, not the cereal that made me remember it! Thanks! I was also pleased by the mention of cheezy teen idol Glen Scarpelli. I was never really into him, but it's good to see that he's not been forgotten. I had been planning to write this letter of praise for a day or two, but it now seems that I have a bone to pick. In Jen Dalton's article about "Babyland," she takes a misinformed dig at Redd Kross. If anyone on the planet is a bunch of sentimental, nostalgia-loving fools, it's Redd Kross. They were retro way before it was even close to cool. They had long hair and did Kiss covers in the early '80s to the chagrin of all their peers. They starred in a '70s flashback movie, *Spirit of '76* that was filmed in the late '80s, before the '70s Preservation Society was even in existence. They are huge Beatles/Yoko Ono freaks, and collaborated on three albums of gonzo covers of their music. Jeff even has a tremendous collection of celebrity dolls and action figures that he started many years ago. Please Jen, insult the Cranberries' awful decimation of "Close to You," but not Redd Kross. I promise that Jeff McDonald sang "Yesterday Once More" with all of the love in his melodramatic heart! Oh, and as far as their not kissing their mother goodbye when they were in Jr. High, it might have something to do with the fact that, at the time, they had already recorded a couple of albums. Thanks for listening...

Ever so fondly, Heidi R. Post, New Orleans, LA

Dear Heidi:
I appreciate your writing but I regret that you missed my point. The point of my article (and largely, these "retro hell" issues of Ben is Dead*) is that the "retro" phenomenon is abhorrent, noxious and hellish. In my article, I argue that kitsch and retro-worship are trends which are at best aesthetically unpleasant, and at worst, antithetical to creativity. Therefore, your defense of Redd Kross in which you describe the extreme level of their sincere participation in kitsch and retro-luv only reinforces my beef with them, which was rather small to begin with.*

My problem with kitsch, nostalgia, and the "retro" phenomenon (known collectively as Retro Hell!) is that these cultural trends display insincerity and disrespect toward everything indiscriminately. Under Retro Hell, every cultural or historical phenomenon becomes equally unimportant, hollow, and stylized as their images are translated into the hyper-current style of this moment. Retro Hell is cynicism at its least discriminating; it enables us to think of serial killers as suitable images for wall-decoration, and to think of songs sung by a long-dead suicidal bulimic as "cute" or "cool." Kitsch, the most important ingredient of Retro Hell, involves discarding a messy, chaotic, possibly dangerous phenomenon (for instance, Venice Beach) in favor of a cuter, safer, more convenient simulation (Universal Citywalk). The same comparison can be made using the examples of the Carpenters' recording of "Yesterday Once More" and that of Redd Kross.

Kitsch involves a preference of sentimentality over real emotion. In its cynical use of kitsch, Retro Hell enables and encourages people to maintain ironic emotional distance from any artistic expression, even their own.

It was not my intent to pick on Redd Kross, in fact I like their music, but to the extent that they participate in kitsch, they are complicit in Retro Hell.
Thanks, Jen

Darby,
I have to say, your death issue was brilliant, but this retro thing needed something. That's where *My Favorite Martian* comes in, even if it isn't '70s – is retro a '70s only thing? (*arg, no! –ed)* Anyway it's way cooler than say, *The Brady Bunch.*

Yes, I realize I am being a major dweeb about this, but hear me out. When one deserves the brilliant mix of bland suburban lifestyle, and the absolute wackiness of living with a Martian, one cannot help but wet their pants. I mean, is anything more far out than a Martian? Like when I was a kid, you could call someone a fink or a dork, but if you implied they were a Martian, it was alienating beyond wet-backness. This was a Martian with antennae that resembled not, say, a bug, or even anything found in biology, but a friggin' TV antennae! That rocks! The way they "appeared" with their telescoped erections implies more that a silly secret. These two guys mirror the lives of suburban homosexuals, and Bixby, the straight man, is continually trying to hide the pair of erections Uncle Martin so casually bears on his head. Of course, despite Bixby's paranoia that someone will discover their "secret," it is never revealed to any of the other characters that there is a secret, and therefore, homoerotic overtones aside, it is never proven that Martin is a Martian. Rather it echoes the lake of reality in American suburbs. Is Martin in fact delusional? Is it perhaps a household of "tribal delusion," a two person religion that only we the viewers are allowed to see? Does it in fact echo personal delusions we all bear, each as whacked-out and idiosyncratic as the next? Truly a vexing question...Think about it.

Bixby took his ability to play the man with a secret into *The Incredible Hulk.* There, he himself turned Martian green, and well, turned into Lou Ferrigno, a deaf, mute bodybuilder who, at the time, out-shined Schwarzeneggar.

As long as we've gone this far, think about the "learning impaired" characteristics of Gilligan. Way before *Children of a Lesser God*, Gilligan was hip and groovy, and, well, retarded. Face it. Think of the Three Stooges, Abbott and Costello...the learning impaired are one of the most thoroughly represented special interest groups in pop culture. Gilligan, however, the most beloved on the show, was the first learning-impaired role model. He won the spotlight, he was the one most "hit upon" by Ginger. What would the Skipper have given for the lipstick that so easily appeared on his little buddy?

Then we must ask ourselves, "How Jewish is it?" After all, Harpo Marx (was he socialist?) encom-

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* the black issue shirt is not available and any outstanding orders will have the option to receive this new shirt instead..

Ben Is Dead Kiddie Comp:

Release has been delayed due to a few late arriving submissions. We are now in production and it will be released for spring. If you have any recordings you made when you were 14 or younger (music, talk, *any recorded material*) please send it in right away. For a copy send $7 p.p.d. to *Ben Is Dead*.

RETRO HELL! PART 1: My Life as a Soundtrack, a Hairdo, an Idol; Bad Trip – Patty Powers talks to Howie Pyro; Teen Idol Freak-out; Debbie Harry; Hot Stuff; Ron Athey; Tuna Stuffed Muffs & Lard Pastries; Dickless & Damaged; Slam: Retro Paper Games; Hand Games; Flashback by Bruce Elliott; I Had Pac-Man Fever by Noël Tolentino; Johnny Lydon; Tom Jones; Waltz Music; Anton LaVey (prt. 2); Kiddie Records (prt. 1) by Don Bolles; Prog Rock; Retro Zines; & lots more (if you can imagine.)

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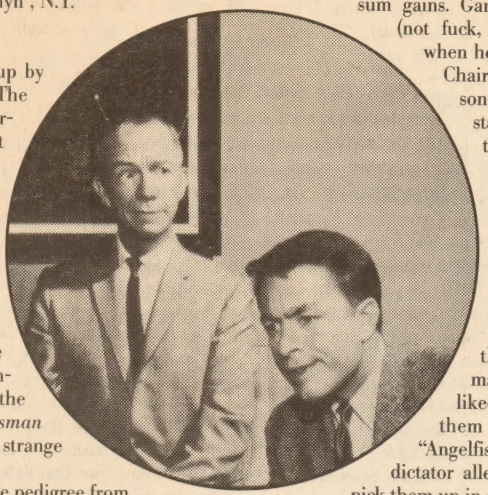
passed both the charming Gilligan qualities, the Ferrigno deafness, as well as the ingenuity of an autistic savant. O.K. he was autistic, not retarded. Maybe he was only deaf. Isn't it somewhere in the Bible that the meek shall inherit the best pussy? I guess that was Jesus who said that, but he was still a Jew. What do you think?

Joe Maynard, Brooklyn , N.Y.



Dear Darby:
A few points brought up by your "black" issue: The author Malkmus is referring to in the Pavement interview is undoubtedly Cyril Connelly, a British author, critic, and literary scenester whose career zenith was indeed in the '40s; he wrote for and I think might have edited (no authoritative source book is at my fingertips at the moment) the influential *New Statesman* during that violent and strange decade.

Despite its impeccable pedigree from earth's liaison with the Prince of Darkness, Mr. Rice's speculation on Jack London's being the possible author of "Ragnar Redbeard's" *Might is Right* is extremely unlikely given Mr. London's socialism (though it was a peculiar sort of socialism that did allow room for some Nietzschism – LaVey's guess isn't absolute bugfuck, but not too likely.)

Giving it up for your love, Brian Doherty

Ben:
Thanks to Fred for sending this, a xerox of a page from issue #2 of *High Frontiers* Magazine which eventually became *Mondo 2000*. He says: "It may explain something you found in Anton LaVey's bathroom, although as usual, it raises interesting new questions."

The toilet of the lacandones is just a fallen tree trunk in the rain forest. In a squatting position, one releases his feces while contemplating the leafy canopy above. Before the "audience with the president," the interlocutor grabs a corn cob from a huge pile of such cobs that is kept in the "god-house" or sacred precinct for precisely that purpose. This he carries with him to the tree trunk where it serves admirably as a toilet paper substitute. These corn cobs are called "u che'il ts'ib ti' wes" or "the pencil for the president."

We have changed our address. If you don't note this my grandma will receive your mag at the old house and probably die of a heart attack.

Thanx, Ashli.

Dear folks,
Please note this change of address. My boss won't allow my B.I.D. to be delivered at work because it distracts the clerical staff. Thanks.

Dear Darby,
I'm a great fan of your clear, bright, intimate, energetic and no-bullshit writing and always look forward to each issue of *BID*, which I scan compulsively in one sitting, putting in Post-it Notes as bookmarks, then re-reading later. I especially liked the piece in the "Sassy" issue on Chelsea Clinton. As far as I can tell, she's an OK kid. Don't tell the secret service, but I'd love to take her out for a milkshake. Her detractors just have no class – young girls don't have to be Barbie dolls.

Speaking of girls. I recall in one of your editorials you said something like "old men suck energy from young girls." Well, yes, but maybe it's not always so vampiric. Maybe the young girl can give energy to the old fart without losing any of her own. I know that I get energy being around young girls even if they don't know (or do they?) what effect they have on me. Things like that are not necessarily zero-sum gains. Gandhi liked to sleep with (not fuck, sleep with) young girls when he had the shakes at night; Chairman Mao, that smiling son-of-a-bitch, didn't understand why he should care that he gave them VD; Lewis Carroll wrote stories for them; Lewis Carroll and David Hamilton both photographed them nude (with the mothers' permission, of course); Nabokov wrote about them; Charlie Chaplin married them; Mark Twain liked to hang around with them and called them "Angelfish"; one pineapple-faced dictator allegedly sent his scouts to pick them up in schoolyards, fucked them and paid off their parents. As you say, the young girl and the old man is a universal theme. Sometimes the man treats her with respect, sometimes not. Is the energizing of the old fart always deducted from the girl's account? I don't know. I hope not.

Regards, Eric A. Mycroft, Scottsdale, AZ

Eric, You just named off a bunch of powerful men that made gains off women...Who were these women? What were their gains? Wonder why we don't know any specifics about what these women were able to accomplish in life – besides helping out these men? Every human exchange is an energetic exchange, and men are attracted to women because they want some of their energy – and lucky for them women often have extra to offer. You hear about women (or even little girls) being the strength or inspiration behind a man and you might wonder of the possible reasons this is so. Why do these awesome men need the "strength" of a young girl to achieve their life's goals (or to even help keep them alive)?

It is typical as men grow older (especially if they're not so healthy) to not only desire but actually need a *vital women's energy for themselves. And women often give it up so he will want us, need us, eventually perhaps "love" us. (It's certainly a way women can entrap men – giving it up in doses – getting them addicted in a sense.) In the old days it was for the façade of security – today most men don't even pretend to offer that. Men are so use to women giving it away they can't see why they have to earn it – and often the real fact of the matter is they have nothing worthwhile in which to offer. I say the energy from the girl's account is always deducted, though if he is offering her something practical in return it can be a fair exchange. In many cases she's only getting temporary emotional, sexual, or financial fulfillment and, though that may be what she thinks she wants, it isn't worth much in the long run, when she eventually realizes she's given away her edge. –darby*

Dear *BID*:
I love your RETRO issue (#@%). I have read nearly every article in it. I especially enjoyed the interviews with John Lydon and Tom Jones (quite a study in contrasts! Tom, nice and polite, John abrasive and surly.) I also loved the *Dynamite* parody cover. I used to have a whole subscription to that rag which left me with a whole stack of them. I no longer have them but I still have the first issue and I wouldn't part with it for anything (so don't ask me to sell it.)

I would like to point out one mistake from the article on John Hughes. That is the inclusion of *The Pick-up Artist*. Although it starred Molly Ringwald, who graced many a Hughes picture (good or bad), John Hughes had nothing to do with it. I don't remember who produced and directed it, but I used to have it on video and I did not see John Hughes name anywhere in the credits. You also forgot to mention *Some Kind Of Wonderful* (one of the few movies I ever walked out on.) This was basically *Pretty In Pink* with the boys changing places with the girls. At least *Pretty In Pink* had Molly to (nearly) save it.

Also on page 59 ("Blinded By the Light"), in the line from "Bennie and the Jets" that "You still don't know" reads: "You know I read it in a magazine." If you or anyone you know has either the *Good-Bye Yellow Brick Road* or *Greatest Hits Volume II* albums, you can verify my information by looking at the lyrics. (Remember lyric books? They were so much fun with records. Compact discs suck.)

Finally, on page 140. (Movies 1968-1985) Just to prove that I'm obsessive too, here's a few movies and TV shows you forgot to include: *Repo Man, The Incredibly Strange Creatures who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies, Lisztomania, The Kids are Alright, Rust Never Sleeps, Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* (Bob Dylan in his acting debut), *Performance, Ned Kelly* (2, with Mick Jagger), *Christiane F., Just a Gigolo* (starring David Bowie), *Being There, Lust in the Dust, The Osterman Weekend, Silverado, Fritz the Cat* (you did include Nine Lives of...), *Heavy Traffic, American Pop, Lord of the Rings, Wizards* (great psychedelic animation), *Yellow Submarine, Let It Be, Americathon, DOA: A Rite of Passage* (Documentary of the Sex Pistols), and *The Harder They Come*. TV shows you forgot were: *Monty Python's Flying Circus, Bigfoot and Wildboy, Hot L Baltimore(?), Fridays, Sarah T.: Portrait of a Teenage Alcoholic, Survival of Dana, Initiation of Sarah, Ripping Yarns, The Goodies, The Kenny Everett Video Show, Best of the West, Condo, The Prisoner, Cell Block H* (or something like that), *Dr. Strange and Frankenstein: The True Story*. Overall, it was a fantastic issue, one of the few I've read from cover to cover since the days when it was free. I anxiously await #26.

Sincerely, Martin A. Nemeth

I hope you weren't too *anxious.*

To Whom It May Concern:
Your *Ben is Dead* zine is wonderful and #25 has been highly circulated through my elite group of friends. In fact, I've had it for about a month now and have yet to read the whole thing, considering its popularity (one of my friends had it for two weeks.) I even took it to school one day – *big mistake* (Catholic school), and it was conveniently taken up by my biology teacher. She's pretty nifty, though; she read it and was laughing all through the next class. Anyway, I am requesting the back issue of *Ben Is Dead* #23 – the Sassy edition, and maybe I'll get a chance to read it before I let on that I have it. I noticed the large, attractive spread of merchandise featured in the issue, but I was unable to determine if the order slips supplied were actually meant to be used. There is no room to write specific issues or total cost, so I decided just to send a letter. And just for simplicity: Thank you very much for entertaining the lives of me and my friends and giving us unbridled pleasure in this forlorn world of pain.

Brian Findley, Bartlett, TN
P.S. I wonder if my inability to comprehend order forms stems from reading too many magazines like yours¿?

Ben Is Dead, Darby, Jessy, Whoever:
Here's a large order. The only way I'm able to pay for this is because of the "Broke" issue. I went to KMart and, after I checked out, I realized that I forgot to get my mom something. So, I went back to the store and got the paper plates, and I saw a power drill set. I thought of Darby's suggestion in the "Broke" issue and I put it into my bag – went back the next day and I got $65 for it. Thanks Darby! I'm a shoplifter!

Do you mind sending some of this stuff out right away? I'd like to wear my BID t-shirts to the Student Council National Convention in Washington!

Thanks, Cody McKee, Rosepine, LA
P.S. Jessy: You know the book that you liked, *The Mole People* – it was in my local library & I stole it, but I haven't read it yet. Also, are pre- "Obsessions & Bad Habits" issues of *BID* available?

Cody, uh, glad you took my advise. Yeah, after those LA riots I can't find it in myself to steal much anymore. It's just so trendy to be materialistic and socially devoted, no matter how much you suppose you're getting away with. Anyway, how can you be proud about stealing from a library – it's rather basic (not to mention rude.) At least try to be a little more creative about it, –darby

BEN IS DEAD!
Oh wow... your last issue (Retro Hell! Issue #25) was orgasmic! I almost cried strolling down that ever-so-PERFECT and accurate trip down memory lane.

So you think no one else really knows who Rad Daley was, eh? I've enclosed a small snippet of dittos of my very own personal "Rad Daley Picture and Sticker Book" from 1981! Ha! I worshiped the dude... funny that I turned out to be a lesbian. <heh heh> Speaking of which, I almost died laughing when I read that "Dickless and Damaged" article by Nancy Nathan!

And to top it all off... a mention of one of my childhood favorites: *Marcy Sings to Children*. Want to know something hilarious? I don't know how long it was before I realized that the record was a 33 1/3 playing record and not a 45 . Yes, as a small youngin' I played that record with Marcy sounding like "Marcy, the lost Chipmunk"! And when I played it at normal speed, I HATED it.

Oh, and did any of you also have the record by some religious chick named Linda or something, and she sang "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, heard good news and they passed it on, Listen and learn, look and see, The gospel book's for you and me..." and she sang about some hamster getting lost in the house? Arrgh, I can't remember her name but the album cover was brown and had music notes on a staff with smile faces on them. SCARY. Thank God it was basically a fluke and my parents were not religion FREAKS!

I also loved "I Was a Teenage Joan Fiend" by Sarah Zimmerman. I saw Joanie play @ The Catalyst in Santa Cruz last year, too!

Did you mention FREAKIES cereal? I can't remember... but no one remembers this awesome treat! I even still have three of the plastic figurines, which I just got estimated at $30 a pop.

THANK YOU for this issue! I can't WAIT for PART 2!!! Keep up the AMAZING work! Long Live Ben! Another satisfied customer (using a lot "!"'s),
Guitargrrl@aol.com

Darby–
Hey, saw a punk rock kid in the Village wearing a "90028" t-shirt and felt famous, maternal, and a has-been all at the same time. Then I saw Kim and Thurston pushing their stroller, which made it a little better.
XO, Mikki

Darby, et. al..–
The "Retro Hell, pt. 1" issue of BID was highly entertaining from (*Dynamite*) cover to cover. Even though I was only born in 1977 and have fonder memories of Nintendo 8-bit than Atari 2600, I still loved all the trips into the past I never lived. (Ironically, I've been going out with a guy named Brandon Cruz and nearly jumped when I saw 'Brandon Cruz' listed number four under "Teen Idol Freak Out!" [No, they're not the same Brandon! Whew!]) What I loved the most were the pieces that DID relate to my own personal Retro Hell (Heaven), most notably "SLAM" and "HAND GAMES." For some Godforsaken reason my slam book is on my desk somewhere (haven't really used it since 6th grade.) The "Fortune Teller" part however really brought me back! One "Boy Paper Game" you forgot however are Ninja Stars made out of notebook paper; and of course, paper airplanes. *(Check the small type. –ed)*

Now on to hand games. Church and Steeple, Gimme Five, Noogies, "Miss Susie," Telephone, etc… ahh, childhood heaven. Knuckle writing really made a comeback this year at our school, with stuff like Ozzy and UR-MOM. As for Rock Scissors Paper, I wrote it in as a scene in creative writing class.

Your version of "Down by the Bank," I remember a different wording (the Nordland Brownie Girl Scout Version): Down by the lake in a hanky panky, where the bullfrogs jump from bank to banky, say E-I-O-U, your mama stink and so do you!" *(It's sorta like playing Operator, I guess yours is what it's been mutated into after a few years. –ed)* Here's another one, the first one I ever learned: "I will never go to Mexico, no more, no more, no more. There's a big fat policeman at the door, door, door. He will take you by the collar, and make you pay a dollar, I will never go to Mexico, no more, no more, no more." There's another one I remember about Suzie's baby Tiny Tim, but that one's way too long.

Some people say I refuse to grow up, simply because I still watch cartoons and collect toys. Oh well, at least I don't wear tiny Power Ranger t-shirts, pleated skirts, mini-backpacks and Mary Janes. Give me less childish clothing and more Voltron any day. I'll be putting out an all-*Star Wars* issue of my 'zine, *Algernon*, sometime toward the end of the year (speaking of retro…); I'll gladly send you a copy when it's done.

May the force be with you! Stark, NMB, FL
P.S. I found this clipping in a 1991 issue of the *Advance Comics* catalog. I know about He-Man and Kojak, but who the hell is Action Jackson?

Hello your Darbyness!
Thank you kindly for *BID* #25, and gratis no less. Our guitarist blew off practice 'cause he got evicted, so I spent the afternoon plowing through; need I say that yer a national treasure, a visionary pinion of '90s culture and an all around good egg? Here's $4 for the next one, long live and fester….

Oh hey, you forgot: "I'm your penis, I'm on fire…" –Bananarama's "Venus."

Also, during my PR days (re: errors), we were told that the Red Sea and the Sea of Reeds were different geographical locals, confused by bad Goyim translators, so I suppose the plot *thickens*….

Have much fun, Kenyata Sullivan, Wilmington, NC

Jessy/Ben Is Dead:
1st of all, thanks for the issues, I'm totally enamored of your open-minded publication. Being a latecomer on the BID bandwagon, done some asking and poking around town here (Boston/Cambridge), many are aware of BID but the general consensus is that they're hard to come by: "issues arrive, they're snagged immediately, then impossible to replace" is what I got. Maybe this distribution problem could be looked in to, maybe you want it that way.

Anyway, I've enclosed $25 for a 1st class subscription to make a long story short… *(that's the solution! –ed)*

Albert Oram, Boston, MA
P.S. Jonathan (we referred to him as "Jack") Paley rules. I'm currently seeing a woman who had a "make-out" session with him…then again, who didn't?

Darby,
I went to my local Tower Records... er, Music (and Video) to buy the new *MRR*, so I could buy some mail-order records. They were all out. So, I settled for *Ben Is Dead* #25. Actually, I was planning on buying it when it first came out, but I kept forgetting or something. Anyway, lame excuses aside, I bought it and liked it very much. I guess I must've liked it better than #24, because I wasn't as moved to write as I am with this issue.

I may be pretty young, but I'm not too young to not remember the eighties very vividly. More vividly than I'd care to sometimes. Reading the Retro Hell issue these memories came back in full force. Subscribing to the then-infant *Muppet Magazine*, whiling the summer hours away watching Nickelodeon ("You Can't Do That On Television" is still a big hit with my friends and I), wearing Pac-Man tube socks, all that shit. Since I'm a very anal young man, I'll just go through the zine and talk about my favorite bits.

EDITORIAL: The recent regression craze has left me with mixed feelings. As with anything "big," it can be (and often is) taken too far. All I can say is that I've always hated Hello Kitty and his/hers/its cohorts. Never trust a cartoon with no mouth.

TEEN IDOL FREAKOUT!: Regarding *Silver Spoons*, for as long as I can remember, I've always thought that black people as a whole were cool. That's all there was to it. I have yet to see a cool white guy that could not be out-cooled by a black guy. Alfonso Ribero made me question that theory, even at the age of seven. But, he hung out with Michael Jackson, so what're ya gonna do?

JONATHAN PALEY INTERVIEW: The neatest thing about this teen idol is that he knew Ricky "Stig O'Hara" Fataar.

HOT STUFF: For years I had on my chest of drawers a set of these Disney yearbook things, that had all this stuff to do. One day, when I was a particularly bored nine-year-old, I decided to actually read them. It had a bunch of G-rated calculator messages. It wasn't until the next day that I found out the better ones, when I tried to show my classmates my new found hobby and was made fun of for not knowing how to write "Boobless."

TUNA-STUFFED MUFFS AND LARD PASTRIES: I peed myself while reading this.

SLAM: I knew the Judy Blume method was the proper way, but being a boy, I never got to do a slam book. Even if I had enough friends to make this game interesting, merely suggesting such a girl game would no doubt have resulted in automatic disapproval by my peers. I also spent much of my young life fearing the dreadful MASH. Somehow this was popular amongst both sexes in my school, and I always seemed to manage living in a shack with my teacher and driving 67 kids around in a Pinto (actually, shopping cart was the shitty vehicle of choice, now that I think about it.)

A BUNCH OF REFLECTIONS: I can stand nostalgia if A) it is done in moderation, B) done in parody of the past, and C) does not glorify the *Brady Bunch*. I hate the *Brady Bunch*. It's not even charmingly naïve like past faves *Leave It To Beaver* or *Make Room for Daddy* or more recent programs, *Full House* or *Family Matters* (the poor man's *Cosby*

Show.) Ugh. I shudder. Even as a kid, I wasn't suckered by the gleaming white family shown to me in re-runs that my aunt made us watch whenever she came over. This show makes me lose all hope for humanity.

FLASHBACK: There's a store like this in San Diego called Wonderama. I've gone by it a few times, but I have yet to venture in, and after reading Bruce's article I doubt I ever will. I thought that guys who ran comic book stores were bad....

'70S PRESERVATION SOCIETY: No comment.

MACHO MAN: Now that I've been emancipated from high school, I will thankfully no longer to be forced to a spirit assembly (I guess "pep rally" was to arcane for the spirit bunnies). But, I cannot recall a single one that I did attend where they did not play "YMCA." Now, as the paradox of the jocks and socs indulging in music that is a colossal joke on Straight America (of which they are charter members) isn't enough, the kicker is un-fucking-believable. In every one of these assemblies, a group of the football jocks would don cheerleader's skirts to go with their jerseys and do a dance routine as "the guy cheerleaders," and "YMCA" was almost always the big finish. The irony of that never failed to blow me away.

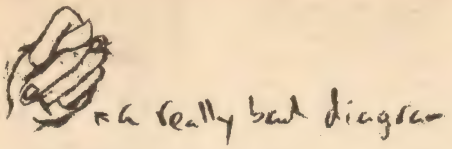
I HAD PAC-MAN FEVER: Thank you, Noël, for settling a small debate between a friend of mine and me. He says that Pac-Man said "Wocka, wocka," and I insisted that it was "Wernt, wernt," (or "dang, dang." The two sounds aren't as dissimilar as they sound.) We once had a heated debate in front of the local all-ages club, where we began shouting the sound effects we believed to be the one and only. But, I guess it turns out that we were both right, technically. I don't think I ever played the arcade game during the peak of Pac-Man fever, but I did receive an Atari 2600 Game system (with Combat game cartridge), and Pac-Man from my grandma's rich boyfriend looking to score points. I spent more of my time playing Frogger or Aquaquest (I think it was called) or (if I could borrow it) my favorite, Pitfall. I gave all my games to my cousin in 1988 and haven't seen a 2600 since.

HAND GAMES – My own entries that I didn't find in this article:

FLIPPING OFF DOLLY PARTON HIDING BEHIND A TREE – Raise middle finger while the rest of your fingers are held down. Allow the knuckles of your pointer and ring fingers stick out slightly from the sides of your middle. It looks amazingly like a pair of over-sized breasts peaking out from either side of a tree.

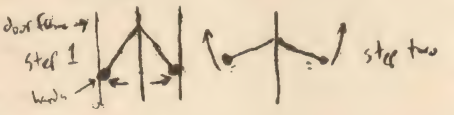
PULLING ENERGY FROM YOUR HAND – I think this is how it's done. You clamp a hand on your opposite wrist and squeeze as hard as you can. Your friend then counts to ten while touching your knuckles in different ways several times (I think three was the going rate). Then, you let go and open your hand and your friend sort of pulls at the air from your palm. It feels like he's pulling energy from your hand. It's hard to describe, and I don't even know if I have it right, but if I tried it on you I'd get the hang of it again.

CANCER DETECTOR – I think there was a variant on this in your article, but I can't find it now. You tell someone, "Hey, did you know that if your hand is bigger than your face, it means that you have cancer (or AIDS, for the more socially aware grade schooler)?" When they hold up their hand to their face, you push their hand really hard into their face and smash their nose. Another version is the "Magic Scented Hand" bit. You tell your intended victim, "I can make your hand smell like grape (or chocolate or strawberry or whatever)." They immediately give you their hand. You take their hand in yours and rub it around and stuff, and maybe throw in some magic words for good measure. When they get their hand back, they immediately hold it up to smell, setting themselves up for the big punch line. Hours of fun. Just make sure you don't do it to the class crybaby.



PINCHING – "The monkey bite" – The most painful pinch in the history of the time. Make a regular fist, but instead of having your thumb resting on top of your index finger, you stick it under your index finger, so that it is pointing out between your index and middle. When you get some skin between your thumb and middle finger and squeeze with your thumb, it should hurt like hell.

FLOATING ARMS – Stand in a doorway and spread your arms out. You shouldn't be able to stretch them arm's length, but if you press with your fists against the frame for about thirty seconds, then step out of the doorway really quick, your arms will begin to raise by themselves for an instant.



RUNNING THROUGH A FOREST – The exact same thing as walking down a hall, except at the end they run into a tree.

JOHN HUGHES, "Menace to Society": Being something of a Hughes fan, I really liked this article, and I almost totally agree, especially with the *Breakfast Club*. I could have overlooked the pot smoking but the end is just inexcusable. Ally Sheedy was fucking perfect as she was and they ruined her. The movie does have it's moments, though. Particularly, Carl the custodian (my personal favorite). *Weird Science* continues to be one of my faves for just the reasons listed; the nerds get the girls. I suppose Lisa (Kelly LeBrock) could have boinked them, but it probably had something to do... hey, wait, I just remembered, she *does* boink Wyatt. Remember when he woke up with her underwear on? Hah? I'm glad I remembered that because I'm not sure where I was going with my other point. *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* is another favorite because I related terribly well to 'Cameron,' Ferris' nerdy friend. *Uncle Buck* was left out unfortunately, for that was probably John Candy's best starring feature film role. Anyway, I don't look to John Hughes to be some sort of modern day genius – I just find a lot of his movies very funny and as a boy they were my intro to the wacky world of hormones. But that's another letter...

I also really liked the kiddie record article. I, too, had a shitload of kiddie records, but thankfully, they were mostly storybook records or had to do with *Star Wars*. My favorite record when I was a kid was the Bear Country Jamboree, which was a recording of the Disneyland attraction of the same name. I used to have a makeshift drum kit that I'd play along with to my records. My mom used to keep all my toys and shit in coffee cans. So I used the lids as drums (an empty can would serve as a bass drum), and turning them over to their metal sides made cymbals.

I can't wait for the next issue of BID, with an interview with my one and only male role model, Weird Al Yankovic.

Over and Out, Jimmy Callaway, Alpine, CA

Dear Ben is Dead staff,
Please tell me there will be another Retro Hell issue. I've been waiting for four months! I was so sick of Brady Bunch-Douglas Copeland-'70s nostalgia and then your fabulous issue turned the whole thing on its ear (Thanks for paying homage to the great scholastic magazine Dynamite!).

I have a comment and a question for "Retro Girl" Kathy Krassner, author of the fabulous "Teen Idol Freak Out": yes, I remember Rad Daly and even possess a Rad newsletter "signed" by Rad, so you're not alone.

The question: If you haven't gone to press yet, maybe you can print some information about two '70s variety programs that NO ONE remembers except myself: "Pink Lady and Jeff" and "The Starland Vocal Band Variety Hour." (Seems Retro Girl would remember these shows, if she can call up memories of the McKeon Brothers) If anyone remembers, fax me your comments! Pink Lady was a Japanese pop group and their gimmick was to sit in a hot tub with Jeff (their side kick) and the guests on the show. My friends insist I'm making it up, I need some sort of proof.

Anyway, GREAT WRITING! Best since the Sex Issue! Stacy

One, and only one critical comment about the last issue; in the "perfect boyfriend" list was a boner at the top of my OSHA list: "10. Throws arm out reflexively at sudden stops..." I do this not because I want to, but, like you write, reflexively. I'm very self-conscious about not doing things (well, some things) I find out others are doing and this item really stuck in my craw. I haven't stopped doing it yet, but if a girl ever suggest I do it because I read it in your (or anyone's) magazine, I'll probably not to do it anymore, at least not by instinct. Lives could be at stake. Anyway, I appreciate the indirect acknowledgment but please understand that some things shouldn't be written about, not because of good taste, national security, or a question of accuracy, but to preserve sovereign characteristics, noble or otherwise. Also I might add, I noticed that I only stick my arm out for girls and not for boys: am I caring towards females and insensitive to males or am I treating women as feeble and men as capable? Please help.

Peace, Love and Misanthropy, Phil Sanchez

Hey Darby & Co.:

First, I want to let you know how much I enjoy the first installment of "Retro Hell." I like it so much that enclosed is $5 for another copy to replace the one my girlfriend has more or less permanently "borrowed."

Of course, I am eagerly awaiting Part 2. And I hope you include something on what I consider the largest on-going retro-nostalgia cult: punk rock. It's so fucking bizarre to see all these kids listening to the same bands (or bands that sound the same) 15 years later, and even worse to see them *dressing* the same. I do admit though, it's awfully nice that the demand has brought all the great records I couldn't afford in the not-so-good (okay?) old days out on CD.

I will say one thing about the whole punk rock thing – most of the musicians did have the good sense to hang it up, instead of plaguing an unwitting public with endless, uncalled for "reunions" and incredibly bad "supergroups" (the hot new band with the bassist from Sopwith Camel...). There are exceptions, you know who they are, but most of the reunions are thankful short-lived.

Anyway, am looking forward to your next...

John Marr, *Murder Can Be Fun*, SF, CA

P.S. Out of sheer masochism, I went to see the Fuck-ups reunion just to see Bob back from the dead. Some things do get worse with age.

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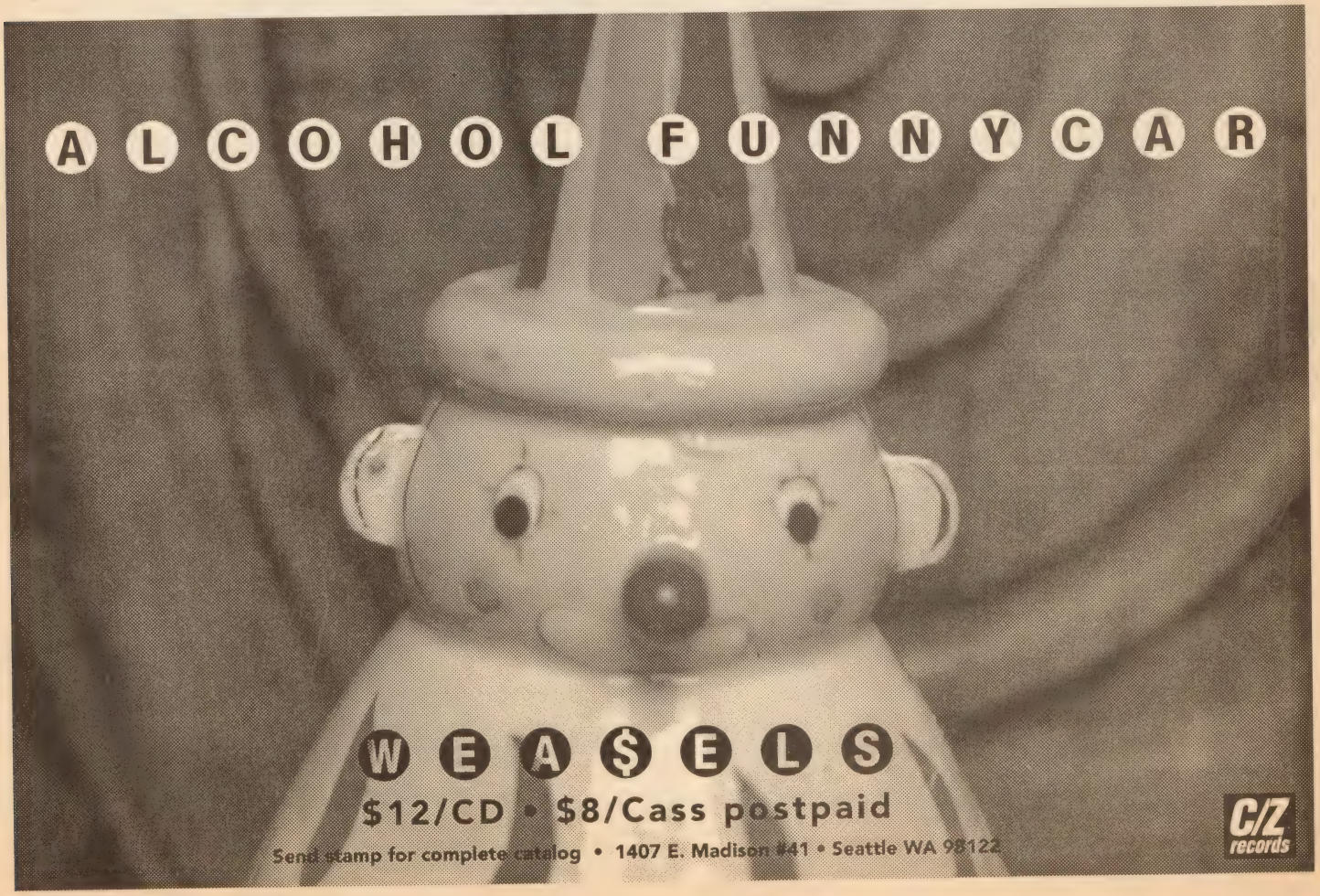

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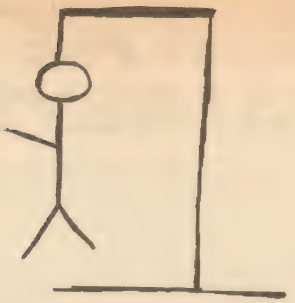
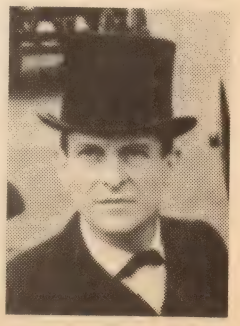


e d i t _ o r i a l

I guess we've both lucked out this time. There's no room left for my poignant theories about this issue's lovely topic, Retro Hell!, of which this is now our second installment. (For all the new readers out there I do recommend you get our Part One please, so you're not too behind with this). As you will find out soon enough, it's not over. There is, yes, a Retro Hell 3!!! *Can you imagine?* (Now you know what the "Hell" in Retro Hell! is all about.) You must understand we had to get it all out. A half-assed effort was just not going to work. Soon we shall all be cleansed. And since the next issue is almost completed at this point you won't have to worry about us dragging this out for another six months. Part 3 will include the second half of our A-Z guide, but also focus on the causes and the cures of this hideous disease - which by that point I imagine you'll be ready for. I hope then this will all come full circle and the purpose of this effort will have more meaning than just careless entertainment - though it should be somewhat entertaining I hope. In the meantime I'll update you on the news: We've got a new email address (do we Steve Rogers?) benisdead@mrrogers.recordings.com and web site http://mrrogers.recordings.com/benisdead. The web site - created but left half undone by busy genius and paste-eater Jen Garber - will soon expand into something that we'll update regularly, with select pieces that have already appeared or are due to appear in the paper version, plus work which will only be for the site, as well as updated ad information and news about, for example, which new distributor has gone bankrupt owing us thousands of dollars. Jessy "Shooga" Jones has moved on to brighter horizons, Basura Records, so check out their ad in this issue and send any correspondence to her direct. She suffered here for two years (*was it that long? longer?*) and so I don't blame her - *really, she suffered for this magazine, you have no idea!* Lucky for me this odd creature named Skylaire has been helping out. And lucky for me she was here to scare away the evil miscreant that saw fit to kick in the panel of my panel door, all ready to steal away this lovely issue you have in your hands (plus the computers that helped make it). It's no wonder she's known in many parts as "The Warrior Elf." A special thanks to: Carlos, for helping me keep my big head together with that big cowboy hat, everyone listed in the credits page especially Jessy, Noël, Bruce E., Don, Mike, Skylaire, Nina, Christian, and of course Paul, who fortunately and unfortunately is the glue that keeps me sorta (not) human. Oh, did I thank Cookie? She's the little warrior beast that helps scare away the monsters *at night* so I can sleep. Thanks. Enjoy. –darby P.S. First class subscribers please check your envelopes for a present.

The Retro Hell! compilation is formally deadicated to the following:
Andy Gibb, Dr. Seuss, Jim Henson, Fred Gwynne, Roald Dahl, E.B White, Lewis Carroll, Anissa Jones, Richard Long, Bob Crane, Telly Savalas, Herve Villachez, Dominique Dunne, Heather O'Rourke, Rebecca Schaffer, Elvis Presley, Charles Bukowski, Cab Calloway, Cosmic Danielle, Craig Lee, Brian Jones, James Dean, John Lennon, Wolfman Jack, Clark Gable, Rick Nelson, Rock Hudson, Dack Rambo, Tom Villard, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, River Phoenix, Kurt Cobain, Robert Reed, Jon Erik Hexum, John Candy, Jon Bonham, Bon Scott, Jac Zinder, one of the guys from Musical Youth (Kelvyn?), Spanky, Alfalfa, Froggy, Stymie, Buckwheat, Mr. Hooper, John Belushi, Gilda Radner, Sid and Nancy, Bruce Lee, Brandon Lee, Audrey Hupburn, Frank Zappa, Marvin Gaye, Dad from Gimme A Break, Sean McDonnell, Keith Moon, Natalie Wood, Jim Croce, Mr. Greenjeans, George Orwell, Divine, Liberace, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnez, Karen Carpenter, Buddy Holly, Brian Jones, Walt Disney, Jay Ward, Johnny Thunders, the actor from *Il Postino*, Freddie Prinz, Grace Kelly, Marilyn Monroe, JFK, MLK Jr., Abbie Hoffman, KNAC, KDAY, KMET, Mighty 690, KHJ, Yul Brynner, Raoul Julia, Coco Chanel, Lassie, Benji, Black Beauty, Darren and Samantha, Shamu, Schubert, the Howell's, Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Keith Haring, Joan Crawford, Nixon, Jackie Onassis, Darby Crash, Matt Prevatt, Randy Rhodes, The Shaw of Iran, Itzak Rabin, Freddie Mercury, Stiv Bators, Dee Dee Ramone, Bob Marley, Andy Warhol, Patsy Cline, Sammy Davis Jr., Humphrey Bogart, Walter Cronkite, Mindy's sister from their cheesy tv show, Jackie Gleason, Hank Williams, Jack Kerouac, Marc Bolan, Peter Ives, David Lochary, Esquerita, Mr. French, Richie Valenz, Latka, Jethro, Lenny Bruce, Lester Bangs....



When I was younger, I could remember anything, whether it happened or not. –Mark Twain

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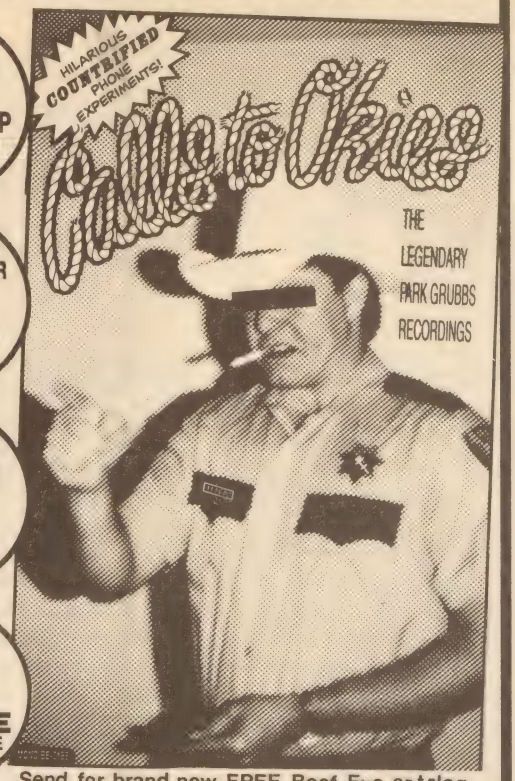

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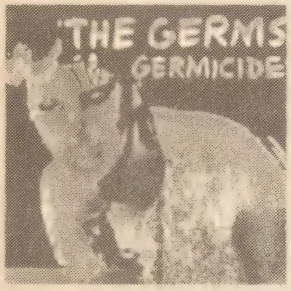
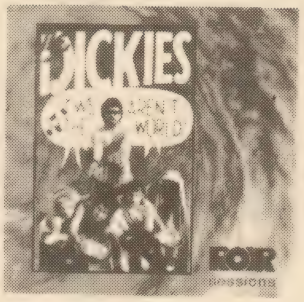


THE GERMS
"Germicide" (A108)

NEW YORK DOLLS
"Lipstick Killers" (A104)

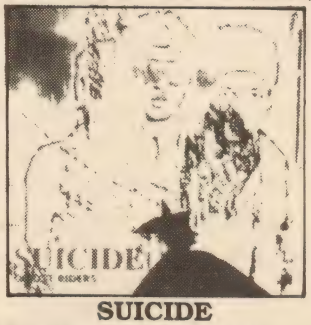


DICKIES
"We Aren't the World" (A140)

DICTATORS
"Fuck 'Em..." (A102)

RICHARD HELL
"R.I.P." (A134)

JOHNNY THUNDERS
"Too Much Junkie Business" (A118)



SUICIDE
"Ghost Riders" (A145)

JAMES CHANCE
"Soul Exorcism" (A191)

Richard Hell "Funhunt" (A172) ◆ **Buzzcocks** "Lest We Forget" (A158) ◆ **End Of Music As We Know It** V.A. with Royal Trux, Prong, Thurstone Moore, more (A156) ◆ **Durutti Column** "Live At The Bottom Line" (A152) ◆ **GG Allin** "Hated in the Nation" (A148) ◆ **Johnny Thunders** "Stations of the Cross" (A146) ◆ **John Cale** "Even Cowgirls Get The Blues" (A196) **UK Subs** "Left for Dead" (A142) ◆ **Question Mark & The Mysterians** "96 Tears Forever-Dallas Reunion" (A137) ◆ **Lounge Lizards** "Live '79-'81" (A136) ◆ **Flipper** "Blow 'n Chunks" (A126) ◆ **Glenn Branca** "Symphony # 1" (A125) ◆ **Malaria** "Revisited" (A123) ◆ **MC5** "Babes In Arms" (A122) ◆ **Nico** "Do Or Die" (A117) ◆ **Prince Charles & City Beat Band** "Greatest Hitz" (A115) and "Dead In Projects" (DRCD 96) ◆ **Great N.Y. Singles** V.A. with Patti Smith, Verlaine, Hell, Mumps, more (A116) ◆ **Television** "Blow Up" Double CD (A114) ◆ **New York Thrash** V.A. with Beastie Boys, Bad Brains, Fiends, Undead, more (A113) ◆ **Fleshtones** "Blast Off" (A107) ◆ **Eight Eyed Spy** "Live with LYDIA LUNCH" (A101) ◆ **James Chance & The Contortions** "Live In New York" (A100)

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RETRO HELL

A-Z

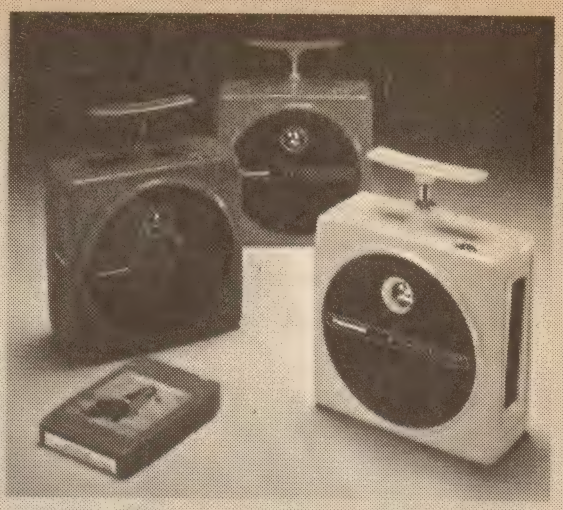
We started production of our "Retro Hell" A-Z at the beginning of 1994. Since then, as these retro times have permitted, a disturbingly great number of these people, things, concepts, etc., have made their comeback. Since much of the aim of this listing is for documentation purposes, and to disencumber ourselves of backed-up childhood and youth-culture memories, we have left obvious entries in – sometimes acknowledging their comeback status with a koala symbol (though by the time this takes to actually get printed who knows how dated we'll be.) You can't keep up with retro. The past never stops. And focusing on it as we have, one finds it quite exhausting looking at life as it passes you by, catching it all by the memories and residues. Certainly these memories are candy-coated though, which at the same time can make them quite appealing. Even the worst experiences take on a different shade when our subconscious works its magic on them – unless they have to do with boyfriends. But I'm straying from the subject.... This listing includes factual information weaved in with our personal relationship with the subject matter. We racked our brains for our own perspectives, and only after the recapitulation was complete did we access reference materials to verify the facts and remind us of the things we'd blocked out for one reason or another (yes, all of Bruce Elliot's entries come right out of that perverted brain of his.) Our time frame, as with most of this issue, concerns itself with the period we grew up in. Since the writers' ages range from late teens to late thirties the average time period is approximately 1970 to 1987. And though there are contributions from around the US, most of the possibly obscure references are pertaining to the Los Angeles area. This compilation of work is designed to be utilized as a reference guide but if you're sick and want to do yourself some permanent damage you'll read it like a long long story. Beware. The ultimate goal is that we've included enough here so you don't need to waste your own precious time and energy trying too hard to remember them yourself – and after this brief indulgence you can finally get on with your life. This is only part one (a through I), but we thought 60,000 words would be enough for now. What do you think? (darby) P.S.: For those who are too young to relate personally, I hope you can learn from our mistakes, of building so much ones self-image and life around miscellaneous material items and ideas this world has bestowed upon us; or perhaps you'll just be ahead of your friends when the retro '80s theme parties are in vogue . For those too old, you already know the repetitions of life, and perhaps you can enjoy the trials and tribulations, or the futility of our efforts.

A big super-sonic shout out to all who contributed. It's hard to really explain the (retro) hell I put these people through, but let's just say most of them have read through this whole fucking A-Z list, and that's hell enough. This effort was a complete collaboration of the following: Bruce Elliot, Noël Tolentino, Nina Blake, Skylaire Alfvegren, Lisa Auerbach, Pleasant Gehman, Ju-Ji, Howard Hallis, Jessy Jones, Don Bolles, Gwynne Kahn, Wendy Bryan, Laurel Sterns, Brian Doherty, Jory Felice, Carla Bozulich, Karrin Vanderwal, Pete Relic, Selina Romao, Jon Salinger, E.C. Cotterman, Mike Vague, Jeff Charreaux, Eric Brown, Tori Williams, Nick Gillespie, Kevin Chanel, Paul Iannone, Dave, Lisa Roth, Enrique Marie Presley, Mikki Halpin, Cliff Thurber, Jen Dalton, Jen Garber, Chip Rowe, Allison Novak, Krista Krol, Jennifer Lehrer, Candi Strecker (of '70s zine "It's a Wonderful Lifestyle"), and Morgan & Ferris (of '80s zine "Funk 'n' Groove.")

7-11 – This invention of sorts began in the early '60s but spread in the '70s. The store's name confirming their hours open – 7am to 11pm *(not to mention the dice pun. –paul)*. By the late '70s certain stores stayed open later and later, making bank on selling late nite munchies and beer (a few selling alcohol), and eventually 7-11 went 24 hours, catering to the new demands of the 24 hour lifestyle. These disgusting little stores spread like wildfire. I have *four* within a 1 mile radius of my own home. Though they were known mostly for their cherry and cola Slurpees, repressed Iranian (male!) employees, and homeless window washers, many now are also fax centers, lotto pushers, and even surrogate banks. People despise the place but can't help themselves from going there. They've put more than a few mom and pop liquor stores out of business. (darby) Note: Recently a large majority of the Los Angeles franchise stores have been bought by Japanese corporations. See the new boring but spacious layout. Also note that the video games have disappeared from most locations. • During the '93 earthquake the 7-11 stores in the Valley were charging $6 for a bottle of water – same with batteries and milk. After that I swore I'd never set foot in 7-11 again and I haven't. (dad)

7-UP POPSICLES – They're gone. They don't exist anymore. From 3rd to 6th grade these were a good 50% of the fun at recess. Sucking a frozen dripping popsicle made from 7-Up while out on the hot black schoolyard asphalt. (darby) • As I was taking the metro up to Darby's with the fresh copy of A-Z, a large gelatinous man snatched the document out of my hands and loudly exclaimed that 7-Up popsicles are still available in La Crosse, Wisconsin. Glory be! (skylaire) (See also The Un-Cola)

8 TRACKS – Why it was cool: it was the first way to play recorded music in your car, and it was invented by Bill Lear of Lear Jet fame. Why it was uncool: the tracks were too short to hold the album-side-long rock compositions that were popular in the '70s progressive-rock era. Just as you were getting lost in the music, it would fade out, then chhKUNK!!! the deck would change tracks before continuing the music. Strange fact: there were four-track and two-track tape players too. Best 8-track player: the early '70s Panasonic "Dynamite 8" plastic portable player, in red, yellow, or blue, shaped like a dynamite detonator (push down the plunger to change tracks.) (candi) • 8-TRACK STATS – ONLY FOR THOSE SERIOUSLY INTERESTED: The 8-track cartridge contains a length of 1/4 inch tape which runs in a continuous loop at 3 and 3/4 inches per second (ips). The tape is wound around a hub in the middle of the cartridge. It pulls out from the center and follows a path which brings it across the front edge of the cartridge where it makes contact with the playback head. A pressure pad helps to bring the tape into proper contact with the head. The pinch roller, which is inside the cartridge, presses against the capstan, which is part of the player. The tape, pinched between the roller and the capstan (which is spun by the player's motor), is thus moved across the head. The tape itself is divided along it's length into 8 channels or tracks (hence the name "8-track"). The tape head plays two tracks at a time – stereo! A metal sensing strip connects the ends of the strip of tape, forming the loop. Here's where the real 8-track magic happens. When the tape reaches the end of a program, the metal sensing strip connects with a solenoid coil in the player. This coil causes the playback head to shift along the width of the tape. This is the loud "click" or "clunk" sound you hear between 8-track programs. The playback head, shifted to it's new position, begins to play the next program in the sequence. This process can go on indefinitely, running through each of



8-TRACKS AND UFOS

SAUCER STORIES AND THE LEAR FAMILY

In the early '60s the Air Force worked overtime to promote the notion that UFOs were merely illusions or misinterpretations of natural phenomenon and not extraterrestrial craft. But on April 24, 1964, New Mexico highway patrolman Lonnie Zamora watched a bright, shiny, humming disc touch down just a few feet away on the dusty desert floor. Lonnie then observed two wide-eyed aliens in white coveralls go in and out of the craft picking up bits of this and that. And while Lonnie smoked what he hoped wouldn't be his last cigarette, the aliens reboarded and the UFO shot off into the cosmos, leaving behind a big, ugly burn in the brush that couldn't easily be explained away by the Air Force or anybody else who had a reason to try. Reports of UFO sightings followed all that summer, jamming the lines at Project Blue Book and anywhere else there was someone to listen. But then maybe the strangest thing of all happened. In the fall of 1964, late at night in a dark laboratory in Southern California, William Powell Lear gave birth to the 8-track tape. Bill Lear, glamour boy and eccentric scientific genius, a man who was on the verge of unleashing the amazing and mighty Learjet on the world, created the endless loop tape cartridge. Right away, Bill Lear got on the phone to RCA who agreed to provide music from their vast library and Ford would offer the Lear Stereo Eight in its Lincolns, Galaxie LTDs and Thunderbirds.

One does not have to be a disciple of fringe to begin to suspect that, indeed, something was and is up. And the deeper one looks, the weirder it gets. For starters, Bill Lear's son, Bill Jr., a well-respected pilot, reports on his very own Close Encounter and a whole lot more in Timothy Good's recent book *Alien Contact: Top Secret UFO Files Revealed.* Bill Lear's younger son, John, also highly honored and regarded in the aviation world, is now a noted UFOlogist and publically states that on April 30, 1964, the aliens agreed to provide technology and we agreed to overlook the abductions, the messing up of our cattle, crop circles and whatever other sinister stuff they wanted to do. John Lear was written out of his father's will.

WHAT ABOUT BILL?

Was Bill Lear in cahoots with the government all along? Was he being fed the goods on alien technology and passing off all those inventions as his own? It's no secret that Bill Lear's government connections go a long way back. According to Richard Raske in his Lear biography "Stormy Genius," Bill made so much dough via government war contracts that, as a result of the 1944 War Profits Control Act, he had to give back $1.4 million. In 1944, Pepsi was a nickel.

While in the heat of the research and writing of this article, I received a strange message from someone who identified himself only as Ghost Rite. It came to me on August 8, 1994 at 13:15:09 EDT via America Online. Ghost Rite's note read, "I recently spoke to an engineer who did considerable consulting work with the government. This man, now in his 80s, worked on the Manhattan Project in Chicago. He knew Lear well, flew with him many times and was also involved with some of the plane's design. He didn't go into a whole lot of detail, but did mention that Lear had told him about seeing UFOs." Is it possible that Learjet technology was over Bill's own head? When quizzed about his inventions and how he alone had made these quantum leaps of science, Bill Lear would often respond with evasive, mysterious answers like, "Could 500 men have painted the Sistine Chapel?" or "You never have to repair or replace what you leave out of the design," or "I have a mission." Bill's own engineers, a group of very bright guys, were reportedly "shocked" by the technology of the Learjet. How had he gotten from A to Z? Even 30 years later, Bill's own biographer explains it no better than "Lear was driven by a vision of beauty and simplicity in which every part

Cherry is the favorite flavor of all Popsicles.

song harmony." Huh?

But our concern here is not so much as to whether or not the aliens handed Bill the blueprint for the Learjet or the Electrical Resistance De-Icing Means for Aircraft Windshields or the Torsionally Deformable Support for a Gyroscopal Gimbal. What about the 8-track tape?

AN 8-TRACK/UFO TESTIMONIAL

In 1969, Tina Kidd turned 15 and she and her mother Louise took off for Roswell, New Mexico in a '58 Chevy low rider. Driving across the desert they listened to Marty Robbins and Merle Haggard and watched for tornados. But it wasn't a funnel of wind that Tina Kidd saw that night as they were just outside of Roswell. It was about sunset, and Louise had just slipped Johnny Paycheck into the deck when Tina grabbed her mother's arm and screamed bloody murder. Then Louise saw it, too. "Holy shit," they said in unison as they stared up at the big silver cigar hovering over the car. "Floor it, Mom," cried Tina, and Louise did just that. But the UFO stayed right with them. It wasn't until they passed the Roswell city limits sign that the big cigar finally vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

When they arrived at Louise's sister Goldie's, they rushed inside and told Goldie of their hair-raising experience. But to their shock and amazement, Goldie just giggled. "Oh, hell," she said, "them damn UFOs are always buggin' everybody around here. Bobby Joe has a hell of a time with 'em." As it turned out, Tina's cousin Bobby Joe drove a tow truck and was out most every night making his pick-ups and dodging UFOs. He swore that all he had to do was put Uriah Heep in his rig's deck, especially Demons and Wizards, and wham, the UFOs would come around like a swarm of giant, metallic horseflies. Goldie claimed that she'd once been taken aboard a UFO. The aliens had shown her a short film about spores and not much else had happened. Goldie hadn't noticed any particular after effects with the exception that, from that day forward, she could get ten hamburger patties out of a pound of ground beef.

STRANGE DAY INDEED

John Lennon stood naked on the terrace of his New York City penthouse and watched a dome-shaped UFO flashing a circle of red and white lights fly past the United Nations Building. On Walls and Bridges, Lennon sings "Strange Days," one of the last songs he wrote before his murder. "There's UFOs over New York and I ain't too surprised."

Many other legendary musicians have had Close Encounters. The band Hot Chocolate describes their UFO encounter in the number one hit single, "No Doubt About It." On "Passage," the Carpenters recorded "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft," and anthem for an International Contact Day. But some may be less forward about the sharing of their UFO experiences, and perhaps more cryptic. Consider: Electric Light Orchestra's "Out of the Blue," Led Zeppelin's "Houses of the Holy," Elton John's "Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy," Jefferson Starship's "Freedom at Point Zero," anything by Earth, Wind and Fire and K-Tel's Starflight which gave us the hits "Heaven Must Have Sent You," and "Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now." It's just too ugly to consider the notion that the 8-track was passed to Bill Lear as part of some alien mind control plan. I prefer to think that maybe the 8-track slipped through the cosmic crack. That a good spirited band of alien trackers somehow managed to sneak the 8-track to us, knowing that at some point down the line there would be others here on Earth who would come to know that they know we know. And this knowledge alone may be enough to sustain us.

TRY IT FOR YOURSELF

According to UFO expert Jenny Randles there are places called UFO hotspots where you are most likely to have a Close Encounter. While sightings take place all over the world, the North American UFO hotspots are: Niagara Falls, Oregon, Washington, Texas, New Mexico and the Gulf of Mexico from Biloxi, Mississippi to Pensacola, Florida. Maybe you are fortunate enough to live near a hot spot. If not, don't despair because there are spooky sites everywhere. If all else fails, find a hill overlooking any military base, electrical station or rock quarry.

During the '60s, skywatching parties were quite popular. Folks would get together and stay up all night to look for UFOs. Maybe you and your 8-track-minded friends would like to organize your own skywatch. Randles suggests that you bring along the following items: flashlight, watch, binoculars, camera, small coin or dried pea (to gauge sizes of objects) and a thermometer. I would recommend that you add in beer, hearty sandwiches, your portable 8-track player and some tapes which might be most likely to attract UFOs. These may include any of the aforementioned, your particular favorites or mine: Close Encounters of the Third Kind, anything by the Fifth Dimension, Alice Cooper, Les Baxter and (who can explain this?) Conway Twitty. Sail on.

Text taken from the 8-Track Mind web site created by Malcolm Riviera, Abigail Lavine, Russ Forster and Chip Rowe. For more info try http://virtumall.com/zines/8track/main.html – or write for a subscription to the paper version by sending $8 to: 8-TM Publications, P.O. Box 90, East Detroit, MI 48021-0090.

the four programs in sequence, until the world ends, or your batteries wear out, or the tape breaks. (chip) (See also sidebar)

"10" – The tasteless system of placing a *numerical value* on a woman's physicality, i.e., "She's a ten," began before but was made popular when bimbo Bo (🔊) bounced her bountiful boobage on the beach. (jes) • The awful film was originally set to star George Segal, very hot at the time, a very '70s guy. But George got drunk at an important Hollywood function at which his jazz combo was playing (which also featured the guy who played Pam Dawber's father on *Mork & Mindy*.) In a drunken stupor, George pissed off someone of importance, and was fired the next day. Even though the film was half-finished, they began again, this time starring the obscure British comic, Dudley Moore. As for George Segal, his career never recovered (and Moore went on to play a major drunk – something he turned out to be suited for.) The film inspired the fad of cornrows on wealthy white women, until they eventually came to their senses. (bruce) (See also Nadia Comaneci)

45 SPIDERS – Few ever knew them by this name, fewer today even remember them. But once upon a time, these little bits of plastic were so common, they didn't need a name. Their three swirling arms around a central hole, allowed you to play a 45 rpm singles on a quality hi-fi. Gone the way of spittoons now, look for them as Melrose jewelry objects. (bruce)

747 – Incredible! It's so big! Imagine: Ten seats across! 231.8 feet long! The wings span a distance of over 195 feet! It weighs over 350 tons! There are 14 flight attendants on each flight, with 364 passengers! They play you movies! There's 30 ovens! 100 pounds of meat, 150 pounds of vegetables, 266 cans of soft drinks, 760 pats of butter, 728 sugar packets, 50 pies, and 20 pounds of dinner mints... all for one flight! It takes three trucks to carry all this food to the runway – and nine workers to load it all onto the plane! The food is cooked ahead of time and everything is in a little tray – like a TV dinner! There are two stories – in which a spiral staircase leads to the first class lounge and the cockpit! It's just like the set of a James Bond movie! Ah, '70s Decadence. (darby, as seen in *Dynamite*) • For three years before these planes went into service (1969) Pan Am and Boeing spent lavishly on a series of ads telling of the new age of "Speed,

Size, and Comfort" that the '70s would bring. They went so far as to tour the country with an inflatable dome, in which there was a mockup of what a 747's first class cabin would look like. The dome, and its lovely ladies dressed like Stewardesses, went to malls and state fairs, spreading the Gospel of Flight. Later ads also showed the Concord, and the SST that we'd all be flying in during the exciting '70s. Sometimes, as I go through the metal detector at the airport, to board an airbus filled with other harried business travelers, I pause to think of those lost in the 1970s, and weep. (bruce)

The power of accurate observation is often called cynicism by those who have not got it. *George Bernard Shaw*

'80s PARTY MOVIES – Once a giant of the movie theater scene, the '80s party movie has gone the way of the horror flick – relegated mostly to video format. *Porky's*, *The Wild Life*, *Easy Money*, *Teachers*, *Summer School* (w/ Mark Harmon and "Allison" *Melrose Place*), *Class of 1984* (Timothy Van Patten), *Tuff Turf* (Kim Richards), *Party Party*, *Legend of Billy Jean*... (note the famous players that emerged from these important films.) • Also *Where The Boys Are '84*, *Party Animal*, *Joysticks*, *Spring Break*, and *Hard Bodies* (jen g.) (See also Camp Movies)

1984 – George Orwell smeared post-war Britain by inverting the year 1948 into 1984, and gave the world a case of the jitters that lasted 36 years. For decades, one could allude to 1984 as a shorthand for any worst case scenario, especially where civil liberties were concerned. As the year itself approached, pundits went into future shock, and spoke at legnth about the place of liberty in our lives. Finally 1984 came and went, with freedom as big a myth as ever. Mention 1984 today, and people will be more apt to think of pink neon and purple hair. Living in the post-modern age means that the nightmare future is now the good old days, ya gotta love it! (bruce)

1984 OLYMPICS & McDONALD'S – McDonald's of America thought they were wise guys when they threw together a game to coincide with the 1984 Summer Olympics. The deal was you got these game cards and you scratched off the gold crud with a coin. If the United States Olympic team won a gold, silver, or bronze medal in any of a number of athletic events, you won free food. Fortunately for all us meat and lard eaters, the Communist Bloc boycotted the 1984 Summer Olympics and all of our homegrown athletes scooped up the medals like there was no tomorrow. Had those suits in the McDonald's offices developed some kind of backup plan for this promotional stunt of theirs, they would not have lost millions of dollars in free Big Macs, carbonated beverages, and french fries. It was like having a birthday everyday. (noël)

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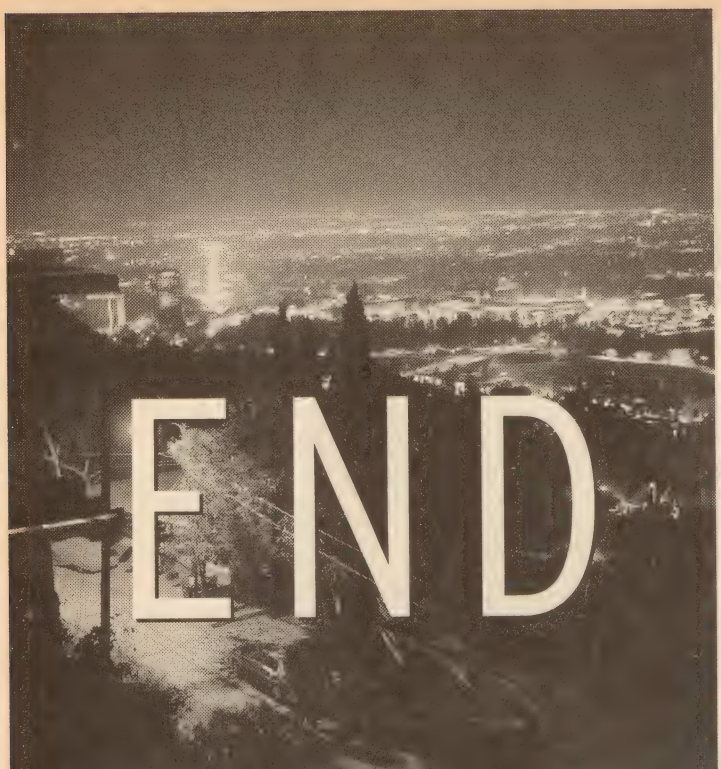
AAHS – Aahs took Coachhouse Gifts and Hallmark, added lots of t-shirts, and made a big massive oversized "eard +" store that catered to kids who just got their allowance, and richer types with too much time on their hands. Mass market heaven, trendy as fuck. Began in the '80s – I'm surprised it's survived to today. (ju-ji) • I resented the fuck out of Aahs because they replaced Licorice Pizza on the Sunset Strip, where they had a better "imports" (the old-school word for "indie") section than Tower, and where we would hang out and drink contraband before Whisky gigs. (gwynne) (See also Heaven)

ABC AFTER SCHOOL SPECIALS – These were thought up in the heady early '70s, when people actually believed in educational TV for kids (of course a Federal Mandate that the networks produce such shows also helped). The first one shown, circa 1973, was titled *Last of the Curlews*. A rather sad animated hour about a bird becoming extinct. They originally aired monthly, and were a mixed bag of animation and live action. Other episodes included *Santiago's Ark*, *The Incredible Cosmic Awareness of Duffy Moon*, *It Must Be Love – Because I Feel So Dumb, & Follow The North Star*. In the main, they dealt with light topics. There were few real morals, just quality entertainment for young people. As the '70s wore on they all became live action domestic dramas, and depressing. (bruce) • Though I think it was for an NBC After School Special, I remember during an unfortunate youth moment where they interviewed me about being pregnant-and-young – paid me 50 bucks too! I always liked watching things on fucked-up youth and these usually obliged. They're sporadically on again today, continuing to entice kids into being bad while warning them against it through their PC meanderings. (ju-ji) • And a good excuse to make movies out of many of my favorite Y.A. novels. (gwynne) (See also Judy Blume in Retro 3)

ACID – You'd plan out this amazing trip scenario with some of your friends, that hit of window pane burning a hole in your cigarette cellophane (I actually knew a guy who put a hit of window pane in his eye, and 20 years later he still has a tiny brown square in the white part.) Finally, it's Friday night, and you ingest the sacrament about an hour before you go off to the guy's house who doesn't live with his parents, where you can just hang out and listen to weird music and be psychedelic all night. Without warning, Mom decides that it's high time you stayed home for once, because you've been "going out far too much lately." She's made reservations at this horrible restaurant where she always makes you eat steak, so that anyone who might be paying attention will be way impressed that this woman's child is eating *steak* so therefore she must have more class than the rest of the tarted-up white trash at the other tables. Since by now you're completely frying, all you can do is draw incomprehensible weirdnesses on the placemat and try not to look at the slab of dead stuff in front of you that the glowing maggots are crawling out of. Finally back home, Mom thankfully goes to bed, but not until she's made sure the house is deadbolted shut so the only way you can escape would be to smash a window. Luckily she's so plastered she hasn't a clue that you're, to put it mildly, in a "separate reality." I don't know what Carlos Castaneda would have done in this situation, but I just turned on the TV and watched a couple of late-night-movies that changed my life (in what manner exactly I'm still not sure): *Jason and the Argonauts*, with the truly psychedelic claymation scene where the Hydra's teeth all come alive as re-animated skeletons and have sword fights with the Argo boys, and that indescribably demented classic of black 'n' white zombie-noire *Carnival of Souls*! (don) • I had this wild-girl girlfriend who used to beg me to turn her on to drugs, acid in particular. The only problem was that she was insane. I mean, she used to see the Virgin Mary driving westbound on Pico and stuff like that. Of course that kind of craziness can have its charm, but I was afraid that giving her drugs would lead to her becoming really crazy, and I didn't want that kind of responsibility. But she kept begging and begging for acid and making a real pest out of herself, so finally I had an idea: I took some Bayer aspirins and held them under the faucet until the big B's rubbed off, then I put them in a zip-lock bag and gave them to her. Of course she hallucinated all night long, and I thought my problem was solved, but unfortunately a few years later she ended up doing lap dances in San Francisco and losing a couple of pregnancies to heroin. I guess you could say I ruined her life by placebo. (stymie) (See also Drugs)



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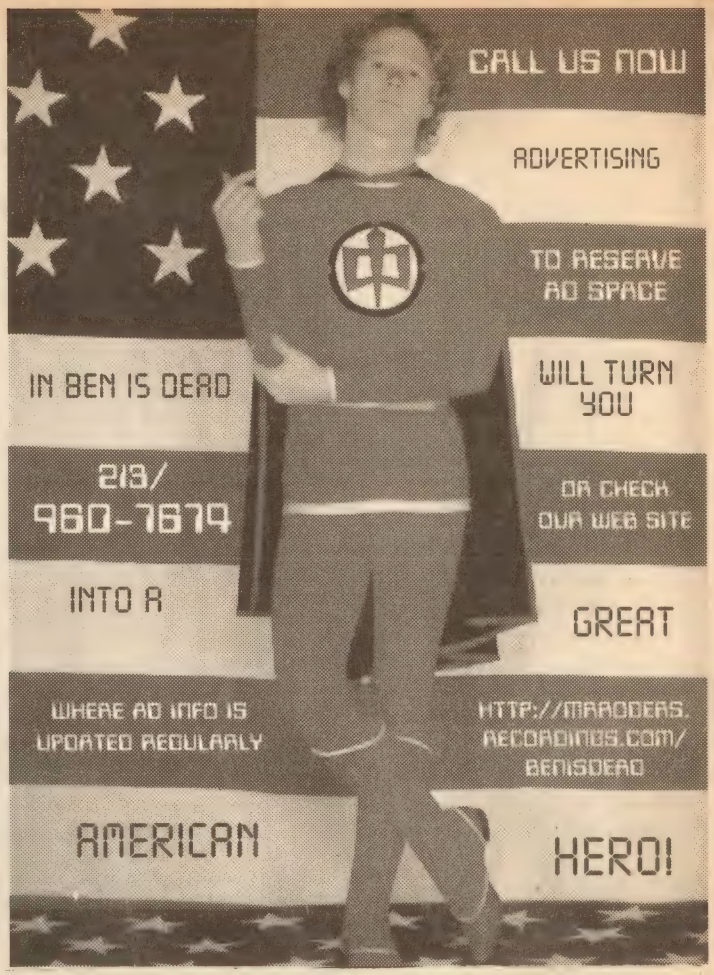

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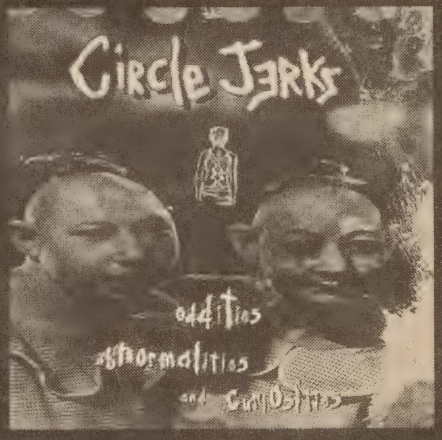

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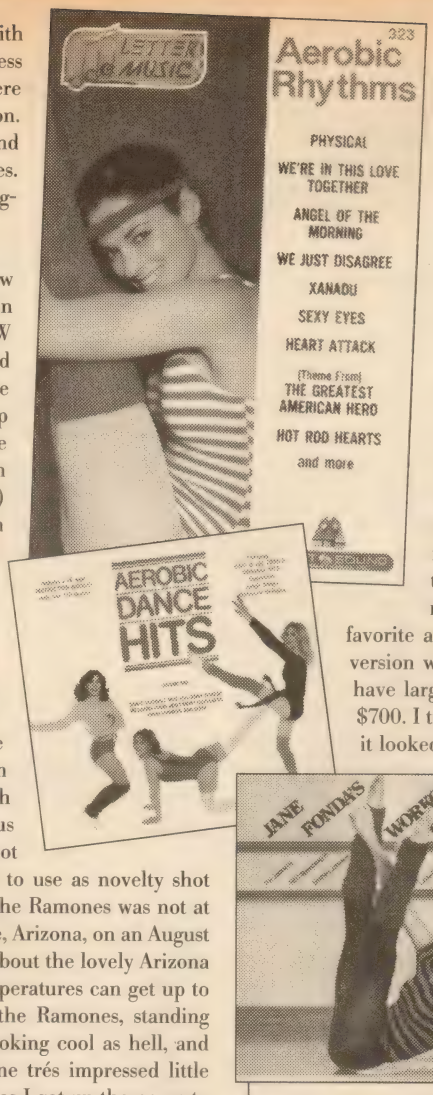
ACTION FIGURES – I had ongoing sagas with well-developed characters, not just meaningless "shoot 'em up battles." The *Star Wars* figures were the foundation of any action figure collection. Micronauts had translucent plastic bodies and featured metal joints at the elbows and knees. There's nothing like the smell of a new action figure. (dave)

A&W ROOT BEER STANDS – One of my few good childhood memories is riding in an Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight convertible to the A&W Root Beer stand in the middle of some cornfield town in Bumfuck, Illinois. Mom and dad in the front seat, me and sis in the back, we pulled up to the drive-in restaurant and rolled down the windows so the waitress could attach the tray on the door of the car (like in the *Flintstones* intro.) There were also pumped-in oldies through a thing like at the drive-in movies. Everyone would order "brown cows," which was vanilla ice cream and root beer in a big frosty A&W mug. This was living! (jes) • The one chain of real '50s drive-ins that survived into modern times. How can you not like a place that sells root beer on tap, by the gallon! Their hamburgers were named for family members, and came in neat foil pouches with happy '50s people on them. My favorite was the teenburger – its pouch showed a cool looking teenager with a hilarious crew cut. For the littlest kids, they served root beer in tiny mugs, which everyone's dad stole to use as novelty shot glasses at home. (bruce) • The first time I saw the Ramones was not at a concert or on a video, but at an A&W in Tempe, Arizona, on an August afternoon in 1977. If you know anything at all about the lovely Arizona climate, then you know that in August, the temperatures can get up to 130 degrees, 120° in the shade. There were the Ramones, standing there sipping root beers in the 125°+ glare, looking cool as hell, and *wearing their fucking leather jackets*!! I was one trés impressed little punk rocker. "Now *that*," I remember thinking as I got up the nerve to get Joey's autograph, "is dedication!" (don)



ADAM ANT – Remember when people use to go to extremes to entertain? Adam Ant and his new-ro pirate gear, androgynous god-child Boy George, even Madonna at the time. It's not that they completely relied on these images, they were just pluses. They were having fun with the possibilities. And the effort they made to not just wear t-shirts and jeans was appreciated. Can't wait to see it happen again: Cutesy and simple is OUT! Too bad Adam's comeback was a bomb – and I hope that hair replacement stuff works for him. (ju-ji)

THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKAROO BANZAI ACROSS THE EIGHTH DIMENSION – It's hard for my memory to spit this one up. All I remember is the last scene when they're walking in victory through the Sepulveda Dam and that me and my dad bonded with this movie. I may have liked it more because he was having so much fun. It definitely decreased his age while we watched. (darby) • This should have been a watershed, and was planned as such. But the studio got scared by it's weirdness and did a massive edit job just before release, and failed to promote it. This doomed the planned sequel, and all the tie-in merchandise that is now hyper-collectable. I still have the View-Master for it. I'd like to see someone restore the missing 40 minutes, including all the flashbacks. Then the film might make sense. (bruce)

AEROBICS – *Aerobics word association:* lycra, spandex, headbands, striped outfits, jingling flab, perky over-enthusiastic instructors, butts, bad music, *Perfect* (John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis), Richard Simmons…. (See also Jane Fonda and legwarmers)

AFROS – I love the way it moves when you walk. I love how it just like – Boom! – explodes and leaves your smooth shoulders bare like that. And I love the way it tells me, as only it can, that you are bigger and better *naturally*. Come here super fly and let me find all the secrets you got hiding in there. You are so fuckin' on fire and I am melting. Ohhhhh, I wanna die with my face buried deep in your afro, sugar. (nina) • Perhaps you could do a quiz, something like, "Who had the biggest 'fro?" A) Christie Love B) Cleopatra Jones C) Angela Davis D) Link from the Mod Squad E) The John 3:16 guy at NFL games? (bruce)

AIR HOCKEY – Became pretty big in the '70s – every family with a playroom had it. The fan blowing through the holes of the table was supposed to make the puck all slippery. What it did do was make the puck airborne if hit at the right angle. (katy) • The truly cool places had them under black lights, with playing pieces made of florescent orange plastic. The official story was that the pucks could move at up to 200 mph, so this made for some pretty trippy trails, man! (bruce) • My favorite arcade sport besides skee-ball. I had a little miniature version we played on the floor when I was younger. Now they have large "official" air hockey games for the home for about $700. I tried it out at the local Sports Chalet. The size was right, it looked sturdy and decent, and the airholes seemed powerful enough but wait, what the fuck is this! You call this a puck! A flimsy piece of plastic that flips off the table if you hit it hard at all. I mean this is an aggressive game. What kind of wimpy shit is this? I guess I'll have to stick with the arcades until I can afford to drop a few thousand for a used original arcade version. (darby) Note: Foosball is lame in comparison but check out that scene in *Il Postino*, which is about as hot as foosball can get.

AIRBRUSH – When coupled with denim and sparkles and the word "Rodeo" it was at the apex of its glory. (wendy)

AIRPLANE RULES AND REGULATIONS have changed a lot. You used to be able to walk right out to the plane in open air. It gave you a chance to check out the landing gear for yourself. And the days are long gone where a nervous traveler can calm her nerves by lighting up in the smoking section far in the back of the plane. You can't even smoke in most airports anymore. What the hell are those FAA guys trying to do anyway, kill us? Guaranteed torture for those of us who hate to fly. (jes) • When I'm dictator, there will be special "Babies" and "Non-Babies" sections on airplanes, as well as every public establishment I can think of. (gwynne)

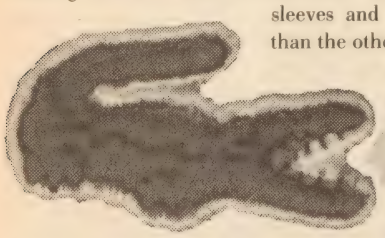
ALARM CLOCKS WITH FLIPPING NUMBERS provided hours of amusement as we sat in front of them and tried to sync up and guess the exact moment the little metallic card would flip. We felt particularly lucky if we were around when the whole clock flipped to a new hour. More recently the flip clock had an important role in the movie *Groundhog Day*. (darby/don) • The type you describe were originally known as, "Sepdigital Clocks." They were digital, but made of separate digits. We forget today just how much noise those flipping metal tabs made, especially late at night. (bruce)

ALL IN THE FAMILY – The original idea of *All in the Family* was that this main character, Archie Bunker, was a stupid racist pig-headed old fuck with bad thoughts and a bad attitude. But after the first season or two, people started identifying with him – much to the chagrin of socialist actor Carrol O'Conner – and the show became more about poor Archie dealing with the modern world (the "Meatheads"), instead of poor Mike

The first legal abortion on a soap opera was when Erica Kane aborted Jeff Martin's baby on *All My Children*.

and Gloria dealing with this horrible guy. There were books (*The Wit and Wisdom of Archie Bunker*), posters, and his chair was donated to the Smithsonian – where I believe it still resides in "The Television Room." Produced by Mr. Sitcom, Norman Lear, and following his request, it was one of the first sitcoms ever created before a live audience. Spin-offs include: *Maude, Good Times, Jeffersons, Gloria, Archie Bunker's Place.* (bruce)

ALLIGATOR SHIRTS/IZODS – For the record, we never called these LaCoste. About '78 there was some weird unspoken contest between my friends and I to own the most colors. The richer ones won out and then, a year or two later, moved up to Polo which my mom wouldn't buy me – far too expensive. When they started wearing two at a time in different colors and folding up the sleeves and putting one collar up higher than the other, I passed. (darby) • Other rip-offs: Le Tigre (sorta okay for guys), Hunter's Run (a horse/The Limited), Jordache (another horse), Gloria Vanderbilt (a swan), Britannia (a flag), J.C. Penney (the Fox), and the classic penguin for those old golfers…. Noël even thinks there was a dog and a dragon but he can not verify this (okay, he just verified the dragon with the Softies 7".) And now Don is saying that *National Lampoon* had one with a legless frog but we should stop here.



"ALTERNATIVE" – Today we have "alternative music," (which doesn't mean anything) but back in the '70s they had alternative everything: alternative stores, alternative schools, alternative technology, alternative medicine, alternative energy, alternative theater, alternative protein sources. Hippest of all: an "alternative lifestyle," which pretty much meant doing anything that square old mom and dad didn't do, whether it was engaging in orgies or only washing the dishes every other day. (candi)

ANGEL – This '80s movie about a really good girl who lived alone and had to become a prostitute to support herself so she could still go to school. And to spice up the already guaranteed winner of a plot, a psychopathic killer was after her. All of the school scenes ironically were filmed at the Harvard School for Boys in Coldwater Canyon. It's since become a classic. Don't confuse it with its asinine Western sequel, *Avenging Angel.* (jon) • Ah, Betsy Russell! (paul)

"ANGELS IN CHAINS" – The most horrifying *Charlie's Angels* episode ever (though the one when Chris freaks out 'cause she's shot someone was awesome). *The Seventies* book describes it best: "That was the little adventure in which the Angels were captured while investigating a southern prison farm, chained together, stripped, forced into a shower, and sprayed with disinfectants. Twenty thousand letters poured into ABC after that episode, asking for more of the same – which viewers got. But despite predictable howls from feminists, the majority of viewers who tuned in Tuesday nights were women." They didn't mention one scene in that episode (and no one I know seems to remember) in which Chris is forced to get a massage or a steaming with hot towels from some big bull dyke and that there were lots of sexual innuendoes. H.C. (ju-ji) (See also *Charlie's Angels*)

ANIMAL POSTERS – Free posters from Book-of-The-Month Club with little hanging kittens that said, "Hang In There!" or chimps with phrases like, "I've Gone Bananas Over You!" I really hated them. (wendy) • My friend and I refer to them as "Secretary Posters" because you always see versions of them at office workers' desks. (allison) • Your mention of the aptly named "Secretary Posters," brings in the whole issue of Office Art, a very '70s concept, as prior to them the office was thought to be a serious place, with very little room for self-expression. However, so few of our readers spent those years in an office, that I doubt it would mean much to them. (bruce)

ANNIE – Many a budding starlet sang often the lovely songs of this Broadway musical, much to the chagrin of any within vocal range. Each song seemed to have such an sticky pathetic quality: Toooomorrow, tooomorrow, I love ya, toooomorow, you're always a daaaay aaaaaa-waaaaaaaaaay! Get me and my sister in a car for more than a few hours together and, in-between fighting, we'll sing a mean duet rendition of this puppy. Ah, you'd be so hot and bothered let me tell you. (darby)

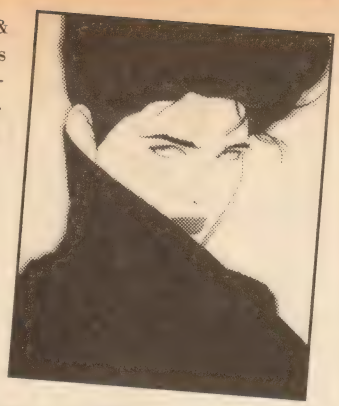
THE ANNIE HALL LOOK – Yuck, yuck, yuck! • She ripped off *Horses*-era Patti Smith but looked a lot worse because of all that Earth-toned peasant damage left over from the hippie days. I was grateful for it; it was the one high-fashion look my mother hated enough to not try to force me to wear, and at ninth-grade dances it was ridiculously easy to be the girl with the sexiest outfit. (gwynne)

ANSWER SONGS – This was a trend of the late '50s and early '60s. The Silhouettes sang "Get a Job"; Smokey Robinson and the Miracles responded with "I Got a Job." Jan Bradley sang the anti-boy anthem "Mama Didn't Lie" (it's on the *Hairspray* soundtrack, for you fine music connoisseurs); Major Lance defended his gender with "Mama Didn't Know." This is one trend I'd like to see revived today; someone could start with the long-overdue follow-up to Suicidal Tendencies' "Institutionalized": they could call it "Here's Your Fucking Pepsi, Now Shut Up!" (gwynne)

ARMY GEAR – For a brief period people looked like ex-Vietnam freaks. Movies like *Private Benjamin* and *Stripes* made it cool in the early '80s. Camp Beverly Hills had pseudo army fashion jackets, and the early punk bands wore the stuff as well. Petered out around the time of the Rambo backlash and came back in vogue when Punky Brewster began wearing Doc Martens. (howard) • I wore my absolutely-skin-tight-to-the-ankles army pants, an army green tight t-shirt that said M*A*S*H*, and a ceramic whistle on a satin chord necklace that said army, high-heeled black pumps and black sunglasses to the Police concert at The Big A. (riley) • A designer brand who made fashion cammies was UFO. (laurel)

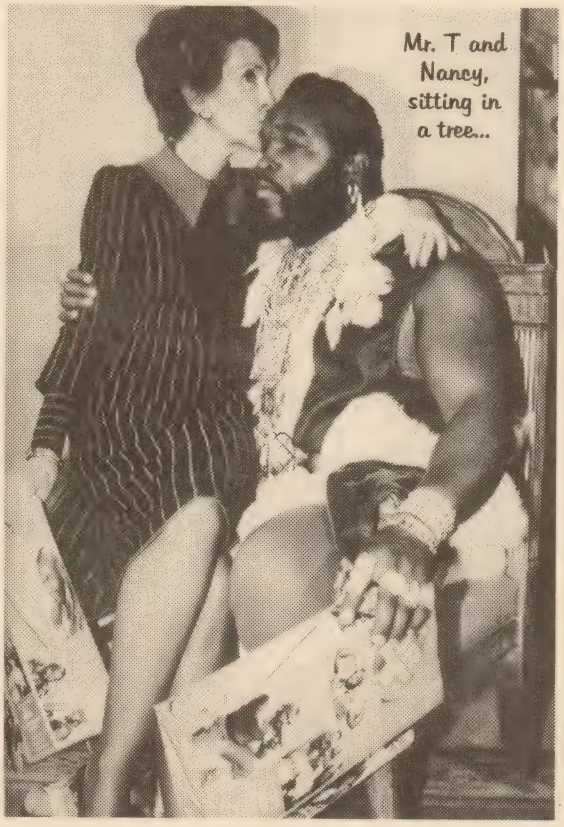
ART – Ugh. The New Yorker map poster of NYC (soon they had one for every major city), the bagels with red, white and blue cream cheese, Patrick Nagel (whose art you still see in faux "art galleries" in Venice Beach), those half-inked '70s women in soft natural colors utilizing lots of negative white space, airbrush mania, Leroy Neman '76 Olympics, *Playboy* cartoons, the nude photo of Natassia Kinski with a snake wrapped around her, Farrah in the swimsuit (already in her late twenties then), Peter Rocha's paintings of President Reagan made with *Jelly Belly* jelly beans…. • It seems to me that the '80s marked a time when cheap

Hey, it's gonna get you too, another one bites the dust. –Queen



mass-produced art, like the bagels & Nagels, got hip. Prior to this, it was more of the dogs playing poker variety, which is why I guess Aquarian-age hipsters opted for posters instead. (bruce) • Great moments in art: Jeff Koons giant Hummelware Michael Jackson, Chris Burden crucifying himself to a Volkswagen, Andy Warhol on *The Love Boat*, Genesis P-Orridge giving himself blood, milk and urine enemas. (howard) (See also Trash As Art)

ARTS & CRAFTS – Oh my! There were so many strange things to make and do back then. Is it just because we were young or was it the times? My life ran from one project to another, with barely time to bake a loaf of bread or attend an Ella Jenkins concert. If we weren't melting crayons and gluing sticks together with paste or making colored bath soap to write on the tile walls with, we were setting up for spin art or preparing to tie dye. Fancier vacation projects included sand candles, when we'd buy paraffin, line holes in the beach with shells and pretty polished glass, then dump the melted wax in, wait awhile, and…Violá! Gorgeous candle, but what about the wick? At home, Mom and I mixed up Plaster of Paris and ladled it into animal footprints in the mud. Then we'd have plaster casts of the bottoms of animal feet and we could compare them, collect them, plus marvel at the wonders of nature. Other times, we'd dip bent hangers in awful smelling, probably toxic, colored stuff, and make a sort of stained glass-like thing. Really pretty, and great for mobiles or sun-catchers. (lisa AA) • As a youngster, one of my favorite attention-getters involved creating monstrous footprints in the dirt and preserving them with Plaster of Paris. When the mold would harden, I'd take it to my favorite teacher at school and "amaze" her with my latest cryptozoological find. This is considered a craft, no? (skylaire) • Assorted and frightening arts and crafts: macaroni art with gold paint and yarn, decoupage (wood plaques lacquered with burnt paper images), rubber stamps made out of potato, playing with (dried) white glue, beading t-shirts, stained glass, colored rock art, string art with nails (usually of a boat scene), God's eyes, lanyards (the plastic string that we were taught to strategically tie into key chains)…. (See also Macramé and "Hot Stuff")



ASYMMETRICAL HAIRCUTS – Hello? What was up with this? I remember Emily Colburn got one in seventh grade and even though I was cooler (because I was in eighth grade) I still thought it was fantabulous. It was spiky on the left side and like a bob on the other. You would laugh and point at someone on the street with hair like that today, but we were in the '80s. (morgan & ferris) • I got voted "Wildest Haircut" in 7th grade for such an assymetrical cut. (noël) (See also Tails)

ASTROLOGY – The only pre-Judeo-Christian religious/superstitious belief widely acknowledged and generally believed – after all, there are astrology forecast columns in all the major newspapers and magazines – in this Bible-sucking country of ours. In the '70s and in '70s retro, a fashion statement and fecund source of cheesy pick-up lines. (gwynne) (See also Sun Signs)

THE A-TEAM – We saw them film this near my home near where the Renaissance Pleasure Faire used to be. It was very depressing watching them switch from the stars to their doubles every couple of seconds during the fighting scenes and I was disenchanted with filmmaking from then on. (darby) • They were predictable, but always top-notch entertainers. I had a crush on Murdock. (wendy) • When I was a wee lass I lived in a city with a girl's school that was a favorite location for TV show and movie shoots. I had a twisted obsession with Murdock, I wanted him to adopt me, and bless my lucky stars, *The A-Team* came one day to shoot. I walked up behind the man and tapped him on the shoulder; he turned around and I jumped on his feet and hugged him and wouldn't let go. He was so sweet, he let me stay there all day while he fed me donuts and walked around the set. I corresponded with him for a few years, but finally my obsession waned. A very sweet guy. This story has since made a number of slightly geeky people slightly jealous. (skylaire) (See also B. A. "Bad Ass" Barakas)

ATOMIC CAFE – My hipper, older friends would bring me here after the weird "underground" shows they'd take me too. After only consuming o.j. and shrooms for six hours this extremely greasy Chinese food was almost delightful (though I always got a stomach ache an hour after.) The place was covered with punk rock memorabilia, crud, and had the sportiest jukebox around. We'd only go there late night, when it was filled with other fucked-up after-party types, so I always wondered if normal people ever tried to eat in the place. (darby) Other downtown, late-night LA eateries that saved many lives: The Pantry and Gorkey's.

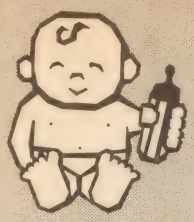
***ATTACK OF THE KILLER TOMATOES*, DAD'S FAVORITE SCENE IN** – The films I liked in the '70s… when you watch them 20 years later you see how stupid they were – so you realize how stupid you were. So I just prefer to remember the good scenes from these movies, for instance: One of the characters, and he was black I think, was wearing a tomato disguise and he's sitting around the campfire with a bunch of killer tomatoes eating steak or something, and he accidentally asks them to pass the catsup…so, of course they realize he's not really a tomato and kill him. (dad)

AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS – Like an autograph book except in the form of a dachshund. Mine was white vinyl with red ears and tail. I got gramma and grandpa's and mom and dad's and cousin's and aunt's and uncle's and teacher's and neighbor's and maybe a few of my geeky friends but nobody famous ever gave up their John Hancock for me (of course I faked their signatures like a true hound). (jes) • I had a pink patchwork fabric autograph pig. My best friend Kimmie's was blue and they were both named "Soueee" as per the tags on their butts. We were in un-spoken competition to see who could get the most signatures and of course it was Kimmie because she was more popular than I was. (jen g.)

●●● b ●●●

B.A. "BAD ASS" BARAKAS – Mr. T's notorious role on *The A-Team*. This character really challenged Mr. T's acting skills: B.A. was big and

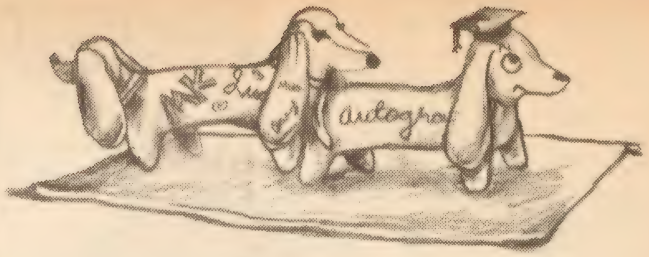
25% of Americans believe in astrology, and 75% admit to sometimes reading newspaper horoscopes.



Babies

The most dramatic indicator of the success of the "singles" lifestyle was the great "baby bust" of the '60s and '70s. In a 1951 poll, most young women wanted four or five children. But after 1957 the birth rate began to fall, plummeting with the '60s "youth rebellion" and reaching a nadir of "zero population growth" in the mid-'70s. Hospitals closed their obstetrical wards; obstetricians compensated for the loss of income by performing more hysterectomies and (when a pregnant woman did come along) Cesarean sections. Suburban schools were shut down. Manufacturers of infant formulas – like Nestlé – transplanted their promotional campaign to the baby-rich countries of The Third World. The moral excuse for childlessness was the "population explosion" discovered by demographers and futurists in the mid-'60s, but the real reason, for most young couples, was that children just didn't fit into the lifestyle they had become accustomed to as singles. Some even go as far as to say that drug use enlightened them (if only on a sub-conscious level) to the detrimental effects of childbearing – that children steal your energy and suckle from you (realistically, symbolically, spiritually) until your death. The pill made the decision easier, as did the desire of women to work and the lack of day care for children and the declining number of grandmothers willing to make a second career of baby-sitting. Coincidentally it was the zenith of evil child movies including *Rosemary's Baby, Exorcist, The Omen,* and *Audrey Rose*. Children became an option – and not the most appealing option at that. The message was "Babies are a liability," explained a political science professor in *New York* magazine in the '70s. "A drag. And the notion that people will even stop viewing them that way is ridiculous." In the infamous '70s book, *The Joy of Sex* observed, "Children can limit the sex play of adults by being around." In 1973, "NON," the National Organization of Non-parenthood, appeared on the scene with two thousand members, including actress Shirley MacLaine and philanthropist Stewart Mott, to combat what they described as the "pervasive pronatalism" of American society. "People do not deserve honor and respect simply for having a baby," according to a psychiatrist who spoke at the 1975 NON convention. "Children are not that perfect – or likable either." Now that's a trend that is well do for a comeback. (darby/with much quoted from the book *For Her Own Good*) • Other miscellaneous facts: By 1980 one quarter of all new apartments did not allow children. In that same period in Wash. DC the number of abortions was greater than the number of live births. The divorce rate skyrocketed from '68 on as it became easier, cost less, and there were no-fault divorce laws (prior to that you had to show a reason and both parties had to agree....)

Babies are like headaches, you take pills not to have them. –Fran Leibowitz



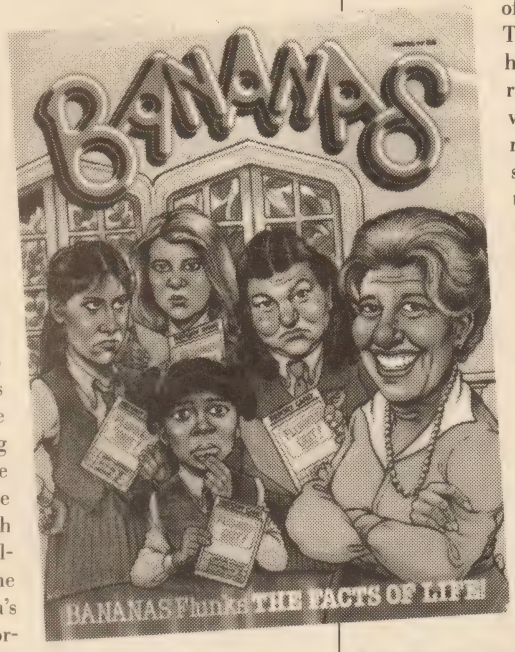
tough and wore lots of gold rings and necklaces. His dialogue consisted of soliloquies like "You fooo" and yet he was sensitive enough to expose his soft side. He was intricate enough to show his fear of flying and to have a love scene. His acting prowess in such classics as *DC Cab* forged the way for fine and multi-faceted actors such as Urkel, Alf, and Arnold Schwarzenegger. (jes) • MR. T MYTH – Mr. T used to live in this posh neighborhood called Land of The Trees and the entire community was pissed off at him for lowering the property value of the area because he liked to get really drunk and take out a chainsaw and chop down trees in his front yard in the middle of the night. (wendy) • It's true, I saw it in *Time* Magazine. (lisa aa) • MR. T REALITY – Mr. T had a short lived cereal that – like its *Gremlins* counterpart – tasted like a low-grade version of Cap'n Crunch. He also had a comic book a few years ago that ran for about twelve issues. (noël) • He wrote "Mr. T by Mr. T" in the mid '80s, probably the most ghost-writer free autobiography ever penned. (skylaire) • MORE MR. T REALITY – His real name is Lawrence Theo, he wore chains to remind him of slavery. (bruce) (See also *The A-Team*)

BABY ALIVE – If I remember correctly, this was the first doll that ate almost real food and would pee, and felt and seemed truly baby-like. I wonder if the friends of mine who were actually given this devil-inspired creation are the ones cursed with kids today. (darby) • The greatest doll in the world (next to my *Wizard of Oz* figurines.) You bought Baby Alive's food in packages and added water and shoved it into her tiny puckered pink lips that were caked with old dried food. All she did was eat and wet and shit the food out her butt. She was real! (jes) • The eating version of Baby Tender Love. My sister finally fed hers Comet and it died. My mom said they got recalled because apparently everybody fed their Baby Alive's all kinds of weird shit and they got all corroded and thus probably a health risk. (riley) (See also Dolls)

BABY-SITTING – I began to baby-sit when I was 11 years old. It scares me now thinking of how young, ill-prepared and inexperienced I was when people trusted me with their tiny newborn babies and fancy homes. I took baby-sitting classes in the summer and was incredibly stoked about being able to change diapers, feed, and read stories to little people. I baby-sat a lot. It was a great excuse to get out of the house for long periods of time. It was also somewhat of a power trip. And boy oh boy did I rake it in on that $1.50 an hour salary. But no one can pull the wool over my eyes for *too* long, and shortly I was making a steady two bucks. It's unbelievable that nobody's house burned or a kid didn't get hurt. I think the parents must have been really desperate to pawn their kids off on me, they just had to get the fuck away and they didn't care what happened to their offspring. I mean, we had a blast, the kids and me, but oftentimes my goal was to tire them out so they would fall asleep early so I could be left alone to call my friends, invite boys over, eat their food, or snoop through their stuff. (jes) • I got to baby-sit for a doctor and spent much time in the doctor's bag with the pharmaceutical drug books for reference material. Never could figure out what most of it was, but I was the girl who had the valium, if anyone needed some. (darby) • I took over for my sis at that doctor's house when I was only ten, though I did not know enough to take their valium. I soon moved on to the house down the street. They had two kids – one was a little girl I had to diaper. I had no training, and at the time it seemed normal, but now I can't believe they left the life of their baby in my hands. (selina) • My first experience with pot was in 8th grade, when a girl in our class showed us a joint she had stolen from the couple she baby sat for. One joint didn't go far around 10 kids, especially when we didn't know how to smoke. (bruce)

BACK OF THE BUS – The only place the big kids sit on the bus to and from school. As a little kid, I spent an awful lot of time sitting backwards in my seat peering back there hoping to get a glimpse of the big kid life. But when I finally got to be one of the big kids, it's wasn't really all that fun – except that I was able to make the little kids think it was. (jes) • The big scandal in 6th grade was when Melissa Parsons pulled down her pants and showed all the boys her "you know what" in the back of the bus. I'm sure the stigma is still with her today. (jen g.) • Where the cool kids on the bus sat, where we used to play truth-or-dare in 5th grade with the 6th grade boys, and our rad bus driver would play KHJ on the radio if we were being good and we would sing to it. (riley) • If you're younger or just moved into the neighborhood you'd have to earn your way to the back. I did when this cone-head kid, who'd like to tease me and who I'd usually ignore, spit a loogie on me but instead hit my geek umbrella (that had my name in script all over it), and instead of ignoring him I wiped it back on him. From then on the back of the bus was no problem. (darby)

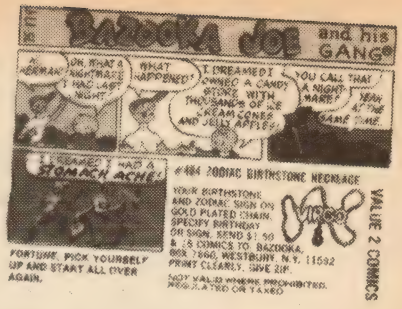
BAD RONALD – In the early to mid '70s, Scott Jacoby was being groomed for teen stardom. Back then – only slightly differently than now – this was done by first establishing cute young boys as stars on TV. Then, a movie role. Then, the requisite pop-lite album. You may remember/have heard of this ploy being used on John Travolta, Scott Baio, and others. It didn't work so well on the young Jacoby lad. With his non-stunning, but comfortable Jewish-boy-next-door looks, warming smile, and soft Matthew Modine-esque voice, he hovered for a while before drowning in a sea of re-runs. His high points began with the ultra-too-cool-for TV-movie *Bad Ronald*; where he played a dysfunctional family mama's boy who accidentally kills a neighborhood kid. His mother hides him by stashing him in a wall. Shortly thereafter she dies, leaving him inside the wall for the next family. After developing a raging jones for the young daughter, he goes totally wack-ass. His only other notable role was as the polite but slightly crippled Mario the Magician in the Jodie Foster chiller *The Girl Who Lives Down The Lane*. This time he gets the girl without having to resort to peeping through holes in the wall. If you feel compelled, try to find his one and only lite-pop album. It looks all soft-focus and woodsy; like most lite-pop vehicles of its day. (kevin)



BAKING SODA – Started showing up in everything in the mid-'70s. Peak Toothpaste started it off, with baking soda, just like grandma used to use. The back-to-nature movement had even reached our mouths. Some genius at Arm & Hammer figured out that you could leave baking soda in the refrigerator and eliminate odor. This move doubled the companies sales overnight. One of the most legendary stories of marketing. After that, baking soda showed up in laundry detergent, deodorants, shampoos, and anything that stank. It was America's last great love affair with something white – unless you count cocaine. (bruce)

BALD EAGLES – The bald eagle nearly became extinct because their egg shells were too thin and broke when they sat on them. It was soon discovered that the pesticide DDT was the cause. The banning of DDT was one of the main rallying points of the '70s eco movement. (paul)

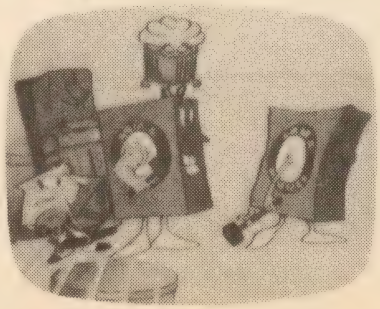
THE BANANA SPLITS – This wild musical bunch of nameless guys in costumes of scruffy, unidentifiable creatures ran around Saturday morning TV way too fast as if to offer final proof that *everyone* who was *anyone* on TV in the '70s had to be a *rock star* or at the very least pretend to be. Now all you have to do to impress TV viewers under seven years old is kill people. Who says life doesn't get simpler? "One banana, two banana, three banana, four..." (nina) • Live action Saturday morning TV show '68 to '70s. This show featured four guys in suits with dubbed dialog. They went by the names of Fleegle (a kind of dog), Bingo (a gorilla), Drooper (a sort of lion) and Snorky (a baby elephant that never spoke).. They jumped around, played tricks on each other, and had a good time. They would also film segments of them running around in those little six-wheeled recreational vehicles so popular at the time. And naturally, they had a rock band. During the dreadful songs, we'd be treated to some proto-MTV style video editing, which mostly featured them running around an amusement park. The show also featured a separate adventure segment called "Danger Island," featuring Jan Michael Vincent, which introduced the short lived catch-phrase, "Oh-oh Chongo." (bruce) • The album is amazing, and why not? Participants on it include Al Kooper, Gene Pitney, and Barry White. About ten years ago, the band I was in covered and recorded "Gonna Find A Cave." In addition to their album, the Banana Splits released two 7" EPs and a couple of cereal-box cutaway cardboard singles. (gwynne)



BANANA CLIPS – These long, toothy hair accessories made your skimpy little pony-tail look long 'n' layered – *very* popular in early-to-mid-'80s, and still available sometimes in 98¢ stores. (pleasant)

BANANAS – The big brother to *Dynamite*. (katy) • For some reason, bananas became funny to people in the early '70s. Anything having to do with bananas indicated madcap mirth. The best example of this would be the phrase "go bananas", which meant to go crazy. There were banana shaped phones, pillows, hats, you name it. Where did this come from? Was it that LP cover that Warhol did? BIC came out with a pen called The Banana, it was supposed to give your writing a wacky edge. See also the Woody Allen film of the same period. (bruce) • Yellow bananas are about 150 years old, invented by nature, discovered by accident, and loved by millions. It's not surprising that people get a little strange about this fruit newcomer. (paul)

BANGS – There was this period in the early '80s where, regardless of the scene (death rock, metal, val, new-ro) you had to have some form of bangs in your face. (darby) (See also Whispies)


it's probably time to change it again.

BASIL, TONY – 1981, an infectious and innocuous cheerleading song called Mickey turned up with lead singer Tony Basil. Little did Martha Quinn and *MTV* know that this peppy cheerleader was perilously close to 40. She had been a go-go dancer (with Teri Garr) back in the days of *The T.A.M.I. Show* (1964). She also made a brief appearance in Dennis Hopper's *Easy Rider* as a New Orleans prostitute. After this inexplicable hit came the even more innocuous "Shopping

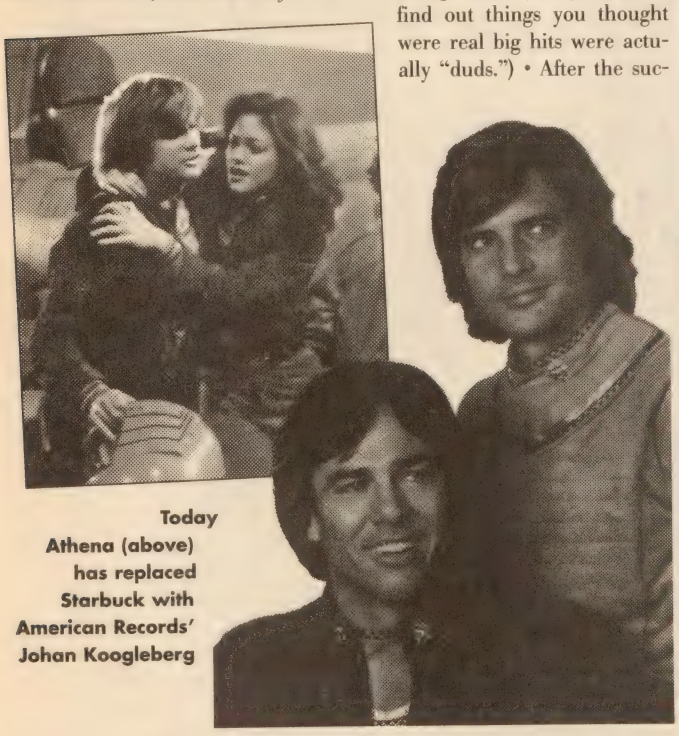
Time goes, you say? Ah, no! Alas, time stays, we go. –Henry Dobson

A-Z." Then she went back to choreographing David Bowie and shacking up with Don Bolles' friend Spazz Attack (who's in a Devo video "Mongoloid.") Donde esta? She was last seen on *MTV*'s "It Came From the '80s" retrospective. (bruce)

BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS – I don't know what these celebs were amped on to make them need to show off as *the best* star tennis player or tug-a-war jock around, but they always had these goofy contests on TV. Uh, I actually went to one at Pepperdine University with my pal Jill Wahl and the thought of it really disturbs me. (darby)

BATTLESHIP – "B-11" "Shhhh.." "A-3" "You sunk my battleship." Classic commercial is with Vincent Price as a teller in an old-time bank, where they're so involved in the game they ignore all their customers.

BATTLESTAR GALLACTICA – Low budget outer space show staring pre-cancer Dirk Benedict and pre-dead Lorne Greene. Really cool dog robot and also the evil robots the Cylons. Along with Buck Rogers formed the late '70s/early '80s sci-fi block which has now been replaced with the new *Star Trek* shows, and uh, *Babylon 5*. (It's strange when you grow up to find out things you thought were real big hits were actually "duds.") • After the success of *Star Wars*, ABC blew the dust off the space opera concept they had laying about, and pulled out all the stops. The series was produced at the then unheard of cost of $1,000,000 per episode! Its premiere episode was three hours long! (Later released in theaters, it became the last movie released in Surround Sound). The official name of the dog robot was Muffett II, but the kid, Boxie, always called it Muffy. As for Buck Rogers, its pilot was also released theatrically, but before the series even aired. (bruce) (See also *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*)



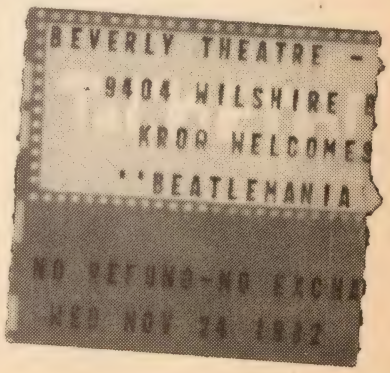
Today Athena (above) has replaced Starbuck with American Records' Johan Koogleberg

BAZOOKA JOE – Bazooka bubble gum has been around for a while. Besides having to have strong teeth to chew the stuff (how many kids lost their teeth to Bazooka Joe – today they ruined that experience with gum softeners), you were able to get credits for prizes. Well, I guess since kids have got the cigarette prizes they're not into Bazooka Joe's 'cause they don't offer them anymore; though you still get your stupid fortune told. (darby) • The stuff has been around since about 1910, which is when there was an explosion in candy manufacturing (that's another story). However, prior to 1974, bubble gum was hard and bland. Your jaw would hurt before it got soft enough to blow, it required patience not often found in the very young. Bazooka was the best, especially since it came with cryptic comics inside. (bruce) • He used to just be this one-eyed kid in junkie comix. Now, he has a sideline as the "mystic master of space and time." Talk about promotions! (See also Bubblegum)

BEACH BUSES – In the '70s, the RTD had a series of old '50s clunker buses which they painted up with whales, dolphins and mermaids, bubbles and starfish and sharks. These buses made express routes down Santa Monica and Wilshire Boulevards, operated only during summer vacation, to take kids to the shore. I'm not sure when they stopped running, but they were great while they lasted – most grown-ups wouldn't even bother getting on board. (pleasant)

BEATLEMANIA – Not the Beatles but *an incredible simulation*. I went to Beatlemania with my temple youth group. I was just staring at the cute guy from another youth group the whole time and couldn't care much about the silly show. The thing most interesting about this super-popular event was that the Beatles had only been broken up seven years when it first occurred. (darby)

BED-WETTING – I never really had a bed-wetting problem in the traditional sense. Actually, I was such a pathetic, insomniac child that once I pretended to wet my bed (using water) in order to have an excuse to wake up my parents in the middle of the night to get attention and company (they still don't know this.) (jen d.) • Arnold Drummond did the same thing in an episode of *Diff'rent Strokes*. (noël) • I used to wet my bed almost every night. I would dream I'd gotten up, walked into the bathroom and sat down on the toilet. Unfortunately the only part that wasn't a dream was the peeing. I had a rubber sheet for every day of the week and if I went a night without wetting my bed I could stick a gold star on my bed wetting calendar the next morning. When I had five stars in a row my mom and dad would take me to Baskin Robbins. I know that if it wasn't for the Baskin Robbins incentive plan I'd still be wetting my bed today. (jen g.) • There was a movie called *The Loneliest Runner* (1976), written, directed and produced by Michael Landon, about a teenage bed wetter (played by Lance Kerwin of *James at Fifteen* fame) who goes on to become an Olympic runner. He got lots of practice because he would run home every day after school to hide the wet bed sheet – which his mom would inevitably have on the clothing line – from the other school kids. Whew! (allison)



BEING EATEN ALIVE – A persistent fear we humans harbor is that of

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ABBA

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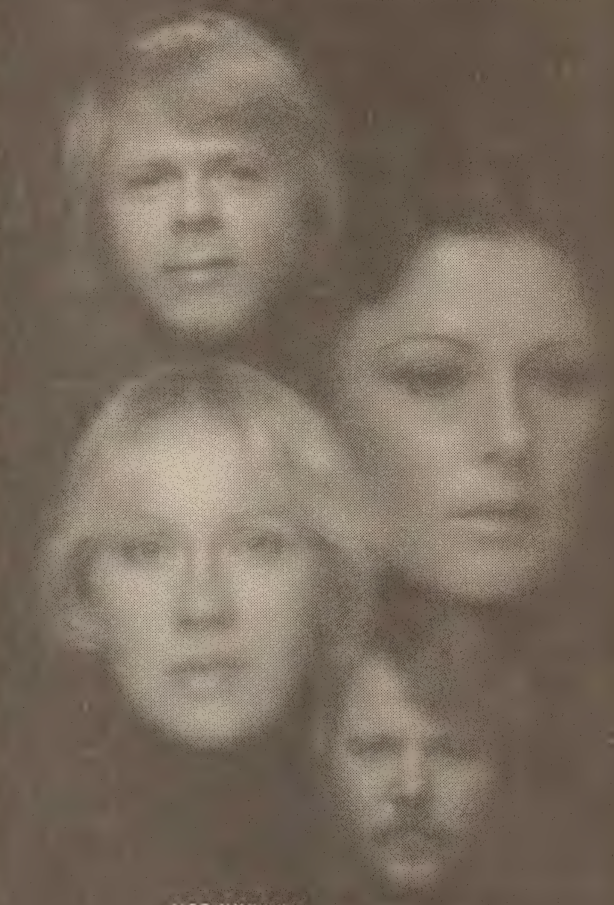

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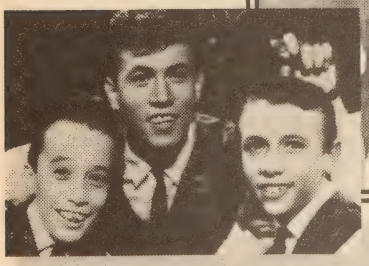
The Bee Gees



Barry is the oldest and then the twins Robin and Maurice, and then the kid brother Andy. From Australia, of English immigrant parents, they started making music originally under the name Wee Johnny Hays And The Bluecats when they were real young. The songs were pre-Beatles and it took these guys a while to finally rise to fame. They then became the Bee Gee's where it has come to stand for The Brother's Gibb. They were able to ride the wave of the late British Invasion. I'd love to someday see their rare movie, *Cucumber Castle*, made around 1969. Somehow they managed to return, bigger than ever, with Disco, this time with enough clout to launch little brother Andy on his own career. (bruce) • Is there anybody who hasn't heard the bizarre bleating falsettos of "Stayin' Alive," "Nights On Broadway," or "Night Fever?" Who wouldn't recognize these satin clad, open-shirted, bearded 'n' blow-dried "Children of the World?" What a ridiculous '70s relic, this Bee Gees; can they really be as worthless and silly as the films with which their name has become irrevocably connected (*Saturday Night Fever*, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, and *Grease*, whose title song they wrote)? Well, silly, yes; but worthless? In a word, NOFUCKIN'WAYDUDE!! The Bee Gees were *so* incredible in the '60s, I cannot adequately convey their bitchenness in mere printed words! As appalling as their disco-era crapola was, I think they should be granted a Presidential pardon, or at least a papal dispensation, for the amazing amount of quality material they recorded back in their psychedelic-pop-ballad heyday. The first album alone contains some of the most psychotic Beatlesque string-driven anomalies ever committed to vinyl; "Red Chair Fade Away" is as catchy and lysergically ethereal as anything on *Magical Mystery Tour*, with lines like "I can feel the speaking sky;" "Every Christian Lion Hearted Man Will Show You" is one of the most obtuse pop songs *ever*, period. Besides the weird psyche-lite fare, there were the Abysmally Depressing Pop Ballads: "Holiday," "New York Mining Disaster 1941," nearly all their other pre-disco work; the Abysmally Depressing Faux R&B Songs: "To Love Somebody," "I Can't See Nobody"; the then obligatory Silly English Songs: "Craise Finton Kirk Royal Academy of Arts" and "Cucumber Castle," which was still kind of morbid sounding; and a few Fake Beatles Songs: "In My Own Time." It must have taken a whole lot of grief to drive a person to off themselves back in those happier times, although anyone subjected to large doses of their later output might think otherwise. The Bee Gees sounded so completely, utterly miserable that Joy Division and Nirvana seem positively gleeful by comparison. I'll bet if modern teen rockers Silverchair had to deal with the combined stress of their workaholic taskmaster Dad acting as their manager, and the hard-core speed/psychedelics/alcohol/downer abuse that was the teenaged Gibb Bros. only solace, there would be one less tiny-toon Pearl Jam clone for Kennedy to gush over. (don) (See also Andy Gibb)

"I'll be your best friend."

being eaten alive, particularly by some kind of beast creature. Once the stuff of Mutual of Omaha's *Wild Kingdom*, these fears were exacerbated by numbers of lame movies that involved great white sharks, piranhas, alligators, or even ants carrying out God's will. Not only are such fears unfounded, but they completely ignore the fact that we humans slaughter billions of animals every year in the name of Nike shoes, fur coats, and pork rinds. (noël) • I'm waiting patiently for the flesh eating bacteria movies. (darby) (See also Jaws)

BELT BUCKLES – A throwback to the golden age of bong-hit stadium rock, when high school kids donned faux-hologram ovular shaped buckles sporting killer band logos such as Styx, Supertramp and Kiss. As a variation on the band-theme belt buckles, beer company logos became very popular. A relic from an era in which people actually tucked in their shirts. For a recent reference check out *Dazed and Confused*. (cliff) (See also Stadium Rock and Tucking in your Shirt)

BEN HUNTER MOVIE MATINEE – 2p.m. Fresh in the door from school. Ready for your afternoon dose of cartoons. But wait! Who is this old man next to an aquarium telling me about a movie thirty years old? I want my cartoons! It says in the *TV Guide* 2:00, dammit! This veteran of KTTV came on the air usually around noon, and showed movie classics that no kid could relate to. Sometimes these movies would go past their scheduled time, eating in to the precious hour of *Beanie and Cecil* I'd hungered for all day. All the time you'd be hoping he'd go off the air or just die – until one day he just did. Ben *is* dead. (mike)

THE BENNY HILL SHOW – From the land of fish & chips and Page Three Girls waddled this cherubic dimple-faced clown. Benny Hill's half-hour variety show was always a late-night treat for a then young 10 year old like me. Filled with disgusting old men who were invariably subjects of derision and scantily clad young lovelies bouncing about in poorly orchestrated – but sometimes hilarious – comedy skits, I had the sneaking suspicion that there was something completely wrong with it all. Of course, I felt pretty creepy staying up late, dealing with Hill's none too clever limericks and cheesy perversions, just to see a little boobage. (noël) • And who could forget the dance numbers? (paul)

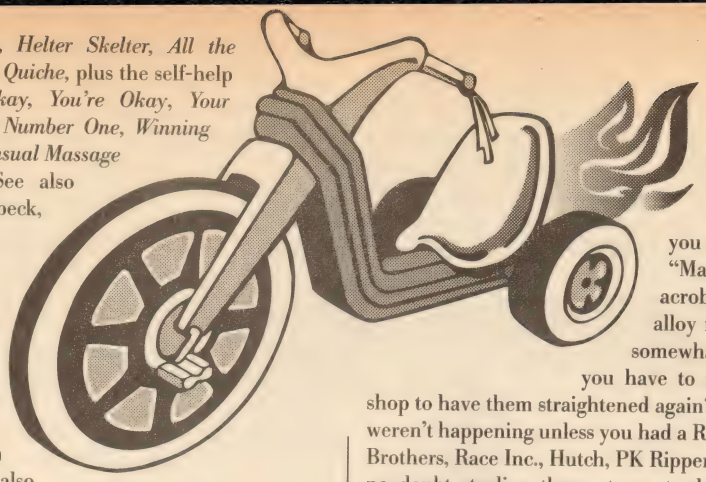
BENTON, BARBIE – I think she was on every other episode of *Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island* and she was hot and always played the same character. I'm surprised we haven't seen her on an infomercial yet. Adrienne Barbeau was on the other 50% of those shows and she's been playing clubs in LA lately doing who knows what. They both promoted the natural big boob look. (jes/darby) • She was a darling of *Playboy* magazine, featured in numerous pictorials. (noël) • Why not, she was Hefner's wife! (paul)

BERMUDA TRIANGLE – There was always some TV special on the Triangle, which had foggy re-enactment footage of planes vanishing in thin air. It always freaked me out that my parents went to Bermuda on their honeymoon, and I thought them very brave because of it. (darby) • See the Gary Spivey telepsychic infomercial with Downtown Julie Brown. (mike)

THE BEST FRIEND – This is a very youthful phenomenon. Where people are going to be friends FOREVER! No matter what.

B

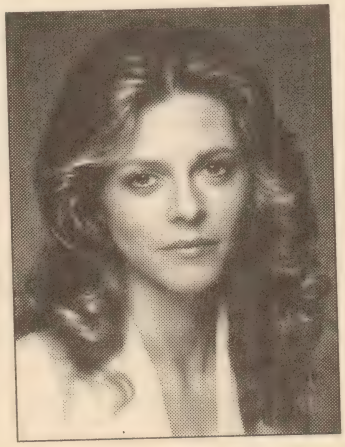
BEST SELLING BOOKS – *Coma, Helter Skelter, All the Presidents Men, Real Men Don't Eat Quiche,* plus the self-help variety: *The Joy Of Sex, I'm Okay, You're Okay, Your Erogenous Zones, Looking Out For Number One, Winning Through Intimidation, The Art of Sensual Massage* and all Masters and Johnson. (See also Masters and Johnson, Erma Bombeck, and Books for Kids)



BETAMAX – (1975 – retail price $1595.00) Sony's Betamax came out before VHS (Video Home System – 1978) and produced a better quality image and sound. Beta also had other favorable qualities, like the smaller form, and it was in stereo before VHS. But you could also fast forward and scan on VHS while you couldn't on Beta. And the first VHS camcorder allowed you to play back the footage you just shot – again the Beta ones didn't. But the main reason why VHS won out was Matisushita (Panasonic), who owned VHS, bought the rights to put out all the movies in *their* format. So Beta went the way of the eight track. (darby) • It's sad tale brings to mind the plight of CED. That was RCA's own video disc format, available from 1978 to 1983, a bulky thing that actually used a needle. (bruce)

BIC LIGHTERS – Especially on cords, worn around your neck. Check out Cherie Currie in *Foxes.* (allison) • Don't forget Cricket lighters – another cheap disposable '70s thing. The enviromental movement of the '70s was concerned with air pollution not landfills. (dad) (See also Stadium Rock)

BICENTENNIAL – The Spirit of '76 took over the nation. Glory Glory Hallelujah, America is 200 years old! The buzz swept all across the country and everyone was wearing red, white and blue bell bottoms and stars and stripes hankies in their back pockets. It was the biggest and the best Fourth of July ever, with plumper watermelons, juicier corn on the cob, more sparklers, and a fuck of a lot more firecrackers than any year before or any year since. (jes) • In response to all the hype, "Residents of Lake City, Pennsylvania, decided they'd rather look forward two hundred years than look back to the past, so the town dedicated a landing pad for UFOs." (from book *The '70s*) • I think what America is missing today is a new coin…so we who are poor can be excited about the little money we have. The poor planning of the Susan B. may have ruined it for a while, but just think how fun the Bicentennial quarter and Bicentennial half dollar were. Let's just go for it and get the O.J. and Courtney coins on the presses, before the next tragedy takes place. (ju-ji) • Not only were there Bicentennial quarters and half-dollars, there was also the bicentennial version of the Eisenhower dollar. Ike had been on the big dollar coin for a few years, but the Bicentennial version had a different back, it showed the moon being eclipsed by the Liberty Bell! (bruce)



BICYCLES with banana seats and personal license plates • My bike was yellow and my banana seat was white with beautiful pink flowers and green leaves. That seat made me the envy of all my neighbors. (jen g.) • Dirt bikes with padded bars for protection against impact between a young man's family jewels and his cycle. (wendy) • A big status symbol for kids (besides action figures and how many trading cards they possessed) was the most obvious symbol, their bicycle. Bike varieties drove parents crazy as much as fashion did for girls, changing from extremities as tassels at the end of handle bars to Oakley grips. And who could forget that useless foam padding across your Schwinn Cruiser's handle bars, that inevitably got torn or rotten after a couple of months. Accessories for your bike also included: banana seats to ride tandem, the fold-up pegs that you could put on your front or back wheels so your friend could stand on and ride with you. If you were the destructive type, you had "Mag" Wheels, whereas if you were the acrobatic BMX star you generally had alloy rims (which were much lighter but somewhat weaker). How many times did you have to take your bike back to the repair shop to have them straightened again? For the BMX connoisseur, you just weren't happening unless you had a Red Line, Mongoose, Powerlite, Cook Brothers, Race Inc., Hutch, PK Ripper, or GT. Kids stealing cars now were no doubt stealing these at age twelve. For the less rambunctious, the Schwinn Cruiser was the flavor, invariably the Cadillac of bicycles. By this point 10 speeds were considered useless and dropped considerably in value. If you were really spoiled, your parents bought you a Schwinn "Crate" bicycle which was the Harley Davidson of the pedal pusher scene. Consisting of five speeds, springer forks, sissy bars on front and back, a stick shift "gear shifter," and countless useless accessories, these would make any kid on any block green with envy. Now these are extreme collector's items, as you would guess, and can garner sums up to $1500, even $2000 in good condition. (mike) • Another accessory was the number plate which enabled BMX dweebs to pretend they were pro. Often adorned with plenty of stickers, especially "personalized" numbers. But my favorite was the rainbow prism sticker of that buck-toothed fuzzy creature flipping you the bird, with the phrase "This one's for you." (noël) • Don't forget wacky pack cards in the spokes, the McDonalds' Bike Flags!, and the bellbottoms getting caught in the gears. (ju-ji)

BIG JIM – Nobody remembers Big Jim. He was like G.I. Joe but smaller and cheaper so I could afford him on my newspaper delivery boy's salary. Jim had this button in his back that when you pressed it, his arm made a karate chop. He also had very well-crafted thigh muscles. I had a Big Jim ambulance, a Big Jim Corvette (with laser guns that popped up from the hood,) and a rugged rescue truck with a tow rope for rescuing other Big Jims that fell over cliffs and were hurt really bad in the canyon. Things started going downhill when I asked my dad to build me a tiny fort and I insisted there be a bedroom so Jim could seduce Barbie in his cardboard and felt bed. Soon after I discovered other interests and willed my dolls to my bro, who promptly tortured Big Jim and broke his limbs off. If he ever becomes a serial killer, I'll tell the media about that. (chip) (See also G.I. Joe)

BIG WHEELS – When the Green Machine came along, Big Wheels were considered low-tech in comparison. A few years later some of my most spoiled friends had motorized mini-cars which invoked jealousy and an I-don't-care-Big-Wheels-are-better devotion to the original hot transport for kids. (wendy) • Never thought of them the same way after seeing *The Shining.* (gwynne) • Note. They're still around even though its original maker, Marx Toys, is gone.

BINACA – Around for a while, Binaca became an essential accessory for men in the '70s, which is when the mini spray version came out. (ju-ji)

BIONIC WOMAN – Jamie Sommers and her bionic German Shepherd used to be able to run faster than the cars on the freeway and somehow, now, she's ended up unloading Fords on TV commercials – screaming because the guy's driving too fast! (jes) • She was too strong to have a boyfriend so she just tore up phone books in front of them, made them horny and lead them on. (mike) • In the original *Six Million Dollar Man* episode, Jamie died from a reaction to her bionics. This provided Lee Majors with a pensive moment: Steve Austin

What is Marge and Homer's song? –"You Light Up My Life."

leaves the hospital, stares off into space, and has slo-mo footage of Jamie superimposed over his face, while in voice-over he SINGS! The resulting song went something like, "Oh Jamie, I love-a-you. They'll never make another, quite like you." It was so horrid that my sisters and I would sing it to each other in the car for years to come, just to annoy each other. (bruce) • My girlfriend had to wire her for a commercial recently, through the blouse and all, and Lindsey made it clear that she was quite pleased with the situation, if you know what I mean. (nancy)

BIONICS – Why as a 8-year-old I thought I could catch up to people on the playground by running SLOWER is beyond me – wasn't that the most ingenious part of *The Six Million Dollar Man* and *The Bionic Woman*? I mean, they knew little kids would be trying to run faster than the bad guy's car and smashing into sign posts and stuff and getting hurt. So they made him run super SLOW but really run super FAST. And those sound effects! You really felt like you were strong when you made that metallic daderdaderdader sound with your tongue. I stayed up late to watch that episode where Jamie Sommers got in that parachute accident and she and Steve Austin had been in love but then she didn't remember their love! But she did get to be bionic. I cried myself to sleep, longing for something I did not understand. I was also too young to wonder if Steve had a bionic penis, but now I do. (chip) • My sister hit me right above my eye with a heavy flashlight once when we were camping and when my mom yelled at her for almost putting my eye out, she said, "She can just get a new one." They didn't let her watch *The Six Million Dollar Man* after that. (riley) • Note: The Bionic Page is on the World Wide Web at http://turnpike.net/metro/R/redrain/bionic.html.

BIRTH CONTROL – People used to think this was a good idea. What the hell happened? (gwynne)

BIRTHSTONE RINGS – Really cheap imitation rings that were adjustable in the back. Most had two faux diamonds on either side of your "gem." (katy) • I used to steal them because they were cheap enough that I wouldn't feel guilty. (jen g.)

BISEXUAL CHIC – During the sexually liberated '60s and '70s, when the new rule of thumb was "if it feels good, do it," gay sexuality seemed a lot less taboo than before. Rock stars camped it up, or pretended to, as part of keeping up their outlaw image. Bisexuality was momentarily something to boast about in the late '70s, because it implied you were free of taboos, experimental, in touch with both your male and female sides, and therefore a potentially better lover. (candi) • Same as it is now!

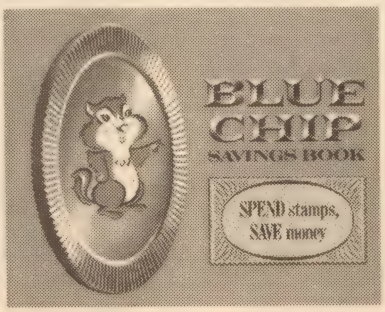
BITCH – Originally a female dog or an unfriendly woman. In the '70s, a Rolling Stones' song or a proud proclamation worn as a fashion statement, in the form of a gold medallion or glittered t-shirt logo. In the '80s, a difficult task (as in "Life's a bitch and then you die") or a terrible, short-lived heavy metal band from Encino. (gwynne) • And a nag, as in bitching. (mike) • "A bitch is a dog. A dog barked. Bark is on a tree. A tree is nature. Nature is beauty. Thanks for the compliment." (howard)

THE BLACK HOLE – The Steven Hawking crowd had long understood the concept of a stellar body so dense that it even sucked in light, allowing nothing to escape. By the late '70s, everybody else got it too, sorta. Leave it to America's favorite stargazer, Dr. Carl Sagan, to find a wormhole in the credibility cap, and bring theoretical astrophysics to the masses. In his book, "The Cosmic Connection" (book titles don't get more '70s than that), the brainiac moptop explained all about Black Holes, and "theorized" about how they might actually be portals to alternate Universes, where they became "white holes" that spewed out star-stuff faster than a freshman at a Cornell kegger party. This highly questionable theory started showing up in Sci-Fi, where it became a literal catch-all plot device. It all reached its zenith with Walt Disney's stupid film, "The Black Hole," which featured several collapsed stars in the cast. Eventually both the phrase and the concept ended up in common usage. But to the masses, a Black Hole no longer referred to a dark star, or a hyperspace portal, instead it usually meant a 12 year old's room, or any waste of time. (bruce) (See also ~~your brain~~ the front cover of this issue)

BLANC, MEL – We think he's the voice for God, too.

BLAZERS – I don't know if this was a movement of some kind but we (girls) all had these corduroy or wool ones in earth tones (usually browns) which we'd wear to temple with our lace blouses and calf-length wool skirts. Very attractive. (darby) • In the '80s, boys had *Miami Vice*-style white blazers that were all the rage for Bar Mitzvahs. I can't remember if I ever had a crush on a boy as a result of his looking real sporty in one of those; maybe I thought he'd need stubble like Don Johnson rather than peach fuzz. (wendy) • They were perfect for the '70s guy, casual yet formal. (The later *Miami Vice*-type were known as "unconstructed," as they had no real form, and they looked as good or bad on Don Johnson as they do on the homeless who wear them today.) (bruce)

BLIZZARD OF '79 (DIG IT) – The slogan on a light blue t-shirt I had commemorating Chicago's record snowfall of that year. Snow fights, school closures, snow angels, snow forts, icicles falling off tall buildings and killing pedestrians, icicles at home to suckle, sticking cold feet in a warm oven aprés play, cocoa, moon boots with no traction, cars that drove like riverboats on sheets of ice, whitewashes – my nostalgia for the sweet and fresh powder knows no bounds. (lisa a.)



BLOODY MARY – A "game" that still scares me to this day. Go into the bathroom, shut the door, shut the lights, and face the mirror with your eyes closed and scream Bloody Mary like ten times, and then open your eyes to the horrors (which should include lots of blood and death, obviously.) I've been brave enough to do it – but only when there are other people at home, and I usually run out of the bathroom right after. Is this one of those fears Anton was saying one

June 12th, 1974: Little League allows girls to play.

shouldn't divulge? (darby) • Also the retro hangover cure. (ju-ji)

BLOW DRYER – A once indispensable grooming tool used by both sexes. The blow dryer reached its apex of necessity during the '70s due to its unfailing ability to ensure proper "feathering" of the hair. (cliff) (Check out the movie *Shampoo*.)

B

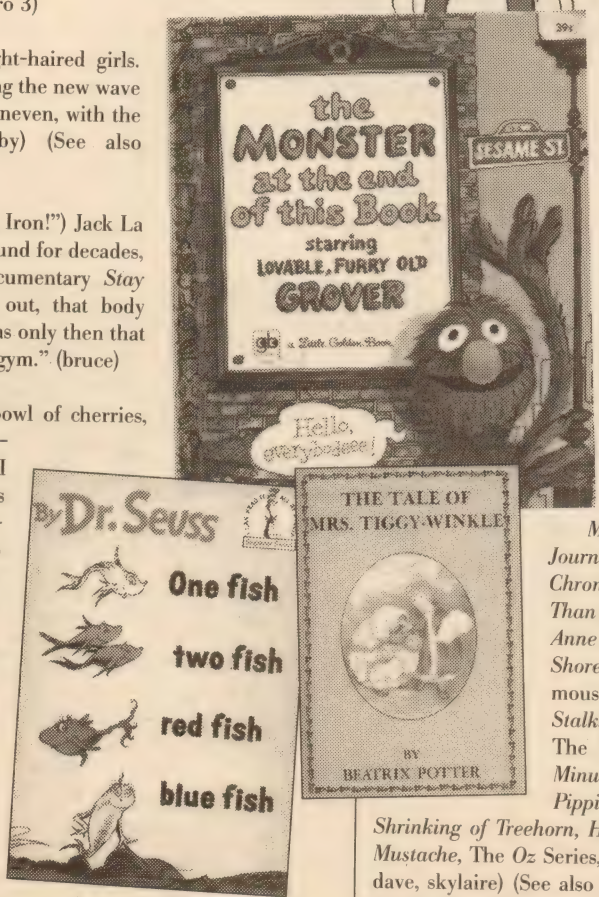
BLUE CHIP TRADING STAMPS – If it weren't for that *Brady Bunch* episode (the one where they have the contest building the house of cards), absolutely no one would have any idea what these were all about. I'm still not sure I do. (gwynne) • There were also S&H trading stamps, which were green. I'm not at all sure how they worked, but basically, one got these stamps and stuck them into a book. Once the book was full, it could be exchanged for an item in a catalog, or at a licensed store. They were phased out right about the time the episode was made, hence the tragic radio news. I do recall that anything of value took dozens of books, and that it was only popular among the very old and kids with no disposable income. (bruce)

BLUME, JUDY – (See Judy in Retro 3)

BLUNT CUT – Haircut for straight-haired girls. Comes in and out of style but during the new wave days the thing was to have them uneven, with the bangs cut at an angle. (darby) (See also Asymmetrical Haircuts)

BODY BUILDING – (or "Pumping Iron!") Jack La Lane & Charles Atlas had been around for decades, but it wasn't until the 1974 documentary *Stay Hungry* (featuring Arnold) came out, that body building itself became a sport. It was only then that one heard of people "going to the gym." (bruce)

BOMBECK, ERMA ("If life is a bowl of cherries, why am I always in the pits?") – Goyish people are really boring, so I guess anything a little bit odd is funny to them. (dad) • The last generation of American women who had enough leisure to be bored over such things. Erma filled hundreds of pages with this sort of middle-aged deadpan wit. It was all very funny to the kind of people who watched the Carol Burnett Show. Erma became the Art Buckwald of the kitchen and other demeaning places. Innocuous housewife humor, a lost field of literature. (bruce)



THE BOOGIE BOARD – Tom Morey created The Boogie Board in 1971. As a surfer his goal was to make wave riding more accessible, user-friendly, and so, with his wife's iron and some polyethylene foam he shaped the first board. When they went into mass production a few years later (though always hand-made) they came in lots of nature type colors – I've got an old one that's orange and then goes in to some tacky rainbow thing and has that old-school groovy black plastic handle. Today they come in every color, a multitude of shapes, have a cool slick bottom so the thing doesn't snap in two and actually moves faster, and they're called "bodyboards." Fuck that! What happened to the boogie? People too cool to boogie? I still call them boogie boards in a sort of homage to their creation. Anyhow, I'm sure some surfers today still curse Morey's name, as they fight with the masses of boogie boarders for the waves. (darby)

BOOKS (KID'S) – *The Tale of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, Babar, Lisa Bright and Dark, The Cat Ate My Gymsuit, Dinky Hocker Shoots Smack, There's a Monster at the End of this Book* (and the Golden Books series), *One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish, 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins,* all Dr. Seuss, *Charlotte's Web, Sounder, Animal Farm, Catcher in the Rye,* all Judy Blume, *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory, James and the Giant Peach, The Story of Ick* (by Fred Gwynne!), *The Phantom Tollbooth, Ever After, Lizard Music, The Hobbit, The Girl with the Silver Eyes, Half Magic, Knight's Castle, Phantom Tollbooth, Jay's Journal, ...And I Don't Want To Live this Life, Narnia Chronicles,* The *Illuminatus* trilogy, *Rumble Fish, Less Than Zero, Bloom County, The Road Less Traveled, Anne of Green Gables,* The *Little House* series, *By the Shores of Silver Lake, Runaway Ralph* (motorcycle mouse) series, *Nancy Drew/Hardy Boys* series, *Celery Stalks at Midnight, Jaws,* The *Ramona* series, *Ribsy,* The *Castle Rock* series, *The Adventures of a Two Minute Werewolf, The Great Brain, A Wrinkle in Time, Pippi Longstocking, Dicey's Song, A Solitary Blue, The Shrinking of Treehorn, Hubert: The Caterpillar Who Thought He Was a Mustache,* The *Oz* Series, *The Guinness Book of World Records...* (darby, dave, skylaire) (See also Judy Blume, Roald Dahl, *Encyclopedia Brown,* V.C. Andrews, *Harriet the Spy,* and *Go Ask Alice*)

BOONE, DEBBY – We all thought that "You Light Up My Life" was this sappy love song until we found out that she was a devout Christian. (riley) • Pat Boone's daughter, which would also make her a descendant of Daniel Boone. Where is she now, will she stay there? (bruce)

BOONE'S FARM, STRAWBERRY HILL – The first choice of preteen alcoholics from sea to shining sea. (nick) • You know your tolerance for toxic substances was higher when you were younger because you could actually keep this stuff down. Okay, it wasn't that bad. It tasted just like candy.

Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards. –Soren Kierkegaard

Taste my Trout!

NEW

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various - SIDEREAL REST CD

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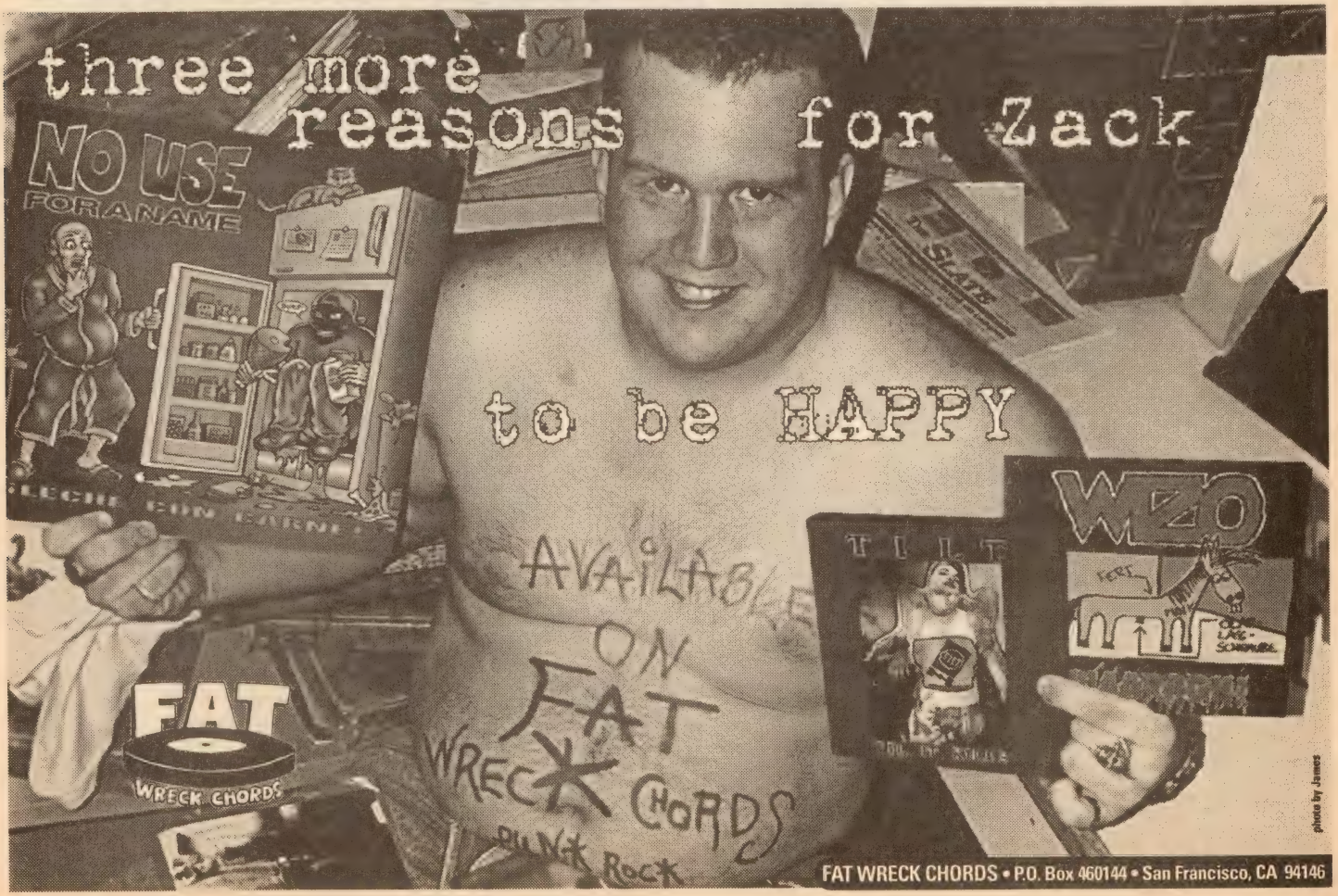

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Easy to get the chicks drunk with – that's what I was into you know. I'd always wear my dad's ex-large coats and walk out of the "convenience" store with a bottle stashed under each arm (only got caught once.) Then we'd pull all-nighters out on the golf-course, wwooooooweeeeeee! (darby) • Once most states lowered their drinking age to 18, something like this was inevitable. The market exploded with cheap, sweet "pop" wines, and some pretty bad things got put in bottles. Companies who were used to catering to the white-port-and-lemon crowd geared up to produce these "wines." Would be sophisticates tried to gulp these things, and got sick trying. Once they tried a real wine, they moved on. Eventually, all those bottles of Annie Green Springs wound up in the hands of stupid adolescents, like myself. Soon even we tossed the stuff in the gutter, where it is enjoyed to this day. (bruce) • I believe there is some chemical (formaldehyde or paint thinner) in this adult beverage. I puked out the side of my older friends car and screwed up her paint job. it might have been the combo of stomach acid and the cocktail. (laurel)

BOOM BOXES – The bigger the better. And if there were multi-colored lights that went on in tune to the beat you were KING of your block. (darby) • Panasonic TV spot, circa 1978: An enormous "Close Encounters" sized boom box flies low over a mostly "urban" looking neighborhood. The giant radio lands in the street, its immense cassette door opens amid much music and smoke. Out emerges the band Earth, Wind & Fire, all jauntily carrying the latest Panasonic "street models." It was the high water mark for big radios with little sounds. (bruce)

BOX STITCH – A stitch you used when making bracelets at camp with that horrible plastic string-like material. You'd wear the bracelet for a day before it started to unravel. (katy) • Lanyard cord was well-made then, with a nylon string imbedded in the flattened brightly colored and flexible plastic. Today's craft-lace lacks that reinforcing string, so projects sag and tear more easily. There's just no point in spending hours weaving intricate key chains and bracelets for posterity, when the plastic will just shred and end up in the landfill. (lisa a.) (See also "Hot Stuff" pg 104)

BOY GEORGE – King of androgyny. Stirred up much in death-rockers to be. (ju-ji) • And who can forget his swan songs, "I am a Buddist," and "God says that sex is wrong." A genius. (paul)

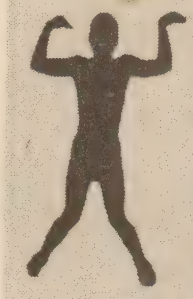
BOY IN A PLASTIC BUBBLE – Mr. Travolta () strikes again... we have to now agree that he rules all things '70s. Probably one of Barbarino's most tender and sensitive roles. (jes) • Made in 1976, this TV movie of the week co-starred Travolta's then girlfriend, Diana Hyland, who later died of cancer. (bruce) • There was a hardcore remake of this movie made in the early '80s starring the guy who played Bruno on the *Fame* TV series. This version features a goofy scene in which the bubble boy and his girlfriend get naked and simulate sex by rubbing up against each other through the plastic bubble. (dave)

BOYNTON – Hippo Birdie Two Ewe, chocoholic books, "Don't Let The Turkeys Get You Down." Very trendy '80s cute-core: (ju-ji)

BRACES – It's weird to think I had these things on my teeth for *five years!* (I had the new cemented version, not the band around the teeth version, and not the rich-kids-wanting-to-be-actors clear plastic or behind the

BREAKIN' MOVES

FLOOR ROCK (old-style Breakdancing), THE HANDGLIDE OR FLOW (horizontal spinning of body while balanced on one elbow stuck between hips, legs are bent and spread), BACKSPIN, HEADSPIN, WINDMILL (spinning of body on shoulders and upper back), SUICIDE (no-hands forward flip where you land flat on your back), FREEZE (the final position of Breaking routine), LOFTING (diving in air and landing on hands with body in air, back arched, legs high), UPROCK (dance fighting), ELECTRIC BOOGIE: THE WAVE (movement that gives illusion of a wave going which Luscious Jackson does on stage during their shows), THE TICK (hard snapping of any part of body that makes it look like body is snapping spart), THE MANNEQUIN (mechanical dance that imitates way mannequin might move if it could dance), KING TUT (dancing like ancient Egyptian), THE POP (popping of different parts of body by tensing the muscles), THE LOCK IT (dancing laugh), THE FLOATS (illusions created by using legs and feet that make it appear you are floating across floor), THE TOE-HEEL WALK (side walk done by spinning on the toes of one foot and the heel of the other), THE BICYCLE (forward walk in imitation of the motion of riding a bicycle), THE SMURF WALK (walk done reversing the usual order of heel-toe), THE COLLAPSE (feet wide apart, knees touching, and standing on the inside of your shoes), THE LEAN (half Collapse where one side of body leans over left leg), THE HEARTBEAT (put hand on chest, Pop chest forward with the beat of music, and step forward). FREESTYLE (using traditional Breakdancing and Electric Boogie and adding a lot of own moves – Freestyle Electric Boogie looks like jazz or modern dancing done to Breakdancing music. Freestyle Breaking is more like traditional gymnastics.)



* Not pictured, because I brought my Smiling Face pin to wear on my dress at my class reunion and haven't seen it since. –d.

teeth variety.) I also had a headgear, neckgear, a few retainers… Alas, I had dreams of growing up and becoming a kinder, gentler orthodontist. And nightmares of meeting the cutest boy in the world and having chunks of food caught in between my teeth and the metal. Definitely a test for the self-conscious youth. (darby) • Thanks to aggressive dental care, braces became for '70s kids what tonsils were to those of the '50s. By the time I was strapped in, it was a bit strange if you didn't have them. (bruce) • Jagged teeth are beautiful! Plus, most of the twentysomethings I know who had braces when they were young have teeth that have reverted back to their natural state. (skylaire) • There were always rumors of people receiving radio station signals only they could hear. Oh, and if you kissed a boy who had braces too, you could get locked together and thus caught kissing and get in big trouble. One time we were playing "Jaws" in our neighbor's pool and it was my turn to play the shark and Claudia's to play the unsuspecting, eventually screaming victim, and she kicked my hand into my braces and I still have a braces-scraped-across-the-skin-removing-a-hunk-of-flesh scar. (riley)

BREAKDANCING – 1969, when James Brown was getting down with his big hit "Get on the Good Foot," the Hustle was the big dance style of the day. He did this high energy, almost acrobatic dance known as the "Good Foot" and it immediately became popular with a lot of kids around NY City. Dance battles became popular. Good Foot was soon called B Boy and shortly after Break dancing, or Breaking, which was very different from later stages. Afrika Bambaattaa, the legendary grand master DJ, is the individual most responsible for the successful growth of break dancing. (taken from book *Breakdancing: Mr. Fresh with the Supreme Rockers*) • A major component of the budding hip hop culture of the early '80s, Break dancing was a physically-demanding youth-oriented dance activity that involved complex, improvisational maneuvers that were like bizarre gymnastic floor exercises. As the story goes, it evolved from the street corners of urban areas like New York City. Ideally, it was a creative expression that allowed "gangs" to let off some steam and avoid fisticuffs, which doesn't mean that fights didn't occur. All you needed was a smooth floor or – for portability – a large piece of cardboard (more fortunate kids had rolls of linoleum), a dope pair of sneakers, a nice set of colorful threads (from Adidas active wear to sweat jackets to parachute pants), and, preferably, not too much honkiness in your blood and you were ready to roll. From "popping" to "locking" (Fred Berry, better known as Re-run on *What's Happenin'?* was a visible proponent of this) to "backspins" to "moonwalks" to "windmills," Break dancing was the shit. It was victim to greedy opportunists who made poor feature length films like *Breakin'* and *Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo*. I will still maintain that *Beat Street*, sans the Harry Belafonte music, was a damn good film. Breaking still exists, just not on TV. (noël) • Fred Berry had gotten his start as the star of a popular "urban" dance group know as The Lockers. They were all the rage on mid-'70s TV. There must have been something about watching Merv Griffin introduce a gang of seemingly happy young black men, all dressed up in non-threatening silly clothes, and seeing them dance for your pleasure, that clicked with Gerald Ford's America. (bruce) (See also *The Gong Show* and "Breakin' Moves")

BROOKS, MEL – This king of Jewish comedy, who made such masterpieces as *Young Frankenstein, Silent Movie, Blazing Saddles,* and *High Anxiety* is all but forgotten today – especially among America's youth. Mel was America's Monty Python. His burn out period of the mid to late '80s was hard to take though, like a friend you were embarrassed to know, as he lost his spunk and just regurgitated, minus the energy, with duds like *History of the World Part One* and *Space Balls.* (darby) See also movies: *The Producers, Twelve Chairs, Robin Hood: Men In Tights* (which my dad says is good but I don't believe it – since he likes movies for their one good line.)

BROWN VS. WHITE – "Healthy, natural food," is a recurring American obsession that has cropped up every few decades since the early 1800s. But when members of the countercultural vanguard called for a revolution in eating habits in the late Sixties and early Seventies, the notion was especially provocative. By rejecting the very foods their parents ate, they could strike another symbolic blow in the ongoing conflict between generations. In this food fight, the lines seemed to be drawn based on color. The foods preferred by the dominant Establishment were, above all, *white*, bland, bleached, textureless, instant, corporate, factory-made, national, denutrified then re-fortified, artificial, dead. They were all alienated from time and space: forced to ripen out of season and fixed against natural decay by preservatives, distanced from their origins by many stages of handling and processing and marketing, cosmetically tinted and sealed air-tight in plastic. White (man's) food symbolized fear and control of nature, the hubris of technology. In contrast, the younger generation favored food that was brown, the color of earth: whole grain bread, honey and molasses, dark beer, brown eggs, whole-wheat noodles, brown rice, murky cider, all toted home from a dim, dusty food co-op in a brown paper bag. It was chewy, spicy, raw, seasonal, unprocessed, whole, alive. The new brown food called for new rules: Don't eat anything you can't pronounce, don't trust food that *doesn't* spoil, eat lower on the food chain, and learn to live without the instant-gratification supermarket food. Brown food was more virtuous *because* it was more labor-intensive. All this extra effort in food preparation provided spiritual benefits – as a creative act meant to sustain the soul as well as body, and as an intangible way to raise one's whole quality of life. (candi) • Misc. health quirks: organic, ecological, nostalgic, political, economic, survivalist paranoia, rational consumerism, macrobiotics, fruit fasting. (See also Hippie Food Goes Mainstream)

BRUSHING YOUR TEETH – This is one of those daily functions that people do routinely without every really thinking about it – which is why I believe so many people have cavities. They get into the habit and never consider that they may be doing something wrong, or could improve on their old techniques. And who the fuck flosses these days? I enjoy a good floss now and again, and know one or two friends who do, but after all that work trying to brainwash us kids into flossing after every meal you wonder why it didn't work on very many of us. Anyway, when I was younger my favorite way to get the maximum fun out of teeth brushing was using lots of toothpaste (then AIM was the brand-o-choice) and after

Bob Dylan was the one who first tuned the Beatles onto marijuana.

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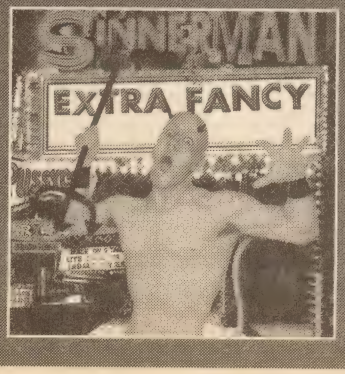

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brushing for a while without spitting out you start to blow, into your toothbrush, with your mouth closed around it. You blow until a big rabid foam starts to form around your mouth and soon large sized bubbles. I was so good at this when I was younger I could actually blow off toothpaste bubbles, which were a bit too heavy to float for very long. (darby) Note: There were also those red tabs you chewed to see how well you brushed – can we say cancer-causing red dye? • A lot of work also went into convincing us to brush up and down, not side to side. (paul) (See also Cavity Creeps, and Water Pics)

BUBBLEGUM – I remember when BUBBLE YUM came out (what *did* we chew before?) – it was like reliving Willy Wonka, for real this time. Big wads, I always chewed two at a time. After having to grow up with mom's TRIDENT it was an awesome experience to blow those kinds of bubbles. BUBBALICIOUS (not as good as Bubble Yum) was soon to follow. It had even more softener in it for a slimier feel. RAZZELS (🍬) – "It's a candy! It's a gum!" (note the contest they forever advertised on the back of the wrapper asking for you to decide which it actually was) – was no more, but they just brought it back with new packaging. Though I didn't quite figure out how to enjoy it as a candy without chewing it up into gum immediately (I liked to shave them with my teeth) – it was good for movies or school assemblies 'cause you could keep popping more into your mouth until you had the whole bag shoved in there. There were also the rock-like clumps of gum in those cloth pouches which were made to look like little bags of gold called Gold Dust. FRESHEN-UP (i.e. "Cum Gum") was a *very* big deal when it came out. I remember being on the bus for camp and the driver stopping at Gelson's for something and sternly telling us to stay put. But that unstable kid candy force *made* me run off the bus, into the store, and buy a pack of Freshen-up which had *just* come out on the market. It had fucking juice filling! It doesn't sound important today but compare it to that rad super-sour gum that's around now and you'll get the gist of it. CHEWELS – which also disappeared a few years ago – was the sugar-free version of Freshen-up and a much better, longer-lasting chew. Their cinnamon was my gum-o-choice for many years. (darby) P.S. Hubba Bubba popped into my head somehow, calling me from the great beyond, "Don't forget me." How could I? • There was also the sort that came with trading cards – a pink plank of gum that shattered in the mouth. And DOUBLE BUBBLE, a dense dusty knob, with a faint rubbery taste. Usually this brand was only seen in machines at independent gas stations or the Halloween bowls of spooky impoverished old ladies. In 1974, came Bubble Yum, the first soft bubble gum. Not only could you blow bubbles almost at once, but the flavor was good. Bubbalicious followed, and it was even better. In 1979, a rumor swept the country that Bubble Yum contained spider eggs, and spider webs. The chunks of gum did have a spun appearance, but the real culprit was striking workers at Life Savers, Inc. who made Bubble Yum. They had started the rumor to cripple sales of the company's biggest seller. Despite an expensive print campaign aimed at countering the rumor, Bubble Yum never regained the market share it once held, and to this day has been a distant #2 to Bubbalicious. There was also FRUIT STRIPE gum, and a 1973 fad for ICE CREAM FLAVORED GUM. The chocolate flavor was gross. (bruce) • And the MINIATURE ALBUM GUM (CHU-BOPS) that came a small version of your favorite record sleeve (Blondie, Rolling Stones, etc.) Now they have BUBBLEGUM CDs – environmentally incorrect – but who's to say they're more wasteful than most CDs. (ju-ji) (See also Bazooka Joe)

BUBBLEGUM CARDS – They used to be called bubble gum cards because there was bubble gum inside the pack. Now they don't use gum because these nerd collectors don't want it ruining the cards and spoiling their value so they're referred to as trading cards instead – some people are so boring. (ju-ji) • In addition to ball players, cards of the late '60s began to feature crappy bands that appealed to adolescents. This is how their music became known as "Bubblegum Rock." Of course names like "The 1910 Fruitgum Company" didn't help either. (bruce) (See also Garbage Pail Kids)

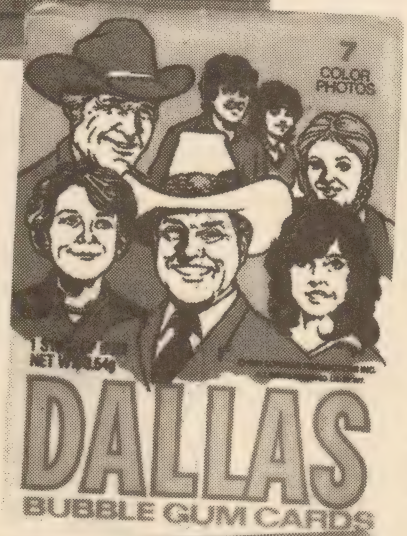
BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY – Gil Gerard and Erin Grey. Buck was frozen in time – leaving in the 21st Century as an astronaut, I guess, and waking up in the 25th, so we as members of the 21st Century could relate to the dilemmas he was going through in the future. It had two of the best robot

Each year, nealry two billion dollars of gum is sold in America.

characters, Twiggy ("eat lead, sucker bidibidibidi" [which was the voice of Mel Blanc]) and Dr. Theopholis (an intellectual computerized necklace charm that hung around Twiggy's neck.) Leonard Maltin says: "The legendary space hero returns, decked out in contemporary glibness, trying to prove he's not in league with intergalactic pirates. Much of the hardware and gadgetry (along with some footage) is from TV's expensive dud *Battlestar Gallactica*. (jon/darby) (See also *Battlestar Gallactica*)

BUF PUF – I just can't believe how into personal hygiene supplies I was as a kid – and I wasn't even super girlie. My friends and I were so up on new products, thrilled to try out each one… it's sad to admit but the invention of the Buf Puf was an important event in my life. We scrubbed and sloughed our nubile skin to utter extremes of smoothness. They'd start out big and puffy and would turn into flat dirty discs in no time (which made us feel even cleaner – something the loofa never did.) The intimate use of such inorganic matter sounds quite icky today. (darby)

BUFFET, JIMMY – For a while in the mid '70s he seemed on his way to mellow rock stardom, but then the music got hard, and he didn't. Instead, the unflappable Mr. Jimmy simply sailed off in search of another audience. Although he ceased to be a factor in the big time music business, Jimmy Buffet took his soft sound, tropical image, and Banana Republic clothes on endless tours of snow-bound Midwestern colleges. Here he packed arenas, and developed a devoted cult of fans, who dubbed themselves "Parrotheads." Many a cornshucker first tasted a Margarita at a Jimmy Buffet show, while rust-belt rebels responded to his pirate-out-of-time schtick. In the middle of winter, his easy-going presence was as warm as a tropical breeze. For many years, he was the Martin Denny of mellow. Today he writes Caribbean detective novels, and just does his thing. His safari style hat also became his legacy, as it soon turned up on the head of every other balding hipster wannabe. (bruce) • One of my ex-girlfriends ran dope in the Carribean back when that was *really* what Buffet was doing with his boat. They were good friends. (paul)



BUMMER – Sometime in the '70s *Dynamite Magazine* came out with a "Book of Bummers" that was just terrific. I can scarcely conceive of what such a thing would've been worth today and don't have the courage to go digging for it for fear that, in all probability, mom saw fit to toss it eons ago. Just replace the word "Sucks" in your vocabulary with the word "Bummer" and you will be able to grasp the significance of its use and meaning to your average eleven year old of the time. For me, bummers would have been 1) Braces. The popular Kristy McNichol had made them look cool when she had 'em, but headgear? Major bummer. 2) Glasses. Before I got contact lenses or the cool specs I now sport, I had to suffer the indignity of really ugly glasses. I can still remember that the place my mom had to take me to, because our insurance would cover it, had absolutely *no* selection in the Hip Young Girl department and I was forced to walk out of the store wearing a pair of dopey pale pink transparent frames with those lenses that turned into shades when you got out into the sun. No one dared laugh at me to my face. My personal embarrassment was quite enough, I can assure you. Fortunately, my prescription was worsening rapidly so it wasn't long before I was able to ditch them for my very first pair of contacts. Unfortunately, this was not before the photos were taken for our junior high school yearbook. So the most lasting image of myself in that horrible molting stage you're in when you are a "scrub" is me at the pinnacle of my personal geekdom. Bummer, man. (Karrin) • Don't forget its adjective version, Bummed Out. (bruce)

BUMPER STICKERS – I'd Rather Be…; My Other Car Is a…; I (heart)…; I Brake for....; Happiness Is…; I Found It; I Threw It Away; (heart with devil tail/Dodge ad campaign); KLOS stickers ("Too Hip"); No Fat Chicks; Keep on Truckin'; Keep on Keepin' on; Jesus Saves; Jesus is Lord; Honk if You Love Jesus; Honk if You're Horny; Have a Nice Day; Protected by Smith & Wesson; If You Can Read This, Your Too Damn Close; If Handguns Are Outlawed, Only Outlaws Will Have Handguns; Go For It; Just Trippin'; "Native"; Free The Weed; (The Hemp Leaf); A Friend With Weed Is a Friend Indeed!!; Ass, Gas, or Grass - Nobody Rides for Free; No Butt, No Putt (for motorcycles); If This Van's a Rockin', Don't Bother Knockin'; (Harley Symbol); Grateful Dead (spelled out); Stealyerface; Who Are The Grateful Dead and Why Do They Keep Following Me?; Rolling Stones Tongue; "Black Power"; Confederate Flag; Shine It On; Forget Hell; Yer Dern Tooten I'm a Rebel; If You Value Your Life As Much As I Value My Shit, Don't Fuck with It; Move It or Loose It; Spirit of '76; Watch My Rear End, Not Hers!; Made In The U.S.A.; America Love It or Leave It; Pow/Mia: You Are Not Forgotten; Give Peace a Chance; Warning: The Police Are Armed & Dangerous; War Is Not Healthy For Children & Other Living Things; Have You Hugged Your Kid Today?; Hang Ten; Let The Good Times Roll; Take It Easy; Easy Does It; Good Vibrations; Party Naked; American Pie; I'm The Boss; Hang Loose (Hand Sign); Feelin' Groovy; Cruisin'; Eat My Dust; Happy Trails; Hot Stuff; Brown Sugar; Born Free; Don't Tread On Me; Disco Fever; Sit On It; Females Wanted, Inquire Within; Sit on a Happy Face; Free Mustache Rides; American and Proud Of It; Buy American; One Nuclear Bomb Can Ruin Your Whole Day; My Country, Right or Wrong; (bicentennial comemmorative sticker w/ liberty bell); Make Love, Not War; Make Babies, Not Bombs; Eat S_ _t & Die; Power to the People; "Beep Beep" Your Ass! (w/ Wylie Coyote & Roadrunner); Born to Be Wild; Highway to Hell; Disco Duck; Disco Sucks!; Save the Whales; Save Water - Shower w/ a Friend; Save a Tree - Eat a Beaver; Saturday Night Fever; I'm O.K., You're So-So; Party Animal; T.G.I.F; In God We Trust - All Others Pay In Cash; Live Fast, Die Young; Mafia Staff Car; Whip Me, Beat Me, Make Me Write Bad Checks; Southern Comfort; Beach Bum; Love Hurts; Life Stinks; Life's a Bitch and Then You Die. (karrin)

BURT REYNOLDS' MOVIES – So maybe Burt's naked exposé in *Cosmopolitan* was the '70s equivalent to Madonna's *Sex* book, but I never understood how Burt Reynolds – with Dom DeLuise and friends – could serve as the '70s answer to Sinatra's Rat Pack. (jeff)

BUSCH GARDENS - Another delightfully wrong idea for a theme park right up there with Lion Country Safari. Drunk parents and kids on speeding water rides that swoosh in and out of beer gardens. Instead of shaking hands with Mickey Mouse you threw back some brews with the flying Bud Man. I wonder why it's not around anymore? (nina) • Actually there's one in Virginia. (Bridget) • This sort-of theme park in Van Nuys had a giant parrot mascot and bird shows, tropical

No adult has ever appeared in *Peanuts*.

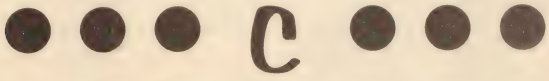
Don't you hate when all the kids on the block know your dog's name but can't remember yours!

greenery, a lagoon with a boat tour, and a monorail tour of the Anheuser-Busch brewery. They gave the adults free beer! (riley) • Our school actually took a class trips there. (darby)

BUSSING – Began during the Jimmy Carter years, of course. Bussing was created so that you'd hate your life as a child more because you had to be on a bus for an hour and a half to get to and from a school where most of your friends weren't and you'd blame it on other races. Is that the race relations they were striving for? This was a big boon for private schools and beyond-suburbia towns like Agoura and Valencia (and a great example for kids to learn that if you're rich enough you can escape life's tortures). (darby) The really ironic thing was that once the kids were bussed to a different school, they'd just clique around with the people from their own hood anyway, and who could blame them? And, of course, for all that money the city could have just as easily improved the still-existing inner-city schools. There must be a more practical way of assuaging wealthy white-person guilt. (gwynne)

BUTTERFLY GLASSES – Mommies from Encino and Beverly Hills had no shame concerning their sunglasses. Butterflies and diamonds and… all shaded and above all *tacky*. Gilda Radner, as Ronda Weiss, always wore a big pair when she did imitations of rich NY Japs. (darby)

BUZZY, RUTH – She was always turning up on TV sitcoms that would get canceled after three episodes. They would never stay away for long, sort of like Martin Mull and McLean Stevenson (though he finally got on a show that didn't get canceled.) I was flipping channels recently one morning and found Ruth Buzzy on "Sesame Street." (jeff)



C&C COLA – A soft drink that has long since vanished from the store shelves, notable for its carbonation that was capable of producing a burp, watering eyes and nasal gas all at the same time – and its low price. The sound of a Harpo Marx horn was long a fixture of their television ad campaign. (cliff)

CABBAGE PATCH KIDS – I noticed recently a tree in downtown LA that was the home of a number of homeless Cabbage Patch Kids – they were all tied up in it. It was raining and they stared at me with their sad eyes as I drove on by. I wanted to stop, I just couldn't. (darby) • There was a shortage of these ugly things during the Christmas of their popularity. Opportunists snatched as many as they could and sold them on the black market for inflated prices, similar to last year's holiday experience with the Power Rangers White Tigerzord. Someone shoot me for knowing that.

The first and second crayons to get used up in a box are usually the black and the red.

(noël) • There's a swell zine called *Crime Wave U.S.A.* ($3 to PO Box 675283, Marietta, Georgia) in which they wrote about a recent visit to a place called Babyland General: "For those of you who have never heard of Babyland General, it is the place where all Cabbage Patch Kids are supposedly born. If you don't remember what Cabbage Patch Kids are, they are those lovable little blubber-faced balls of nylon and plastic which people went crazy for in the early eighties. They were even featured on great television shows like *Real People*. Everyone wanted one and people were more than willing to die for them. There were violent fist fights in stores over these things which made the recent rush for *Power Rangers* dolls look like the fight between Hollywood's hottest producers for that little kid who played Jonathan on *Who's The Boss*. If you'll remember, each of these evil Chucky-like dolls were sold pre-suffocated and wrapped in plastic along with adoption forms which showed they were in fact born "in the Cabbage Patch" (lest you accidentally bought a cheap imitation.) Due to their great popularity and the fact that each one was supposedly given a different name, you ended up with dead, little, bald babies with names like Jobad Kitty Pops. While in actuality, these little creatures were probably constructed in the Far East by nearly dead, and far less chubby little children, the legend handed down for generations from their marketing department tells that each of these children are "born" here in the mountains of northern Georgia, taken from the womb of a big (and apparently irresponsible slut of a) cabbage."

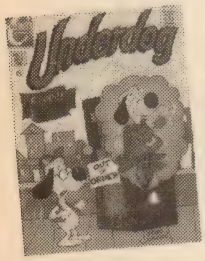
CALCULATORS – Always fascinated by electronic gadgetry, this could have been the start of it. I'd go regularly to the local Thrifty's to check out the new calculator stock, in awe at how small they were getting. At the time of course we could only afford the bulkier models, but I kept my eye on them and watched as they got littler and littler and cheaper and cheaper. By the time they had an affordable wristwatch version I was already skipping my high school math classes, and terribly depressed that I couldn't have utilized such technology in my devoted cheating techniques. (darby) • Three years after Texas Instruments invented the silicon chip the four function (add, subtract, multiply, divide) calculator was introduced as a $100 mass-market item. Prices dropped quickly and many new designs were introduced. Casio was the leader in creating innovative calculator, pioneering the marketing of small devices with clocks and stopwatches in 1977. Sharp, Hewlett-Packard, and Texas Instruments introduced calculators specially designed for business analysis, scientific applications, and schoolwork. Credit card-sized calculators appeared in the late '70s, with pressure sensitive pads replacing buttons on the keyboard. Manufacturers enhanced their products by adding musical notes to each key, alarm clock circuits, and ultra-flat or ultra-miniature formats. Some enterprising game inventors even created books full of games that could be played on calculators, trying to ignite a fad that never quite took off. (from some book) • Sort of like those typewriters that wanted to be computers, that shit-dumb parents still buy for their embarrassed kids for Christmas. (paul) • "I am the operator of my pocket calculator." (kraftwerk)

CALF-LENGTH PANTS – Part of the retro-fifties look (á la Laverne and Shirley), the retro-sailor look for girls, and the retro-baseball look (just kidding). Some punks and skinheads utilized this style as well, depending on how high their boots were. (ju-ji)

CAMELTOES – You had to have your pants as tight as possible. This meant waiting until the last possible minute before school to put them on (so they wouldn't stretch out). You had to lie down on the bed, and be careful not to zip your tummy-flesh into them! After school, if you were going out and didn't have a fresh pair to wear, you had to spray them with water and put them in the dryer to reshrink. While you waited, you might look down and notice that they had imprinted your body with red lines where

the seams were, and occasionally a welt around your waist, perhaps a precursor of the body-mod fashions of today. (mikki) (See also Dittos)

CAMP MOVIES – (We don't mean John Waters) Movies about going to camp – something with Michael J. Fox and JoBeth Williams. I can't remember others specifically, except *Little Darlings, Meatballs*. (wendy) • They sprang up in the wake of *Animal House*. The original *Meatballs* was for many years the most successful Canadian film of all time. (bruce) • *Little Darlings* was about this contest between two girl campers (Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol) to see which girl would lose her virginity first, and the other camper girls placed bets on who would win. Both characters lied, the one who did it said she didn't, and the one who didn't said she did. I only remember this line: "Take ginseng, it'll make you sexy!" (riley) • Horror movies made summer camp a fine place to be brutally murdered by your resident psychopath. See *Friday The 13th, Sleepaway Camp* and any number of other rip-offs. Also see the exceptionally fine film *Meatballs 4*, which won many awards at the Cannes and Venice film festivals. (howard) • Also *Up the Creek* (Cheap Trick did the theme [circa approx. 1982]), and *The Mad Academy* (The official *Mad* Magazine Movie [1982] – it sucked *real* bad.) (mike)



CAN YOU SPOT THE CAMEL SMOKER ADS – Long before Joe Camel worked his magic spell on kids of all ages, Camel ran print ads in which an assortment of freaks would be smoking jerky cigarettes. In the middle would be the Camel smoker – with a jacket fashionably slung over one shoulder, looking like Lee Horsley (TV's Matt Houston,) but with attitude. (nick) • If you ask me, Joe looks like a naked burnout hippie holding his dick, taking a whiz. (noël)

CANADIAN CLUB SCOTCH WHISKEY, HIDDEN CASES OF – CC hid about a dozen cases of booze in various out-of-the-way places: Inside a volcano, on top of a New York City skyscraper, in an igloo in the Arctic Circle, etc. Magazine ads gave tortuously twisted clues to the actual location of the hooch. The prize: you got to drink it all yourself. No cases were reported found. (nick)

CANDLES – Buying these made '70s people feel all warm and natural and nostalgic inside, as if wise old pre-electrical Granny had hand-dipped each one from beeswax melted in a big iron kettle. Ha! Typically, these candles were mass-produced, mass-marketed, made from petroleum-byproducts, artistically scented with some overpowering fruit smell, and molded to look like a giant green apple or a hot-fudge sundae. And they weren't even functional: people never actually lit these fad candles, because burning them would spoil their shape! Other candle fads: carved candles, made by craftspersons with booths in low-rent shopping malls, who used warm knives to peel down curls of wax and expose multi-colored layers within; UnCandles, a pyrex-glass cylinder with floating wick that burned salad oil instead of wax. (candi) • There were loads of unexceptional shops that would carry one specific type of hippie item, in this case Wicks and Sticks was the main mall version of the all-candles all-the-time store.

CANDY CIGARETTES – Sort of a stale, minty chalky taste. The ends were pink for that "lit" effect. Also available in gum version. (morgan & ferris) • I remember going into the gas station/liquor store and making my mom (or my friends mom) buy these for me. The gum was good for about 5 or 6 chews, but if you puffed out lightly, some of the "smoke" would come out and you could be cool like the big kids. I preferred the "Lucky Strike" brand. (e.c. cotterman) • Candy Cigars were also standard. You'd wear the band around your finger as a ring. (darby)

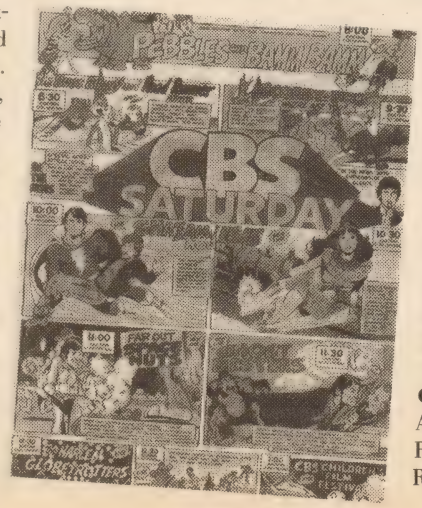
CANOPY BEDS – Do people have these anymore? Very big in the late '70s. (Katy) • I wanted one with a pink Holly Hobbie canopy but my parents said no way. (jen g.) • We used to drape blankets around the sides and play "covered wagon," no doubt inspired by the TV show *Little House on the Prairie*. (riley)

• I hated my canopy. I made little nooses and hanged all my stuffed animals from the cross-beams. Finally I took that fucking thing down once and for all and stuck it in a closet. (gwynne) • There were race car beds for the boys. A gas tank hole would've been good for bed-wetters. (mike)

THE CANTERBURY – Similar to the Tropicana in dive status, this is where almost the entire LA punk scene lived: the Go-Go's, Bags, Zeros, the Germs, Weirdos, etc., and everyone else partied at. Located in the heart of Hollywood on Cherokee. (pleasant)

CAR SIGNS – This was a hand held plastic device with white cards (7" x 5" / Rolodex style) that had messages imprinted on them. When driving about town you would hold them up to other drivers to bridge that communication gap. Simple, cute things like "Hello" and "What's Your Sign?" Of course today's options would be more along the lines of "Too Ill," "HIV+," and "Please don't shoot." They did have some blank cards so you could write your own messages. Riley has the original variation of these, called Toot 'n' Talk. I had it in my car the other day when I went out with my crazy 78 year old grandma. She held up the one that said "Single" to any decent man that we passed and had a laugh riot. (darby)

CARL'S JR. FRENCH FRIES – This might actually be my most missed food. One day, as I routinely ordered some french fries from this corrupt establishment (which actually had the nerve to fly their flag at half mast the day after the death of Yhitzak Rabin), I was handed these standard order Mickey D's style fries, instead of their usual ridged crispy hearty fries – which people say were actually made from dehydrated potato pelets that grew when emersed in the hot oil. Anyway, it took years before it sunk in that the old fries were gone forever. I still don't understand why they got rid of them (were they real food?), and I continue to this day to judge all fries by those awesome creations. If I could pick one food to make its retro comeback… (darby)



CARS – Camero, Trans Am, Corvette, AMC Pacer, Gremlin, Chevy Vega, Renault's Le Car, the Volkswagen Rabbit and the "Thing," the forgotten

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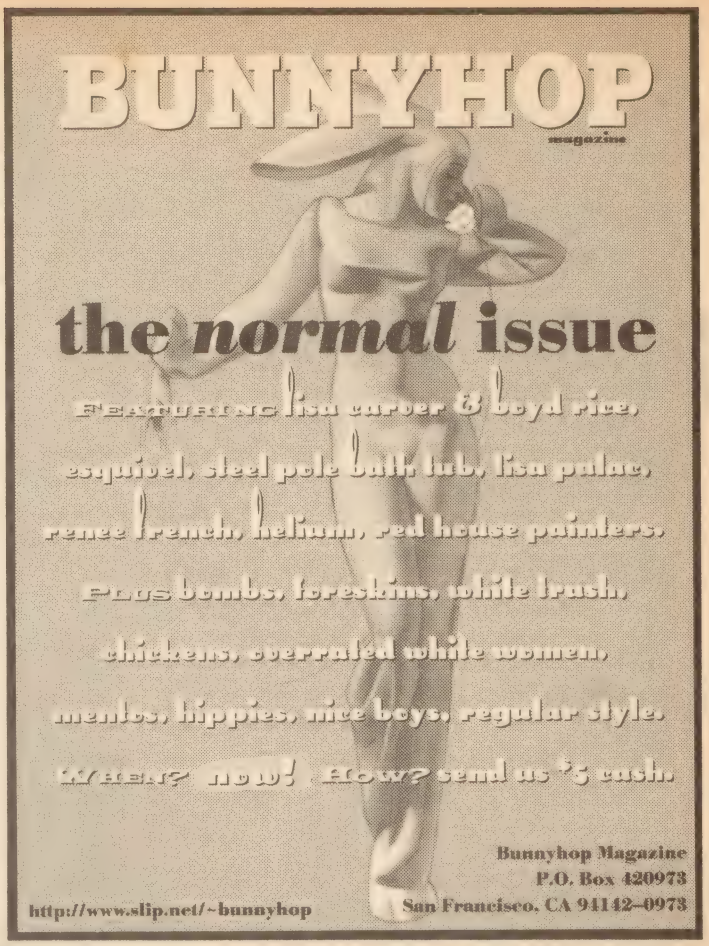

the *normal* issue

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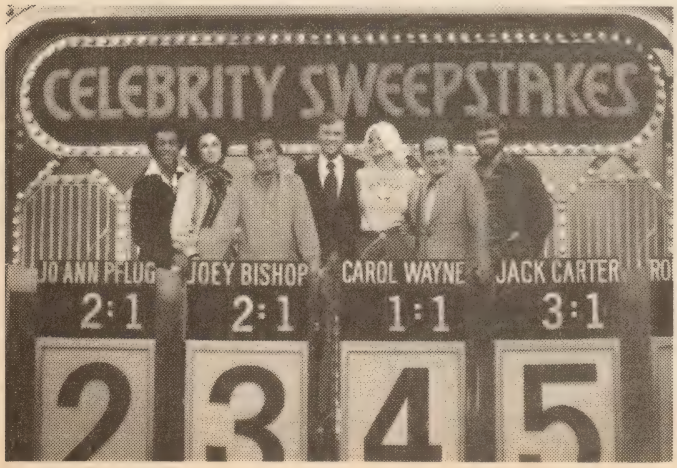
Chevy Vega (GM's answer to the Pinto, this butt ugly little car was so prone to rust that few in-tact examples exist today.) There was also the 1st Mazdas, with the revolutionary Wankel rotary engine – just three moving parts! Great little engine, but couldn't get it fuel efficient and the energy crisis killed it. (bruce) (See also Muscle Cars, Van Conversions, and "Scandals" in Retro 3)

CARTOONS – *The Superfriends: Dyno Mutt & Blue Falcon, Wonder Twins, Aquaman, Superman, Wonderwoman; Hong Kong Fooey, Underdog, Wally Gator, Yogi Bear, Huckleberry Hound, Top Cat, Snagglepuss, Quick Draw McGraw, Bad Cat, Broomhilda, Squiggly Diddly, The Rocky & Bullwinkle Show: Duddly Dooright, Tom Slick, George of the Jungle, Super Chicken, Commander McBragg, Sherman & Mr. Peabody, Fractured Fairy Tales; Scooby Doo, Far Out Space Nuts, Ghost Busters, Isis, The Jetsons, The Flintsones, Pebbles and Bam Bam, Captain Caveman and the Teen Angels, Star Trek, The Smurfs, HeMan and The Masters of the Universe, Transformers, GoBots, Defenders of the Earth, The Archies, ThunderCats, Galaxy Rangers,* (Ralph Bakshi's) *Mighty Mouse, The Brady Kids* (proper name unknown,) *Felix, Popeye, Emergency Plus Four, Fantastic Four, Charlie Brown* specials, *Dr. Seuss* specials: *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas, Cat In The Hat; The Black Hornet, Harlem Globetrotters, Josie and the Pussycats, Punky Brewster, Kid Super Power Hour, Rubik, Snorks, Mon Chi Chis, Atom Ant, Dungeons and Dragons, The Groovy Ghoulies: Sabrina, Wacky & Packy, The New Adventures of Waldo Kitty, Lassie, etc.; Super Adventures: The Fantastic Four, Bird Man, Herculoids,* etc.; *Roman Holidays, Speed Racer, Claymation: Rudolph, Gumby, Davy & Goliath, Mad Monster Party; Lippy The Lion & Har Dee Har Har, Tenessee Tuxedo, Banana Splits, Possible Possum, Secret Squirrel, Thor, Sub Mariner, Captain America, The New Shmoo Show, Laff-A-Limpics, School House Rock, Inch High Private Eye, Hercules, The Gary Coleman Show, Battle of the Planets (G-Force), Wacky Races, Catch That Pigeon, The Bugs Bunny / Roadrunner Hour, Woody Woodpecker, Garfield, Heckle & Jeckle, Droopy, Chilly Willy, Skrewy Squirrel, Inspector Gadget, Voltron, Jesus, Happy Days in Space, Jabberjaw, Adam's Family, Tom & Jerry, Pink Panther, Mr. Magoo, Wait 'Til Your Father Gets Home, The Tarzan / Lone Ranger Adventure Hour, Robotech, Zorro, Mr. T, Godzilla, Pac Man, Grape Ape, The Ewoks, Pole Position, Q*bert, Donkey Kong, Muppet Babies, GI Joe, She Ra, Space Ghost, Jem, Beverly Hills Teens* (before *90210*), *Spider-Man and His Amazing Friends, Richie Rich, Care Bears, Stawberry Shortcake, My Little Pony, Herself the Elf, The Littles...* (howard, mike, darby, dave) (See the Cartoon Network)

Ho Ho. Here's new Cookie Crisp Cereal you can try.

CAVITY CREEPS – Cavity creeps were fuckin' scary. I really brushed after I saw those nasty critters hacking away at somebody's teeth with a pickax.



Cereals

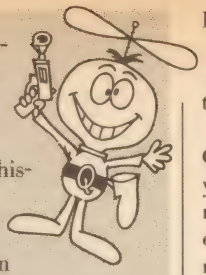
by Cliff Thurber

The glory days of breakfast have long since vanished. To be exact it has been nearly twenty years since I've looked forward to this meal. In fact I rarely eat breakfast now save for those hungover Sunday morning get-togethers with friends. Although these are of more of social nature and devoid of the kind of emotional excitement I used to derive from breakfast as a kid. It's amazing that when I review those glory days in my mind's eye, there's no table littered with pancakes, hash browns, eggs or any of the standard breakfast fare. But rather a large bowl, a spoon, and a brightly colored box containing enough refined sugar to send the average gourmandier into insulin shock.

The prospect of ingesting a couple of bowls of Cocoa Puffs was all the incentive I needed to wipe the sleep from my eyes and climb out of bed. However the breakfast ritual usually began much earlier than this. It began on grocery night. This was the night that I accompanied Mom to the store to aid in the all important decision making process. In other words, if you didn't go along, you risked enduring an entire an entire week of Special K, Shredded Wheat, or some other such vapid commodity that mom chose in your absence. Once in the store you navigated yourself to the cereal aisle at a rate approaching the speed of light. The standard four hours of daily television viewing helped facilitate the selection of "the most important meal of the day." In the current manufacturer's TV ad campaign you learned that Count Chocula was offering Dracula fangs, Boo Berry had the glow in the dark goblin stickers, Apple Jacks had the 3-D glasses deal, Honeycombs the Baseball cards, and Alpha Bits had the slide rule. Occasionally some of the prizes advertised on TV were for some reason not to be found in the stock on the shelves. Such circumstances although disappointing helped to further facilitate the big decision. The next step was to inspect the boxes of your finalists. The pictures on the box were always a more honest barometer of prize quality. There was nothing more disappointing than when the slick drag racing car you'd seen on TV, turned out to be some one tone non-functional waste of good plastic. Once the process of elimination was completed you exercised good judgment and shook the cereal to one side of the box while carefully running your fingers into the cardboard for a feel test. This was done just to ensure that the prize-inserter at the factory wasn't drunk and forgot to put a prize in that particular box. Sure it was a little eccentric but then again, your only five once. Cereal secured, you located your mom and started complaining about wanting to leave.

Certain cereals had substantially more entertainment value while others relied on originality of flavor for their consumer's satisfaction. Of the former group Lucky Charms were the pinnacle. There was a certain etiquette of cereal consumption that had to be adhered to. Along with the granular cereal balls you were allowed to choose one other accompanying "ornament" – either a blue star, pink heart, a yellow moon, or a green clover. However you couldn't start on a new "ornament" until all the previous ones had been systematically eliminated from the bowl.

The average child consumes 15 pounds of cereal a year.



Everyone seemed to have their own Alpha Bit by-laws. Personally I found the scrabble route the most satisfying. This was the method whereby you had to put a word together in every spoonful until there were no vowels left. I remember a historical time when Captain Crunch had been perfected upon with the advent of Crunchberries. This was essentially Captain Crunch with red raspberry sweetened flavor balls. I remember this setting up a beatific counterpoint to the peanut butter flavored ones. The scoop on this one was to include at least a couple of crunchberries in with every spoonful of the peanut butter ones. Often this entailed pouring more cereal in to re-proportion the berry to crunch ratio, and it was not uncommon to polish off an entire box in one sitting as result of this.

As far as the pure palate satisfaction cereals (those with little entertainment value) there were Fruit Loops. Fruit Loops are the O.G. of kid's cereals. I remember staring in awe, wondering how those tiny specs of flavor crystals on each loop could be so potent. Count Chocula, Frankenberry and Booberry all worked their inimitable magic by turning the milk brown, blue and red respectively, leaving you a colorful display of sucrose and mucous membrane to empty down your pipe. Cookie Crisps, those little chocolate chip cookies, were a blessing as well by integrating the cookie into the cereal market. This particular brand supplied all the satisfaction of your standard after school cookies 'n' milk routine into a before school entree. Consequently this novel idea obviated the need for messy glass dunking. The surprising thing was that you wouldn't think that a cookie on this size scale had the capacity to deliver the full cookie wallop but it did. Technology!

There was a propaganda campaign propounded by the big three food magnates (General Mills, Post, Kellogg's) that was entertainment in and of itself: The Rabbit dressing incognito, in vain to cop a bowl of cereal and being met with a chorused mantra of "Silly Rabbit! Trix are for kids." Or the secret Cereal sanctuary known as The Honeycomb Hideout. Then of course there was the doe-doe bird that would go coo coo for Cocoa Puffs. The frog from Sugar Smacks who if you would give him a smack he'd "smack you back." And there was Capt. Crunch himself, forever peering through his telescope, perched high atop the mast with the Crunchberry Beast repeating the one word in his vocabulary – "oogle, oogle, oogle." Or the paranoid Lucky the Leprechaun who would excitedly itemize all the ingredients contained in Lucky Charms. Obviously Toucan Sam with his multi-colored beak advising all to "Follow your nose, it always knows." The two Paleolithic cavemen Kel & Og hawked the boxed bliss of Cocoa Crispies. Fred and Barney in the recurring scenario where Barney tries to scam a bowl of Fruity or Cocoa Pebbles. In addition there was the masterful magician Cookie Jarvis who with a deft wave of the wand turned regular cereal oats into miniature cookies. On the lighter side there were Snap, Crackle and Pop, forever bending their ears to the bowl for a little sonic fury. Ultimately though, when I look back on my cereal consuming youth, I can't seem to escape a sentiment put forth repeatedly by the kingpin himself – "They're Grrrrreat!"

I think that Crest should drop their new, nice tasting, sparkly toothpastes and go back to their original ploy for selling the regular stuff – intimidation and fear. (wendy) • "We make holes in teeth! We make holes in teeth!" (noël) (See also Yuckmouth)

CB RADIO PHENOMENA – Citizen's Band radios had been around for years, yet few people knew about them. 23 channels of two way communication, inhabited only by curious techno-geeks, lost hikers, and truckers. Before they became homo-erotic heart-throbs, truckers were seen by many Americans as the last of the Cowboys (this is before cowboys also became homo-erotic heart-throbs.) A potent working class myth arouse of the trucker as a proud and independent tobacco chewing smart-ass, who was both his own boss, and King-Of-The-Road. Of course this myth never collided with redneck reality of indentured speed freaks loose on the nations highways. The only way these men stood a chance of getting ahead, was to drive as fast as their heart rates. When the media made it known that truckers routinely used CB radios to get around the hated 55 m.p.h. speed limit, the country went wild for the things. While only 1 million people had gotten CB licenses in the years between 1958 and 1973, more than 2 million licenses were issued in 1974 alone. Soon every freeway cruising Winnabaggo had to have one, and everyone was on the prowl for "Smokey." A lot of fun was in ripping

off "the man," and driving as fast as you liked. But there was also the tremendous appeal that came in talking that crazy trucker talk. Phrases like "Breaker, Breaker" and "That's a big 10-4, good buddy" crept into conversations, and people who should have known better began swapping their CB names, or "handles." Betty Ford even got one – "First Mama." Eventually, there were so many fools fouling the ether, that more channels were needed. The 40 channel models came out, leaving the 23 crowd in the dust. CB songs rode the charts and trucker films and TV shows did well. Americans everywhere demonstrated their talent for talking a lot, and saying little. By 1980, the fad had died. Perhaps we got used to 55, or the rebel cruisers had all joined militias. But I tend to think people simply got tired of tuning into tedious talk of trivia. No one wants to interact when there is no action. Take heed Internet! (bruce) (See also Truckin')

CELEBRITY SWEEPSTAKES – Game show in which often overweight "stars" sat in extremely narrow booths that simulated starting posts in a horse race. Somebody calculated the odds that a star would get a question right and then contestants would bet. Man-tanned ex-Laugh-In host Dan Rowan was the perennial favorite, usually at even money or 2:1. The long shot was almost always ditzy platinum blonde starlet Carol Wayne (who later killed herself by drowning), who rarely came in at less than 150:1. (nick) • I loved this show, for two reasons. 1) Seeing Carol Wayne get the right answers. 2) I had a school boy crush on the host, Geoff Edwards. He was tall, with a boyish smile, and also a real sharp dresser! I still see him on TV from time to time, and he still looks good. (bruce) (See also Game Shows)

CEREAL – Besides the sugar, the fun was the toy prizes, of course. I still have fond memories of my Lucky Charms weather device which, when put in the window sill, showed you what the weather would be like that day. The other fun was reading the cereal box. My sister and I had to share so she'd read one side and I'd read one and then we'd rotate the box 90° every few minutes – re-reading the sides if necessary, if it took a

There are more plastic flamingos in the world than there are real ones.

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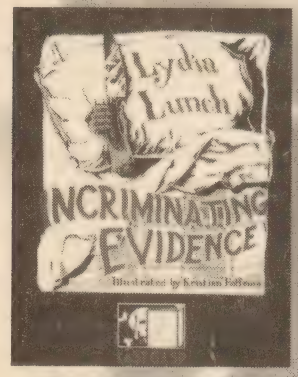

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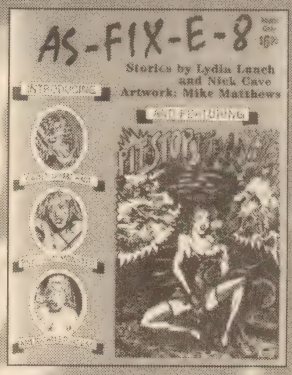

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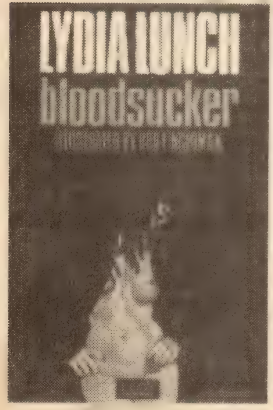

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while to finish the bowl or we had a second helping. It was easy to eat a whole box of Lucky Charms in one sitting. (darby) • The early '80s was the advent of the great American health-consciousness kick. Many cereal-makers were forced to alter the names of some of their cereals to target the newly nutrition-savvy moms. Hence, Sugar Smacks are called Honey Smacks and Super Sugar Crisp is now Super Golden Crisp even though the ingredients haven't really been altered. • Funny that they took away the "sugar" and kept the "smack." You know you've arrived as not just a celebrity but an icon when you have your own doll, lunch box, *and* breakfast cereal – like Mr. T. And by the way, Cap'n Crunch doesn't necessarily stay crunchy "even in milk." Just as well – I like it better soggy. (gwynne) • "Grins and Smiles and Giggles and Laughs" - perhaps the longest cereal name, in your bowl, it looked like little smiley faces and tasted like Cap'n Crunch. (riley) • Like calling all tissue paper Kleenex, all photocopies Xeroxes, all ear cleaners Q-tips, all portable tape players Walkmans, I was accustomed to calling all cereals Kellogg's. Also, the only way to eat Crunchberry Cap'n Crunch was to dutifully ration the crunchberries so each spoonful to the last had at least one in the mix. (noël) (See also "Cereals" sidebar)

CEREAL COMMERCIALS – Sugar cereal ads with cartoon characters had all kinds of strange plots based on the cereal as a valuable commodity. The Trix Rabbit would put on resourceful disguises as a plot to steal his favorite food from little kids. Unfortunately he didn't get any because they were selfish brats and never shared with the rabbit, "Silly rabbit, Trix are for kids." Conversely, Lucky the Leprechaun had to keep his precious pot o' Lucky Charms away from the greedy kids, but rarely succeeded. I guess the kids always win. Sunny the bird had to be kept away from Cocoa Puffs by small children for his own good, otherwise he'd fall into a hyperactive, drug-induced stupor. I don't think we ever saw the effects of Cocoa Puffs on the kids in the commercial, but it was probably sorta similar to Sunny's reaction. (wendy) • Cereal commercials in particular seemed to exhibit an extreme amount of violence. Surly men were always busting through the kids' hideout in Honeycomb commercials (akin to the Kool-Aid Man's own wallbusting days whenever some unsuspecting clown expressed a need for a cool beverage); Sunny was high on PCP in Cocoa Puffs commercials; that humble looking thug bear from the Super Sugar Crisp commercials was always punching people's lights out; and the Trix rabbit always ended up with hernias from over-exertion, due to his need for this cereal that was never quite satisfied. (noël) • "King Vitamin, have breakfast with the king!" - the jingle for King Vitamin cereal, I don't think it actually had any more vitamins than any other cereal and it tasted like Cap'n Crunch. (riley) • Captain Crunch originally had three kids with him, and an upright walking dog in a sailor cap. Tony Tiger had his son in tow. Sonny of "kookoo for coco puffs" was originally restrained by his Grandfather. Where did all these folks go? (bruce) (See also "Commercials" sidebar in Retro 3)

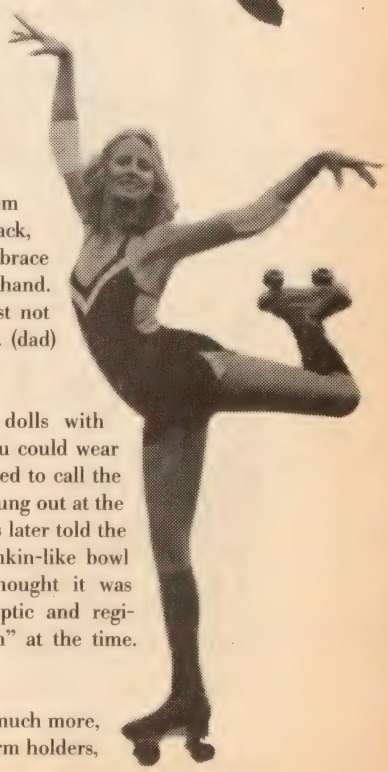
CHACHI – Chachi used to go to the skateboard park in La Crecentia (which my parents owned). He used to pull up to skateboard park in his limo and sit in there too scared to get out of the car. He used to do it all the time. Ricky Schroeder was a member as well but he'd actually get out of the car and skate. (gree) • Okay, so he grew up, but who can resist calling him Chachi? Certainly not the guys from *Monk Magazine*. When we were hanging out with them in LA, we spotted Mr. Baio eating with his parents at Astro Burger on Melrose, and Jim, the Mad Monk, popped out of his chair as they were leaving, jumped in his face and said, "Hey, you're Chachi." "It's Scott," he said back. To which Mr. Monk ignored, "You're Chachi, right?" "Scott, my name is Scott!" At that point it was obvious Chachi, I mean Scott, was rearing to attack and Jim didn't torture him any more, and soon won him over with his illustrious charm. He asked him what he was doing there. And Chachi said, "Where?" "Uh, Astro-burger," Jim replied. And he said, "Where?" Then Jim tried to explain to Chachi where he was, much to his oblivion. His dad cut in, "Oh, we're visiting the studio today [inferring to Paramount]." It was obvious Chachi was still in a fog though. His parents immediately ushered him out of the place, probably trying to save him from any unnecessary embarrassment for being a total idiot. (darby) • You'd just never imagine, that day when he arrived on *Happy Days*, a total hunk of a kid, that he would end up being such a loser like *Charles in Charge*, with that other once-teen idol, Willie Aames. (ju-ji) (See also Fonzie and *Happy Days*)

CHAIN LETTERS – "This chain letter was started in 1972 by a man in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan who was completely broke. In less than one year, he became extremely wealthy...ALL BECAUSE OF THE LETTER! If you want to be rich as well, write five copies of this letter and send them to five of your friends. Don't break the chain! The last person who did had his penis severed by an electric drill and almost died." (howard)

CHAPSTICK, SUZIE – Né Suzie Chaffee, the former Olympic skier who hawked Chapstick on TV. Her image of the All-American Girl donning a virginal all-white ski suit was second only to the sight of her smearing lip balm over her sexy mouth. Chapped lips never looked as appealing since. (cliff) (See also Skiing)

CHARLIE – *"There's a new fragrance that's coming to town and they call it..."* Also a wise cracking fish spokesman for Star-Kist Tuna, a slang term for the Viet Cong, the kid who won a trip to Willy Wonka's Chocolate factory, and the first name for that '60s cult leader who had Sharon Tate murdered. (howard) • Charlie Brown, next to Ziggy and Paul McCartney, was the biggest loser on the planet. (noël)

CHARLIE'S ANGELS – They're the ones who started the "two-hands-on-a-pistol" thing. After the criminal was lying on the ground unconscious, the three of them would whip out their .38s, spread their legs, put two hands on their gun in a sort of V to their body and point it at the unconscious criminal. And since then I've never seen women shooting a gun except in that position. The problem is when you shoot a .38 you fall back, it's like a batter, you're suppose to brace your firing hand with your other hand. Anyway it may look good, it's just not the way to shoot a gun, that's all. (dad) (See also Farrah Fawcett-Majors)



CHARMKINS – Little plastic dolls with attachments on their heads so you could wear them as charms. Also what we used to call the dorky '60s-revival fanatics who hung out at the Cavern Club in Hollywood c.1986. I was later told the term was coined because of the Charmkin-like bowl haircuts they all sported. I always thought it was because the post-mods were so antiseptic and regimented, the "safest" form of "rebellion" at the time. (gwynne)

CHARMS – Every girl had one, usually much more, around her neck. The rich ones had charm holders,

Sentimentality comes from an inability, for what ever reason, to look reality in the face. –Marilyn Sowell

which were gold jewelry with a larger charm with a u-shaped hook which then held the other charms on it. Some may have included these popular numbers: #1, razor blade, pot leaf, lightening bolt, cornucopia (also called: horn of plenty or Italian horn), happy face, horse, unicorn, Pegasus, #1 dad/mom/grandma etc., I (heart) you, the "best friends" charm (each gets a half [DETA Forever!]), Chai, Torah, Hamsa (the hand that keeps away the evil eye,) Jewish star, Cross, KISS, skateboard, Go Fuck Yourself (upside down and looking Hebrew.) (darby) • I think the Tiffany Heart started it all. It was this lopsided heart outline which you put your "S chain" through. (riley)

C

CHARO – She may not be on TV as much these day but Charo is still as active as ever, making her flamenco records and supposedly teaching guitar. I thought she made a pact with the devil to never age but in actuality she had her age legally lowered by ten years – the amount of time she was married to band leader Xavier Cugat – so it all makes sense. (darby) • Charo is presently the sole entertainment of some cut-rate six day excursion to Hawaii. She sounds really zany on the radio commercials. (skylaire) • "Coochie-coochie" always gives me hallucinations of being suffocated between her jugs. (paul) • Lucky they're not flashbacks. (darby)

CHEECH & CHONG – Following their early seventies albums of drug related humor, Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong began to make movies. First was *Up In Smoke*, their best, which was followed by *Next Movie, Things are Tough All Over, Nice Dreams* and then some real turds like *The Corsican Brothers*. They had bad dopey jokes, stupid songs and were much funnier if you were REALLY stoned when you watched them. It all ended when Cheech sold his immortal soul to Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub and Bea Arthur and began as a regular on *The Golden Palace*, the short lived spin off of *The Golden Girls*. (howard) • When I was young I'd always listen to my dad's *Up In Smoke* 8 track when my parents went out. That cop at the door/flushing the drugs scenario continued to be funny through early teen years, when I could better relate. (darby) • I remember the class, class, SHUT UP! (selina) • They were part of that drug culture, and had some records that were very funny. Their movies never lived up to them though. The character Chong would be so desperate to get a hit that he would roll up his dirty sock into a joint and smoke it. Very funny. (dad) • Also had that silly *MTV* video hit "Born in East LA," with Cheech and hundreds of other Hispanics sneaking into LA through the sewers. (ju-ji)

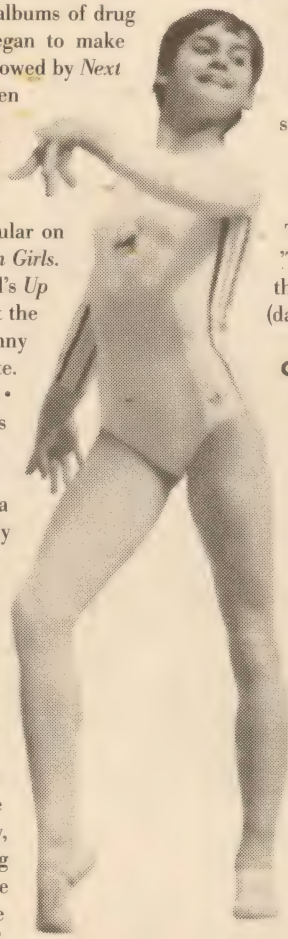
CHEERLEADING – I remember the day it happened. I was innocently eating lunch with my friends when someone came around with cheerleading tryout information. I remember ignoring it, thinking all my friends would surely ignore it as well. I mean, we always made fun of cheerleader-types. But some of the squirrelier girls were soon chatting about the tryouts and then, to my dismay, even the tougher and brainier of the crowd were posing the concept to me, like, "Why not?" It was one of those days when my faith in my fellow fem's went right out the window. Of course most all of them made "the squad" and soon after stopped playing on the AYSO soccer team and instead squeaked and played dumb and became the prissy catty snobs they were destined to become. Surely it was all for the best. (darby)

CHIA PETS – What poor people would buy from Thrifty's as Christmas gifts for friends, though secretly they desired one for themselves. (ju-ji) • There was recently this one of a terra-cotta woman with a chia hair-piece called "Barbara's Bush." (riley)

CHIC-O-STIX – Often-stale peanutty things which came cylindrically shaped in a clear plastic wrapper. (morgan & ferris) • The wrapper had a chicken on it which always led me to believe the candy was chicken flavored. (lisa aa) • It wasn't?!? (darby) • They were *originally* shaped like chicken legs, hence the name. (bruce) (See also Sticks)

CHICK TRACTS – The best thing about Freedom Guitars in Hollywood, besides the cute guy that fixes stuff in the back, is that you can pick up Chick books. Inland Empire-based Jack T. Chick has been providing us with flyer art and yuks-a-plenty for as far back as I remember, with his mini-comic books that demonstrate every possible way to relegate yourself to an afterlife in Hell, including drugs, rock and roll, Ouija boards, Dungeons and Dragons, homosexuality, and being Jewish or Catholic. Of course, as long as you accept Christ as your personal savior any time before you die, you'll be okay. There are even some full-size color books, but they weren't free. (gwynne) • I always traded these with my friends. And as a recovering Christian, they provided me with fond memories of all the clueless Bible thumping morons my mother always made me pretend to like. (skylaire)

CHILLIN' – Afro-American vernacular for "relaxing" (since, in Afro-American vernacular, "relaxing" is something you do to your hair). Formerly Afro-American vernacular for "children." (gwynne)



CHINESE CLOTH SHOES, LITTLE BLACK – I remember being dragged around by my sister and her little group of annoying friends as they scuffled around Westwood Village in high-fashion bedroom slippers. My friend Bibbe still wears them every single day. They're her lazy shoes. (jon)

CHINESE JACKS – These were plastic rings in different colors with which you played a version of jacks (without a ball). They were as big as pogs with the girls during maybe '78 or '79. Much fun, and strangely enough most can't remember them and they've since evaporated from our hemisphere. (darby)

CHINESE JUMP ROPE – It kinda looks like a thin circular bungie cord. You'd have to play with three people (or use chairs), two people are on opposite ends with the rope around their ankles (it gets higher as the game goes on), and you have a routine of jumping in and out of the rope with a Double Dutch sort of feel but you go at your own pace. (selina)

CHIP-AWAY SCULPTURES – Blob of soft plastic that young Rodins could pick away at with toy chisel, eventually unveiling such latter-day masterpieces as "Football Player," "Horse," and "Fred Flintstone." (nick) • These were sold under the name "Sculpt-Sure" by Kenner. Later they came out with Whittle-O-Way. The same principal, only now they looked like logs, and could be "whittled," to reveal totem poles, and other "wooden" objects. (bruce)

CHIPPENDALES – Started in 1979, this was a very important liberating thing for mommies (on TV and in reality.) They showed women can act just as ridiculous as men are. (ju-ji) • Very important cliché for scriptwriters. The sort of thing you'd imagine Cybil Shepphard doing to scare her friends. (paul)

CHOOSE LIFE – Someone explain to me what this was all about. Was this a Wham! thing, because they were wearing the t-shirt in their video? Or were they just following an already massively popular fashion fad? I always feared this was some kind of anti-abortion statement. (gwynne) • Gwynne, you ignorant slut. The "Choose Life" shirts were merely a part of a huge British media campaign against mean old Mr. Heroin. The ad blitz targeted what was (no doubt accurately) perceived to be the most at-risk group: impressionable young music fans. Magazines like *The Face, Flexipop, NME* and *Melody Maker* featured full page photos of proto-waif teenagers, complete with sunken eyes, hideous purple needle marks and,

What happened to the smiley face's nose? Too much cocaine.

given the time-frame, the most frightening consequence of all – bad hair and unfashionably dowdy clothes! (don)

THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA – There were seven volumes, and the first one was *The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe.* You had to read them in order, but sometimes the next one was checked out of the library so you were forced to skip. They were about four pre-teens, two boys and two girls, who discovered a magic, secret world in a kind of parallel universe. The cool thing about Narnia was that no matter how long the kids spent there, when they returned it was like no time had passed. The animals could talk. And when the older siblings became "cool" and started to care about clothes and hairstyles, they were banished! (mikki) • But it was all a sinister Christian, soul snatching plot! (skylaire) • Oliver North named his Virginia ranch Narnia, after these books. Scary. (bruce)

CIGARETTE ADS (TELEVISED) – They exist in the dim subconscious of us all who were born before the first Nixon administration. Most memorable: Winston ads that featured the line, "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should!" In one TV ad, a professor-type is getting gas and remarks to the pump jockey that for the slogan to be grammatically correct, it should read, Winston tastes good as a cigarette should." Whereupon the pump boy pulls him from the car and dunks his head under water, shouting: "What do you want? Good grammar or good taste?" (nick) • Each brand had their own macho guy, Marlboro had the cowboy, Camel had The Turk (another schoolboy crush), Salem had The Salem Man (a basic outdoorsy white guy). Terrington had a campaign whose line was, "Terrington smokers would rather fight, than switch." The ads simply showed a satisfied smoker with a black eye. Lots of sexy black-eyed women stared down from billboards in those days, and we wonder where domestic violence came from. (bruce) Note: Prior to 1960 Marlboro was a woman's cigarette.

THE CLAP – Nickname for popular retro STD gonorrhea. (skylaire) • An often seen, but little understood, button of Jr. High days: "Trap Clap, Wear Rubbers." So very long ago. (bruce) (See also Diseases)

THE CLAPPER – Clap on, clap off. An obvious entry but one that can't be ignored.

CLOVES – Cloves were super big early '80s. They had that sweet flavor so it wasn't a terrible leap from candy cigarettes. They were really harsh though so when I think of that sweetness on my lips I immediately recall the dizziness I'd feel just moments after. There were rumors that smoking these caused your lungs to bleed – that I still believe some parent must have started *(It's probably true. –paul).* Most people moved on to Camels but Kerin still smokes cloves faithfully today. (darby)

COACHHOUSE GIFTS – #1 shop for girls – especially for gift giving. Pins, unicorns, mugs, posters, everything G.H.... I think they're gone now – at least from the major metropolitan cities. (ju-ji) (See also Hallmark)

COCAINE – My first live rock show ever was the US Festival 1983. I was a rather inexperienced 15 year-old and my best friend's parents (the permissive, post-hippie type) were best friends with one of the people who put on this enormous three-day music festival in San Bernardino. My two pals and I had VIP backstage passes, and were offered just about everything you can think of in exchange for them. I had a lot of firsts that weekend, but cocaine was not one of them. Far from being a punk rocker (not that I'm any closer now) my favorite person on Planet Earth was Stevie Nicks. And when my naïve eyes saw her go back to the top of her piano between songs time and time again to snort up, my adolescent adoration was irretrievably lost. As I grew older, I decided that drugs weren't just for evil people and I had better reasons to dislike Stevie Nicks. (jen d.) • Misc.: Freebase, razor blade gold charms, special mirrors, rolled up gazillion dollar bills, cocaine t-shirts: Coke in fake Hebrew, "Enjoy Cocaine," "If Coke's a joke I can't wait for the next line".... Cocaine was incredibly the thing to do, despite the fact that it was a horrible drug (at least to snort.) This was the kind of drugs guys bought and women were given. Men used this to get girls as they would money for a prostitute – the only drawback being that once high on cocaine more often than not the mirror was the main thing on ones mind, not sex. Duran Duran did their version of the infamous Grandmaster Flash song "White Lines" (an anti-cocaine song that sorta makes you want to do some when you hear it) this year as cocaine was supposed to make its big comeback. We're all too poor (and the rest are too screwed on heroin.) And somehow poor people get high off crack – though I still haven't figured that one out. (ju-ji) (See also Drugs)

COCA COLA, SUCKING THROUGH STRAW UP YOUR NOSE – We all did this. Think Shakey's after a baseball game or during a birthday party. Burned and sizzled as it ran through your sinuses. You only did it a few times before you learned it hurts more than it is funny. (darby) • And I thought shooting-up vodka was stupid. (don)

COLD SHOWERS – A very very hilarious sitcom joke. Writers got a lot of creative points creating those silly scenarios where the guy would have to go and take a cold shower when confronted by a sexual situation he couldn't deal with for one reason or another. Ha ha ha. Think Jack Tripper. (ju-ji)

COLORFORMS – Loved 'em. (katy) • Had Smurfs and Barbie. (jen g.) • Spiderman all the way! (howard) • Vinyl cut-out images, usually of some cartoon or toy character, that you placed (and would magically stick) onto two dimensional dress-up boards and dolls. They're still around, but not exciting enough for most. (ju-ji) • These were introduced in 1951, when the maker had just introduced reproductions of the original set, which was *very* arty for it's day. It was not intended as a children's toy, but as an art tool. I loved them as a kid. (bruce)

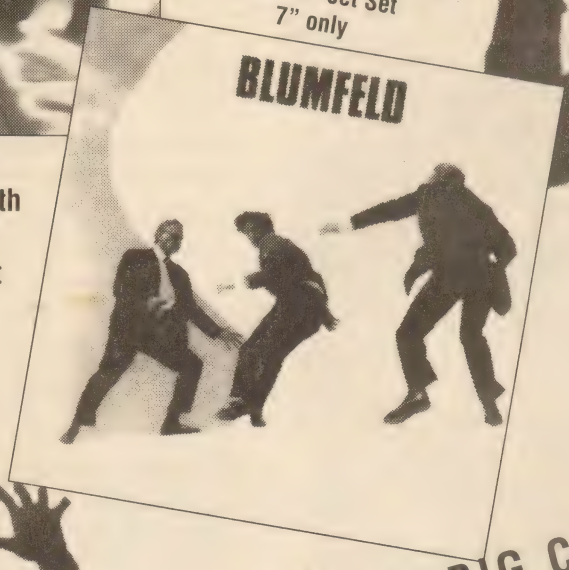
COMANECI, NADIA – Nadia was every girl's hero – maybe that's why every girl growing up in the '70s (at least in the midwest) went a couple days a week after school to gymnastic lessons. We glided across the balance beam, hung from rings and twisted our little selves around the uneven parallel bars. We jumped on trampolines and practiced floor routines, straddled horses and flipped, cart-wheeled and back-bended our way into pubescence. (jes) • I loved the Romanian team's uniforms. (ju-ji) • She had that weepy theme-song, basically the onset of death rock. (noël) (See also Nadia's Theme)

COMBS – More than just a grooming device – a fashion accessory! Came in more colors and styles than the hair they were meant to sculpt and looked extra sexy peeking out of a designer back pocket. Those bulgy folding comb/brush combos were super handy for the long-haired ladies, but oh so uncomfortable to sit on in the classroom. (lisa a.) • Goody unbreakable combs were *it*, especially the tortoise shell kind. (noël) • The kind used in place of barrettes, most frequently for an asymmetric, holding-one-feathered-side-behind-your-ear look. (allison)

Custon will reconcile people to any atrocity. *George Bernard Shaw*

Crowsdell
Sugar Coated
b/w Trunk
7" only

BLUMFELD
Side A- Draußen auf Kaution
Side AA- Jet Set
7" only



7" releases in stores February 21st. Full length album from Blumfeld coming out March 21st and from Crowsdell April 4th.

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COP SHOOT COP
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GOD
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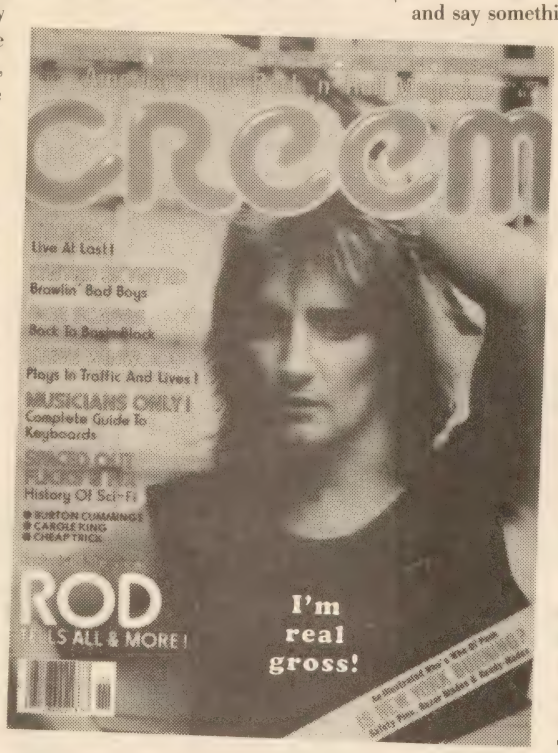
write for mail order catalog-Big Cat Records PO Box 2020, NYC 10013

COMMERCIALS – (See Commercials sidebar Retro 3)

COMMODORE VIC-20 – Now this was a powerful machine. I could make my name run continuously on the screen and make pretty block pattern designs. They're easy to find at thrift stores now for about five dollars. (morgan & ferris) • I remember the Commodore–64. I was a nerd/hacker/phone freak, and I ran up other people's phone cards until karma stepped in, and someone got my mom's number and did the same. I deleted all the numbers, disconnected my Commodore and put it in the garage. (e.c. cotterman)



COMPUTERS – TRS-80, Commodore 64, Wang computers, Amiga (1st color), Atari, Tandy, Franklin, etc., the enormity of the one meg drive. Computers used to be huge amazing things with whirling tape drives that were important because they were so huge. Then suddenly they got small, tiny, friendly. Next thing you know the things were turning up in the house: *personal* computers. You ran them off a cassette deck and hooked them up to your TV. They didn't do much of anything but everybody told you how important they were. By 1980 anybody that was hoping to surf the third wave had to have one of these, lest they suffer that indignity of coming back sad faced on the train from college. Frightened buyers started buying up anything with a keyboard and a screen, then finding out the thing had the calculative power of an abacus. The boom quickly turned to bust. The only survivor was Nintendo. It took another five years before Macs came out, and people could finally do something with the damn things. I'm still waiting for them to get easy. (bruce)

CONNECT FOUR – "Connect Four!" "Where?!" "Here. Diagonally." "Pretty sneaky, sis." (katy)

CONTEMPO CASUALS – This store was made for the '80s – and all the cheerleaders were sooo happy there. And the horrible salespeople, who were probably cheerleaders as well, worked on commission so they'd hound you endlessly. They were so pumped on helium that they'd never get a hint, "YES, I'M FINDING EVERYTHING OKAY!" I shopped there rarely. Not only because of the nagging, or because the clothing was trendy and cheaply made, but because my mom could only handle five minutes in the store before she'd get sick and would have to run out of the place. She said it was because of the crazy carpet, but who really knows. My sister thinks it was psychosomatic because she didn't want to spend all that money on their expensive clothes. (darby)

COOKING – My first attempt at cooking was peanut butter cookies. I could have sworn I got my recipe out of a kid's cookbook but I must have been trying my own shortcut because that's the kind of shit I'd pull today if I thought I could get away with it. Anyway, the procedure was pretty simple. I used Skippy creamy, my fave at the time, spread it out in a large cookie shape, on a piece of wax paper, and stuck it in the freezer. The magic just didn't happen. I ate it anyway, pondering the complexities of the peanut butter cookie, and being thankful my mom liked to cook. (darby)

COSELL, HOWARD – Poor man, poor man. Howard Cosell was a great hustler. And he created a lot of the excitement for Cassius Clay, before he became Mohammed Ali. He was one of the few people that honestly treated black fighters and sports figures as intelligent human beings – up until that time it was like they were all considered idiots. He would ask questions, instead of a typical sports announcer who would say, just after you lost a game 17-0, "How do you feel?" Cosell would just go in there and say something like, "You guys really look bad, how can you get any better with the bozo's you have on your team." He was just really good. He was fun. And he was good for sports. But like a lot of personalities he began to believe he was more important than the whole thing, so sometimes he got a little out of hand. But he was the best announcer. To think that some jock could take his place! He was just so superior to them – because he would tell it like it was. (dad) • Annoying, slow-talking sportscaster, particularly for *ABC's Monday Night Football*, who got shit for referring to a black player on the Washington Redskins as a "little monkey." (noël)

COUNSELING – Therapy techniques. Screaming. I'm mad as hell. Hitting each other with sponge bats and pillows. Saw it a lot on the sitcoms – *Bob Newhart, The Jeffersons, Three's Company*, etc.... (darby) • I told my therapist that I didn't have any friends and she said, "I'm your friend" and I said "Yeah, I'll be your friend too if *you* pay *me* $50 an hour!" I didn't have to go back after that. (riley)

COWLNECKS – These were turtlenecks with an overly large and hanging neck. Gold chains usually dangled from the cowlneck, and vests were often worn over them. Think Joyce DeWitt on *Three's Company* (and think browns or pastels, heathery lavender or pink.) They were and are still very ugly...and repressive. (darby) (See also The Wedge)

CRAZY STRAWS – A drinking straw shaped into a convoluted pretzel of a design at the straw's mid-section. Pleasure was derived by watching fluid course through the ganglia of tubing, before either swallowing the liquid or letting it drop back down into the glass for an encore performance. Such straws brought much in the way of entertainment to meals but did little to promote good table manners. (cliff) • Were we ever this easily amused? Give a kid a horribly twisted piece of poly-vinyl tubing, stick one end in his mouth, the other in a glass of juice, and watch the fun! Oh sure it was fun to watch the drink whirl and race through the straw, but alas, one's lungs almost collapsed before the precious fluid of choice could reach the mouth. When the glass emptied, the stream of juice would break up into little slow moving bits, with the entire straw looking like the 405 at rush hour. (bruce) • They really lose their charm after you've spent any amount of time in a hospital room watching a loved one have his/her stomach pumped. (gwynne) (See also Weird Al pg. 106)

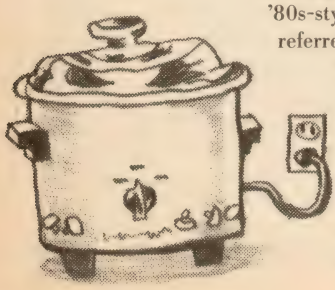
***CREEM* MAGAZINE** – For a time during the '70s, my mom worked at the local library in our neighborhood. My sister and I were all of about nine and six years old, respectively, and we spent a lot of time there, especially in the summer. Most of that time was spent perusing the comic magazines like *National Lampoon* (which we had

to sneak because they kept it tucked behind the counter, due to its "adult subject matter"), *MAD* magazine, and *Dynamite!* But also in this part of the magazine section were the music periodicals, one of which would have more influence over my later life than I ever could've imagined at the time. Though I wasn't quite old enough to appreciate the articles in *Creem*, many undoubtedly written by my present heroes of rock-journalism – like the late, great Lester Bangs, or Legs McNeil, even Greil Marcus. But this was the era of the glitter rock scene and the flamboyant, gaudy colorfulness of people like Bowie, Marc Bolan, Gary Glitter, Iggy Pop, and Lou Reed impressed me in a way that still stands out in my memory. As I am sure many of you did, too, my sister and I would wait anxiously for the next issue and run down to the local liquor store to check out the much publicized first-ever photos of Kiss without their make-up – only to be foiled when they turned out to be photos of the backs of their heads! This really only added to their image, an intriguing mystique which we couldn't quite fathom, yet were irrepressibly attracted to. *Creem* provided me with my first exposure to an exciting looking counter-culture that had previously been unknown to me, growing up in the Northeast corner of the San Fernando Valley and being effectively removed from any smattering of hipness. (karrin) • It's still around, but it's really hard to find and it's not at all funny or interesting anymore. (gwynne) • Why did you get *Creem* and I got stuck with *RIP*? (skylaire)

CRIMPING IRON – Big in the new wave/death rock period. For some good examples of the look see Kim Richards* in *Tuff Turf*, Lea Thompson in *Howard the Duck*, or Siouxsie Sioux of Siouxsie and the Banshees. More innovative girls (ie: girls whose parents wouldn't buy them things like crimping irons) made tight small braids and slept on them for the same effect. (darby) [*of *Nanny and the Professor*, *Escape to Witch Mountain*, and *Hello Larry* fame] • I brought mine to school once in 8th grade, we plugged it in an empty classroom and crimped our hair and so I had friends for a day. (riley)

CROCK POT – A cooking utensil favored by working mothers who, due to time constraints, were unable to find the time to prepare an evening meal. The device allowed the working woman to simply throw table scraps and left-overs into the time controlled pot in the hopes of passing it off as "dinner." (cliff) (See also Feminism, and Kitchen Appliances)

CROSS TOPS – Way before crack we met in the bathroom between classes to smoke cigarettes and buy cross tops for a buck a pop. That's before realizing they were $10 per 100 mail-order, and that No-Doz worked just as well (or as bad). (darby) • Also black beauties, pink hearts, etc., advertised in the back of magazines (*Creem, High Times, Hustler*, etc.) (laurel) • Actually, the crosstops from the early '70s were sometimes decent grade methamphetamines, not the early '80s-style caffeine crap. They were also referred to as "whites," or for the indecisive, "white crosses" and were sold by the $1 unit called a "rack" in tightly foiled increments of 4, 5, or 10, depending on the quality of the drugs or the dealer. (don)



CYCLAMATE – In the late '60s, many of the foods kids love were touted as sugar free. The reason was cyclamate, a desperately artificial sweetener that actually tasted sweet. In 1969, it was banned by the FDA as carcinogenic! I still remember seeing my favorite treats suddenly turning deadly, and the poisonous boxes of Jello that sat on the shelf for years, right next to the Koogle. (bruce) (See also Saccharine and Koogle)

CURB JOBS – When you went to mod clubs you could witness or hear gory stories of nasty skinheads giving these to people. The basic idea is you'd get the person, put their head sideways against the edge of the sidewalk with their jaw hanging over, then some skinhead with heavy steel-toes would stomp their boot into the person's jaw so it would break... today they just shoot 'em. (darby)

CURLING IRONS – Most girls used it to curl but I ran it through my hair to straighten the shit out. One out of five times we'd end up with some type of Adam Ant looking burn on our face from the thing – which we'd goop lots of liquid make-up over to hide. (darby) (See also Crimping Iron)

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DAHL, ROALD – Most famous for the books *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*, *Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator*, and *James and the Giant Peach*. Willy Wonka was a harsh man and actually most of the characters in his stories were despicable in their own special ways. Many don't know about his even darker side, which you can see in his "adult" novels like *Kiss Kiss* and *Switch Bitch*. When I was trapped in France for a few months I read every book at the library that they had in English – and for some reason these were there. There was this one short story in *Switch Bitch* about this lady finally being with the man of her dreams and him walking out on her because she was too dry down there because she was getting old, and her going into the bathroom and slashing her wrists because of it, which I enjoyed. I really wanted to interview Roald for this issue but he's dead. (darby) (See also Willy Wonka)

DAIRY QUEEN – What was that thing when you could get a cone "dipped?" There was chocolate but I vaguely remember something horrible like strawberry or cherry. It was something red, that's for sure, and I'm pretty sure it had that poisonous red dye in it, too. Now that I think about it, mom and dad fed us a lot of ice cream when we were little. The dairy group was very important in our family. (jes) • Blizzards with Heath Bars were sooo fucking good. (howard) • This was the Foster's Freeze of Texas. I would always get the Oreo Blizzard, a modified milkshake where they blended in REAL Oreo cookies (or Butterfingers, or any other hyper-active sugar-based treat.) It was the coolest!! (e.c. cotterman)

DALLAS COWBOY CHEERLEADERS – The dazzling Dallas Cowgirls of the late Seventies were famous for their all-American blonde hair and blue-eyed charm. Distinctively marked by their teeny white shorts, huge lipsticked red smiles, and knotted royal blue blouses cradling their jubilant boobs, the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders were every little girl's dream and every heterosexual man's fantasy. Their skyrocketing popularity led to a made-for-TV movie that I don't remember too well. (noël)

Men dig their graves with their own teeth, and die more by those fated instruments than the weapons of their enemies. *Thomas Moffett*

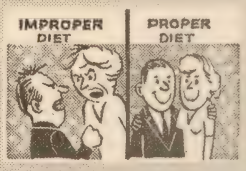
Fad Diets

by Brian Doherty

(a very healthy guy)

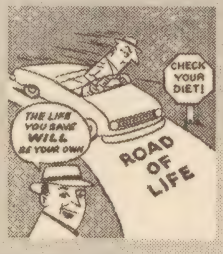
The seventies were the heydey of the fad diet, as well as more "reasonable" diet regimen like Weight Watcher. But who the hell wants to hear boring advice like "eat less of a wider variety of relatively low-fat and low-calorie foods"? It's a lot more interesting to hear, say, that I should eat only one thing, or none of certain things, or some elaborate philosophical justification for eating only food overcooked to the point of mushiness. Fortunately for me and millions of diet-obsessed '70s denizens, '70s diet fads – from the Atkins Diet to the Grapefruit Diet to Macobiotics to Raw Foods diets – provided all that in spades.

Dr. Atkins Diet Revolution, a bonafide 6-million copy sensation begun in the early '70s (with initial appearances in Women's Day and Cosmo, to clue you in on Atkins' main targets), declared that you could lose weight and feel great while eating tons of bacon and eggs, steak and veal, and all the mayo you could hold – as long as you didn't put it on a sandwich, because you were supposed to eat *no carbohydrates*, to begin with, and then a bare maintenance minimum from then on. Y'see, as long as you keep stuffing your body with carbos, it'll never begin consuming itself from the inside. Oh. One slight drawback – the process of your body eating itself from the inside, known as ketosis, produces an abundence of ketones in your breath that smell pretty rank. A small price to pay for prime-rib induced slimming. And if you miss bread in all its many uses – like for making sandwiches, or as pie crusts, Atkins helpfully points out that fried pork rinds work just as well anywhere you might want to use bread.



Carbophobia, if not outright prohibition of the feisty food molecules, was central to some of the '70s more hippie-dippie diet crazes, like macrobiotics. The best introduction to macrobiotics is Sakurazawa Nyoiti's *You Are All Sanpaku.* Sanpaku, he asserts with no evidence, is a condition – diagnosable by whether or not you can see whites underneath the pupils of your eyes – of desperate ill health. Almost all westerners are doomed to Sanpaku because our diet consists of more than brown rice chewed 150 times per mouthful and the occasional tablespoon full of highly overcooked vegetables. To avoid Sanpaku, avoid sugar, of course. Also avoid fruit, most liquids and spices, and remember, rotted food is best – it has been partially predigested, so less work for you! The whole macrobiotic system is based on an unverifiable classification of all foods into "yin" and "yang." You're supposed to stick to a rigid 5:1 ratio – but of which to which? Buy the Book!

There was an opposing impossible-to-follow, make-you-feel-very-guilty hippie regimen based on raw foods, for which see 1971's *Are You Confused?* by Paavo Airola. Airola's basic rule: Cooked food is dead food, and should be avoided at all costs. The interesting thing about *both* these diets is that they essentially say the diet of 99 percent of Americans is not only kinda bad, but essentially nothing but endless rounds of deadly poisons. How life expectency has continued to rise for those of us in The West remains a mystery. (A special subset of this fad, guaranteed to make the easily suggestible feel queasy, is William Duffty's 1975 *Sugar Blues.* It was Gloria Swanson who first warned him about how bad sugar is, and you wouldn't believe *how* bad – this book blames almost every social and personal evil, from slavery to depression, on sugar. Note that Duffty also translated *You Are All Sanpaku.*)



High-fiber diets were also big in the '70s. Yogurt and wheat germ came into their heyday as miracle foods, The notion of making your diet consist mostly of a single item, like grapefruit or bananas, swept the credulous. Even the humble Hawthorn Berry got its own diet book singing its praises

The most famous '70s diet fad, The Scarsdale Diet, wasn't very entertainingly zany – your basic low carbo, high-protein, no-sweets routinee – except for its quasi-totalitarian hints that if you didn't follow *every* instruction to the letter you were wasting your time. Immortality descended upon it in the eyes of the world when its inventor, Herman Tarnower, was murdered by his assistant/lover Jean Harris. He's been losing weight steadily ever since.

What possesses people to obsess so much about their weight, and toss so much lucre at more-or-less obvious monomaniacs, cranks, and quacks? Sociologists can and will debate this in learned tracts for decades, but I think an abundance of wealth, leisure, and general opulance are to blame. Diet crazes are just one more way of God's telling us we have too much time and money on our hands. Neither medical science nor popular fads of the past 2,000 years have added much to ancient Greek advice about moderation – eat small amounts of a wide variety of things. Exercise more to lose weight. And for God's sake, eat at least six grapefruit a day.

• Not to mention *Debbi Does Dallas.* (paul)

DANCE FEVER – Mid-'70s dance show hosted by Denny Terrio, who choreographed John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever.* Denny would appear with two female dancers (collectively named "Motion") and then lead celebrity panelists (e.g., Dick Van Patten, Barry White, Joyce DeWitt) in judging contestants for originality, style, and talent. By the early '80s, Terrio developed a massive coke habit, lost his job to ex-*TJ Hooker* co-star Adrian Zmed, and resurfaced on tabloid shows when he accused Merv Griffin of sexual harassment. (nick)

DANSKIN OUTFITS – Bought mine at á La Popcorn (in "the Valley.") It was a bronze color with the leotard top and matching wrap-around skirt. Wore it to the sixth grade disco that I went to with the boy next door. We won the dance contest (just before we left my parents taught us how to dance '50s hop style to disco music and it was a big hit), and I got a real nifty disco gold charm as a prize (see "charms" pict), and we shared a gift certificate to the Warehouse, which we spent on Rod Stewart and Rick James 7"s, thinking we might keep practicing our hot dance moves and enter more contests, though we never did. (darby) • I wore one of these ensembles to the formal opening of a musical when I was fourteen. I took off my coat in the lobby of the Kennedy Center and my skirt had somehow come untied, so of course the whole thing fell to my ankles in front of all these rich, old, famous people like Carol Channing. My parents got mad at me for being upset: "Shut up, no one noticed!" Now I do stuff like that on purpose. (gwynne)

DAVY & GOLIATH – (Daaaaaaviieeeeeeee) Maybe I liked this show so much 'cause I am Jewish. Claymation with a moral. (katy) • I remember watching this and being absolutely *glued* to the TV on Sunday mornings. I loved the animation, but I was always bummed when the God/moral thing ended it. (e.c. cotterman) • Produced for the Lutheran Church by Art Clokey of Gumby fame, they were made during the height of Art's extensive drug use, which may be why there is a underlining bizarre edge to them. I just know that Davy's sister's hair scared me. (bruce)

DEAR ALEX AND ANDY – "I'm desperate!" "What should I do?" For all the kids who needed help getting past their typical life dilemmas, there were your friends "Alex and Andy" – on TV Saturday mornings. They'd always have a charming little folk ditty about a positive solution to your personal problem. (mike)

THE DEATH OF RITCHIE – 1977 TV movie starring Robbie Benson as a troubled teenager battling his way through severe drug abuse and a poor relationship with his family. Based on a

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true story, this movie affected *everyone* who saw it. Another depressing media exploitation of the failed post-hippy teen, complete with simulated psychedelic visuals and ghoulish, nightmarish, traumas. "Ritchie," a good looking, suburban, middle class kid, is the stereotype misfit who doesn't know how to fit in and learns how to freak-out instead! All the girls liked Ritchie, but with his fucked-up mental condition, he inevitably scares them all away, making himself a bigger wreck. Ritchie had a secret room, accessible through his closet, where his friends and him would get high, while bad '70s rock was a-blarin', with cheap strobe lights and more accessories than a head shop! (Every kid I knew envied his interior decorating skills) Invariably, his parents would break up the party and give Ritchie the third degree, while he was still peaking, ultimately leading to traumatic conflict. In a dramatic ending, Ritchie drunkenly threatens his father's life, but father takes *his* instead, saving him hundreds of dollars in therapy bills and stopping those loaded troublemakers from coming around again. (mike)

TONY DEFRANCO & THE DEFRANCO FAMILY – Similar concept as the Osmonds and the Jackson 5 but Italian so my mom approved! Necessary in the early '70s when Italians constituted the third race; they were later replaced by Menudo. (nina) (See also "Teen Idol Freak Out" in Retro Hell part 1)

DEP – (alias Dippity-Do) With the fifties come-back my parents were finally sorta hip, for a moment. My mom gave me her old argyles she wore in high school (which I still have) and my dad told me how to get my fuzzy hair more slick. Most girls utilized Dep more in the early '80s though, when we had the sides either shaved or totally slicked back new wave. (darby)

DEPRESSING DRUGGIE GIRL MOVIES – My favorites include *Foxes*, *Christiane F.*, and *Out Of The Blue*. All were filmed in seventies depresso-vision, and are about girls who get caught up in sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll at a frighteningly young age. (dave) • *Times Square, Ladies & Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains, Go Ask Alice...* • And made-for-TV *Sara T.: Portrait of a Teenage Alcoholic, The Late, Great Me*, all the teen prostitute movies and that one about the bulimic... The little sister to the Depressed Housewife genre of books and movies: *Diary of a Mad Housewife, Haywire, A Doll's House, Bed/Time/Story*.... (gwynne)

DESIGNER CLOTHES – The bane of every mother's existence – and kid's, too. God help you if you had any aspirations towards popularity yet possessed no designer clothing. It really was a fucked-up status thing. But of course, how much more status could a name brand bestow upon a moron anyhow? To find my answer, I need look no further than my local Pizza Hut, which is the present employer of many of the popular kids of yesteryear. Better to stay a nerd, or better yet, become a punk! It's cheaper, and more fun anyway. Best of all, the pariah-like status you will have earned amongst the "trendy" will allow you unlimited free-time to foster your creativity – and focus on your plan for world conquest. They say the best revenge is to live well. What's to lose? (karrin) • "After fighting the establishment, Americans ended the Seventies with a passion for brand names and instant status. After a shaky decade of fashion disasters, millions embraced their Calvins, Angel Flights, Halstons, Armanis, Yves St. Laurents, and Vanderbilts as totems against uncertainty. American's wanted to be led again, and this paved the way for the Eighties, a decade dominated by such leaders as Ronald Reagan and Ralph Lauren." (from book *The Seventies*)

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS – Haunting one-hit Irish or Canadian band (think over-alls and armpits) with that evil song, "Come on Eileen." The way it slowed way down in the middle and then sped back up to the original cheerful tempo was particularly devastating. (nina/darby)

DIETS – (See "Fad Diets" sidebar)

DIGITAL WATCHES – The first was Texas Instruments – or at least mine was. This wasn't designer technology. Ugly silver metal for that futuristic edge. Mine had a light and stop watch and my parents actually had the piece of shit engraved – totally cool. (darby) • The first models (circa 1972) were expensive, and featured only a flat black screen. These were LED (Light Emitting Diode) watches. One needed to press a small button to see the time light up inside. You can imagine how impractical this soon became. Gillette introduced a LED with a gravity activated light up switch, but it ate batteries like crazy. Eventually, people opted for the far less cool grey faced LCD's we know today. (bruce) • The best watches had games on them like Pac-Man or Frogger. The TV watches never quite caught on but it's only a matter of time. (noël)

DILLON, MATT – The best teen idol of our time (though Robby Benson in *Ode to Billy Joe* was mmmm). *Little Darlings, My Bodyguard, Tex, The Outsiders, Rumble Fish*... all the way to *Drugstore Cowboy*. Best in a tight t-shirt, jeans, a cigarette dangling from his mouth, and wearing that cock-eyed confused puppy dog face. Just steer clear of him speaking on late night talk shows today (or in that ridiculous movie with Sean Young a few years back) and he's still not too bad – though I'm worried he's looking more and more like Rollins. He most recently played duh in the movie *To Die For*, and the character really seemed to suit him. I don't know. (darby)

DIRECTOR'S CHAIRS – Popular because they were cheap and you could print decals and lettering on the material. Colorful and easy to fold and store. Fat people and director's chairs do not go together. (darby/dad)

DISASTER MOVIES – When I was nine, *The Poseidon Adventure* was the only R-rated movie I was allowed to see. We went on vacation and it was showing on the hotel room's movie channel and we watched it again and again, always getting choked up when Shelley Winters has her heart attack and Stella Stevens falls off the catwalk, but never, for some reason, when Gene Hackman eats it. Irwin Allen gave new life to every has-been actor under the sun with such follow-ups as The *Towering Inferno* and *Earthquake*. Sub-genres include Plane Crash movies (*Airport, Lost Flight*), Submarine Crash movies (*Fer de Lance, The Abyss*), and Rat movies (*Willard, Ben*). Like any other trend, the works got worse with each copycat production. For some reason, these films churned out a lot of Academy Award-winning theme songs. (gwynne)

DISCO LUCY – The Wilton Place St. Band, 1977, got up to number 24 with this *I Love Lucy* theme with a disco beat, and a woman singing, "Ya ya disco Lucy." This was that same summer *Star Wars* by Meco was cluttering the airwaves. (See also TV Show Songs on the Radio)

"You can't kill me ...because I am already dead." Barnabas Collins, *Dark Shadows*

THE "DISCO SUCKS" MOVEMENT – "Disco's Dead, Crank the Led," "Disco's Dead, Crank the Ted (Nugent)." (jory) • WLS morning jocks Steve Dahl and Gary Meier burned piles of snubbed vinyl, thereby increasing the values of surviving records in the '90s disco revival. (lisa a.) • Today, we think of it as a nutty late '70s fad, rather like Disco itself. However, back in the Midwest, it became a holy cause, a mission to drive out the candy-assed invaders from the West Coast, and return Rock to it's rightful place, right next to Roll! The "movement" reached its crescendo on the steamy night of July 12th, 1979, in Chicago's Comiskey Park. The White Sox were playing the Detroit Tigers in a twilight double-header. Between games, Chicago's famously fat morning zoo DJ, Steve Dahl took to the field. The night's entertainment was to be an anti-disco rally, featuring the largest pyre of burning disco records the world had yet seen. After whipping several thousand drunken fans to a Nazi-like frenzy, Dahl set fire to a huge wooden crate containing several hundred copies of the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack, as well as 20 lbs of TNT. The blast was far greater than expected, showering screaming bleacher bums with flaming flying vinyl. The second game was delayed by the ensuing riot (as well as the crater that now dominated the field). It was a seminal event for all young rust belt reactionaries. A few years later they would be smashing Japanese cars, listening to Johnny Cougar, and voting for Reagan. (bruce) • Punk's reactionary roots expressed a particularly homophobic disdain for disco and its proponents. Time's have sure changed. (noël)

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"DISEASES" – Some of the most popular of our time included: Herpes, mono, toxic shock, Guillain-Berré Syndrome (to prevent the predicted Swine Flu epidemic a massive vaccination program was started, the vaccine caused this particular syndrome with side effects much worse than the swine flu), Epstein Barr, Hong Kong Flu, Rubella (formerly known as German Measles), Gonorrhea (the friendliest of the diseases, to the point everyone joked about how many times they'd had it), and of course the start of AIDS ("The Scandal of the Century.")

DISGRACELAND – The house of yours truly and Iris Berry, in the late '70s to early '80s. Everyone stayed here, as far as touring bands went, from Madness to Poison 13, from The Split Endz to The Swingin' Madisons. Occasional roommates included members of Tails Of Terror, Tex And The Horseheads, Go Go's, X, Blasters, Cramps, Gun Club, Pirates Of Venus, TSOL, Tupelo Chain Sex, Rockats, Specials, Modifiers, Fishbone, Chili Peppers, Fear, BRainiacs, Guns 'n' Roses, REM, Rev. Horton Heat, DOA, No Means No, etc. Even featured on the Tanqueray Gin Maps to Hollywood Rock 'n' Roll, or whatever the fuck.... (pleasant) • Hey, Pleasant: thanks for letting me live in my broken-down van in your driveway for all those months! She's right, folks – that was one mad pad! (don)

DITTO JEANS – Before nothing came between Brooke and her Calvin's, before we ohh-la-la'd over Sasoons, all us foxy babes in grade school zipped into our saddle-back Ditto's for the ultimate cameltoe – the '70s jeans fashion essential. Oh, honey, Luv It chicks just didn't stand a chance. (nina) • Dittos and especially Luv Its were the stuff in Elementary School but then you got to *grow into* Chemin de Fer. (darby) (See also Jeans)

DIVORCE – Nowadays one in two American marriages end in divorce, but before the early '70s it was rare and sort of dirty. At my Catholic prep school divorce crept in, family by family, like some sort of disease we couldn't inoculate ourselves against. The divorced kids seemed bewildered at first, then quickly readjusted themselves to spending weekends with their dad's new girlfriend and weekdays with a newly-embittered mom. Those of us with families still intact felt vaguely un-hip and behind the times. (mikki) • Spawned the license plate holder "Divorcees are Hot to Trot," which gravely offended my Catholic mom in Sunday traffic. (jeff) (See also *The Money Maze* and the movie *Kramer vs. Kramer*)

DIXIE CUPS – In every house (especially homes with kids) – we went through a box a week. They had their own Dixie Cup holders too which were in every house as well. (darby) • Originally, they were in these "fiesta wear" colors, and had these musical notes walking like Egyptians around the edge of them. And then they just got plain with sunny happy colors and *then* came the Dixie riddle cups, with horrible, horrible jokes on them. Even five year olds would throw their Kool Aid down and walk away because these jokes were so bad. E.g.: "What do you call a sleeping bull? A bulldozer!" There was however, one joke that I did actually kind of like because it was faintly clever and the visual image of it in my mind was so wonderful: "What does an ape sleep on? An ape-ri-cot!" Ha ha ha. (bruce)

DOLLS, MISC. – Rub A-Dub Dolly (for the bath), Baby Tenderlove, Baby That Away, Love-Lee, Katie Kachoo (raise her arm and she sneezes,) Angel Babies, Baby Crissy, Tiffany and Tuesday Taylor (with hair you can change from blonde to brunette and back again – also a black version), Wake-up Thumbelina (the doll that lifts her head and then turns over), Barbie, Dawn (poor man's Barbie – sexier/hipper), Crissy, Skipper, Growing-up Skipper (you cranked her arm and her chest grew,) Muffie, (a number of famous star dolls): *Star Trek*, JJ Walker, the Osmonds, Jimmy Carter, Kristy McNichol, Dorothy Hammill, Mork and Mindy, *Star Wars*, *Waltons*, *Hardy Boys*, Sonny and Cher, *Welcome Back Kotter*, Tiny Tim, The Bionic Man and Woman (with real bionics!), Andy Gibb, John Travolta, etc.; Barbie and Ken (of course), the big life-sized bust of Barbie (which you could make-up and even do her hair), Joey Stivick ("Archie Bunkers grandson is a physically correct boy doll, and we think that's terrific"), Annie, Holly Hobbie, trolls, Pippi Longstocking, Ronald McDonald, Dig 'Em (Sugar Smacks), Tony the Tiger, Raggedy Ann and Andy, Pebbles, Sippin' Bam Bam, Jolly Green Giant with Sprout, "Love Is..." dolls, Archie, the Get-a-Long Gang, the Sunshine Family, the scary three faced doll (sleeping, crying, happy) with a knob on top, Red haired doll with joints who rode a battery operated bike, Sailor Sue, the one with snaps, zippers, buckles, and laces so you could learn how to work these important objects.... (See also Baby Alive, G.I. Joe, Stretch Armstrong, Evel Knievel, Kiddles and Rock Flowers)

DOLPHIN SHORTS – At some point in elementary school these shorts were banned because they were *so* short your ass would show. I would pull mine down a bit and get away with it, but the up-the-butt-sluts couldn't. Dolphins were made of a thin fake satin material and had different colored panels like in front one side would be white and the other blue and then opposite on back. (Other fancy selections were striped and solid colors.) Can still be found in West Hollywood but otherwise the massive Dolphin comeback just hasn't clicked yet, though the company has tried. (selina)

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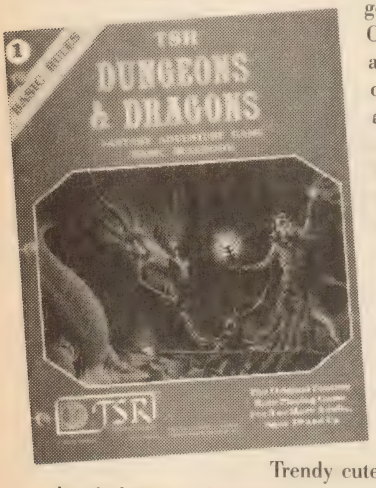
DON KIRSHNER'S ROCK CONCERT – The first time I ever saw KISS was on either *Don Kirshner* or *Midnite Special* with Wolfman Jack – I don't know which one but they were both awesome. The first time I saw AC/DC was on one of these shows too. On network TV, midnight, Friday and Saturday. My young mind was *blown*. Rock on. (jory) • Kirshner might have had a hand in creating the Monkees, but I'm not sure. He was the guy who created the band Kansas. In the mid '70s, his syndicated TV show *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert*, was aired opposite NBC's *Midnight Special* in many TV markets. The show is notable for padding out its menu of second rate bands with music videos, very innovative for its time. (bruce) • It premiered as Don Kirshner's *In Concert* in November 24th, 1972. • I saw Patti Smith sing "Gloria" on this show around 1976. It permanently changed my life. "Humpin' on the parkin' meter." Fuck yes. (carla) • The Ramones were on in '78 and my sister and I spent the whole day trying to figure out what they would do about Joey's little white, cakey drool problem. They actually greased the lens for his close-ups. (gwynne)

THE DONNY AND MARIE SHOW – I saw Marie (🔁) once. I was working at this little boutique inside a Florida resort... we had really nice cigars and toiletries and stuff, and the only thing she bought was toothpaste. I started cracking up. You know, her and her teeth back then. (laurel) • I always figured they fucked each other. (riley) • The Ice Angels – back-up dancers in Vegas showgirl outfits on ice skates? Brilliant. A little bit country *and* a little bit rock 'n' roll. (enrique marie) • Don't forget the Paul Lynde drop-ins, Jimmy Osmond's brilliant trumpet playing, and the older retarded Osmonds on the occasional back-up vocals. (mike) (See also Variety Shows)



DOUBLE DUTCH – A crazy super-fangled jump rope game with two ropes spun into each other at opposite beats, played by coordinated sassy black chicks on *Sesame Street*. They supposedly had some double dutchers at Lollapalooza last year. Superbly retro. And don't forget that funky double dutch song. (ju-ji)

DOWN VESTS – More hesher gear. Trendy cute-girl designers tried but were a little late in bringing this wear back in vogue – especially at seventy-five bucks a vest. Another rip-off setting the prices on cool-dom – what a sham(e). (ju-ji) • The winter look of the mid to late '70s. The first cold weather fashion of that decade that wasn't influenced by ski wear. So what if they were big and violently colored. Sure they got lumpy after being wet, and made you look like the Michelin man. Who cares, they were warm! They were *cool!* (bruce) 🔁

DR. DEMENTO – I listened to this every Sunday night on the radio at midnight and by placing a tape recorder upside down on top of the radio made tapes of songs like "I Like Chinese," "They're Coming to Take Me Away," many Spike Jones and Weird Al classics (in this way I knew the words and tune to "Yoda" before I heard the original "Lola"), and the song that went "I think I had a wet dream cruisin' thru the gulf stream" and included many fish puns. Next day all this was fodder for a playground rehash with pals Steve "Bophelius" Poole and Ryan O'Neil. (pete) • The song was called "Wet Dream" by Kipp Addotta (he appeared in the film *Used Cars*, and often shows up as a sleazy lawyer on TV.). Also, Weird Al's first song, "My Bologna" (a parody of The Knack's "My Sharona") was on a tape he sent to the good doctor. Barnes & Barnes of "fish heads, fish heads, rolly polly fish heads" fame features the singing of Billy Mumy, "Will Robinson" of *Lost In Space*. In Detroit, I'd hear him speaking of the smogberry tree in Sherman Oaks, and have no idea what he meant, but it was a lovely image to me, this crazy man in a funny hat laying under a tree thinking of strange songs to play. (bruce) • I heard "Shoehorn With Teeth" by They Might Be Giants on his show a few years ago. It made me really happy. (gwynne) (See interview with Weird Al pg. 106) 🔁

DR. WHO – Show first aired Britain November 23, 1963 and was first distributed in the U.S. in 1975. There were a number of actors who played the Good Doctor, but the one best known was Tom Baker, with a curly brown mop of hair and a really long scarf. He traveled around the universe with a lovely young assistant and a faithful mechanical dog, K-9, in a converted English telephone booth, the TARDIS. (lisa a.) • A new book out covers the *girls* of Dr. Who. (paul)

DREAD ZEPPELIN – Retro gone bad. Actually worse than bad: curdled, sour and downright spoiled. An over the hill, obese, too-big-for-his-britches Elvis impersonator fronts a group of Rasta wannabes who rehash every single Led Zeppelin song ever imagined. You'll get the gist after one song, but I doubt *they* ever will. (jes) • They were in that Corey Feldman/Cory Haim movie *Lost Resort*. (howard) (See also Tribute Bands listing in Retro 3)

DRUGS – Forgive me for sounding like Michael Ventura (or Pleasant Gehman) but weren't drugs a whole lot more fun when we were young? Lots of my favorites are now off the market or out of favor. Nembutal, Valium, Quaaludes!! We were very competitive as to who had done what, and with punk shows for street drugs and our affluent physician families for the rest, my best friend and I had easy access to all we needed. Later she confessed to me she hadn't done half the ones she told me she had. I was shocked – as I had done way more than I had told her. (mikki) (See also Acid, Cocaine, MDA, PCP, Quaaludes)

THE DRY LOOK – In the beginning there was Bryl Creme – a little dab will do you – that gave every guy that patent leather *My Three Son's* look about the head. Then in 1970, Vitalis, the makers of Bryl Creme, declared in many ads that, "The Wet Head is Dead," to introduce their new hair-care product, "The Dry Look." Just the perfect thing to use with your hot comb. (bruce) (See also Hot Comb)

DUBONNET – Van Dyke Parks was getting schnockered on this stuff during his 1991 concert at McCabe's, which was very hip and retro of him. (gwynne) • Remember when Pia Zadora was the TV (and print) pitchwoman for this product, wearing a trés sophisticated beret and crooning the jingle? I'm pretty sure her husband, Meshulam Riklis, owned the company at that time. Pia probably deserves her own heading, anyway. (allison) • I remember seeing her in the fashion pages of my Grandmother's tabloids, being called "Pia-zadorable." (skylaire)

DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS – Taught geeky kids the wonders of the Cthulthu Mythos, Satanism, medieval weaponry, Renaissance Faire, cheesy heavy metal and multi-sided dice. Gary Gygax created it and the "Magic – The Gathering" cards have taken its place today, even though

Here, in memory, we live and die. –Patricia Doerr

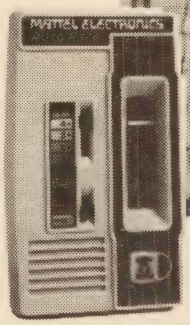
role-playing games are still around in droves. (howard) • I remember being introduced to this role-playing game in junior high, and from there it was sheer chaos. The game was set in medieval times, and you could be a plethora of things, such as a human fighter, a magic-using elf, a dwarf thief and on and on... Sleepovers that ended in fist-fights and broken friendships (at least for the week). Then there was the profit motive. I'd create characters that never played a single game, give them loads of points and magic items, then sell them at the hobby shop, where there were always some suckers looking for a powerful character (since theirs was just demolished by a hobgoblin.) My mom got freaked out when someone told her it was related to devil worship, but what can you expect from a bunch of bible-beating-Jesus-Crispies? Then Tom Hanks made a movie about a dude who was so into it, he got reality confused with the sixth level of Beelzebub's' motel. Then there was that 15 year old genius from M.I.T.... (read *The Dungeonmaster.*) (e.c. cotterman)

DUNE BUGGYS – Everyone's pick for a t-shirt emblem, and favorite transport of the Manson Family. (wendy)

DYNAMITE MAGAZINE – (See also *Bananas* and interview in Retro 3)

EAR CUFFS – Big around the bolo era. These pieces of curved metal, usually silver, clipped around the upper regions of your outer ear. Often had something like a chain or charm hanging from it. Judd Nelson wore one in *The Breakfast Club*. Piercing fanatics sometimes wear them today. Very geeky. (ju-ji)

EARTH SHOES – Earth shoes ruled. They had a funny design that was supposed to be more healthful than regular shoes. The sole was shaped like a wedgie triangle, with the narrow end at your heel and the wide end where your toes were. Additionally, the shoes sloped upwards instead of down, so your toes were slightly higher than your heel. They were mutated and backwards, like Australian mammals, and they felt good. (mikki) • My older sister once told me that since they were the opposite of high heels, Earth Shoes actually made you *shorter*. I think she was serious. (gwynne) • The news eventually said they were actually bad for you. (riley) (See also Shoes)



EARTH TONES – One of the reasons that the '70s was the coolest decade ever was that it had *its own colors*. These browny-greeny, muddy tints were preferred over clear primary colors, with one exception, the popular sunny-daisy smiley-face yellow. People even mocked bright shades as "colors not found in nature." (Hadn't they ever seen parrots or flamingoes or poppies?) The '70s were dominated by the earth tones trio of avocado green, harvest gold, and rusty orange-red, in order of popularity. You can be pretty sure that appliances – or anything else you can now find in thrift stores – came from the 1970s if they're in any of these three colors. (candi) *(My childhood bedroom set! –darby)*

EASTWOOD, CLINT – You didn't do anything about Clint Eastwood! Are you kidding? He was *the* biggest actor in the '70s. Dirty Harry was Mark Fuhrman without the racism. He was the only actor that always put some blacks in roles as good people, and at the same time wasn't afraid to show blacks in the same movie as the bad guy. He was your basic "I hate bad guys and I'm gonna put them away," and a "What do you mean there's a Bill of Rights" kind of guy. And Americans loved him for it. When he would say things like "Make my day," or "Do you feel lucky punk?" everybody in the entire theater would cheer. (dad)

EASY EDGES – In 1974, up and coming architect Frank Geary came up with a brilliant idea – furniture made of corrugated cardboard. Taking advantage of the strength of the material, he shaped it into a series of art nouveau designs. The press ate it up and went crazy. It was proclaimed the Volkswagen of furniture. After six months on the market, Geary freaked. He didn't want to be stuck as a furniture designer, and left to become a post-modernism architect. Today, his Easy Edges furniture made of disposable cardboard sells for $4,000, when it's found in decent condition. I saw one sell on Melrose for $2700, and that was about five years ago. (bruce)

ELECTRIC COMPANY – *Sesame Street* took over our memory cells where things like *Electric Company* might have been stored. Another PBS event which tried to be unique but didn't really have enough character to have staying power with our maxed-out brain storage units. (ju-ji) (See also *Sesame Street* and *Zoom!*)

ELECTRONIC HOME/HAND HELD GAMES – Dataman, Little Professor, Li'l Genius, Spelling B, Mr. Challenger, Merlin, Head to Head, Tiger Raceway, Time Out's Fireman, The Exterminator, Toss-Up, Kingpin II Electronic Pinball, Zap, Missile Invader, Super Galaxy Invader, Melody Madness, 2XL, Chess Challenger, I Took A Lickin' From Chicken, Electronic Battleship, Stop Thief, Maniac, Milton, Melody Madness,

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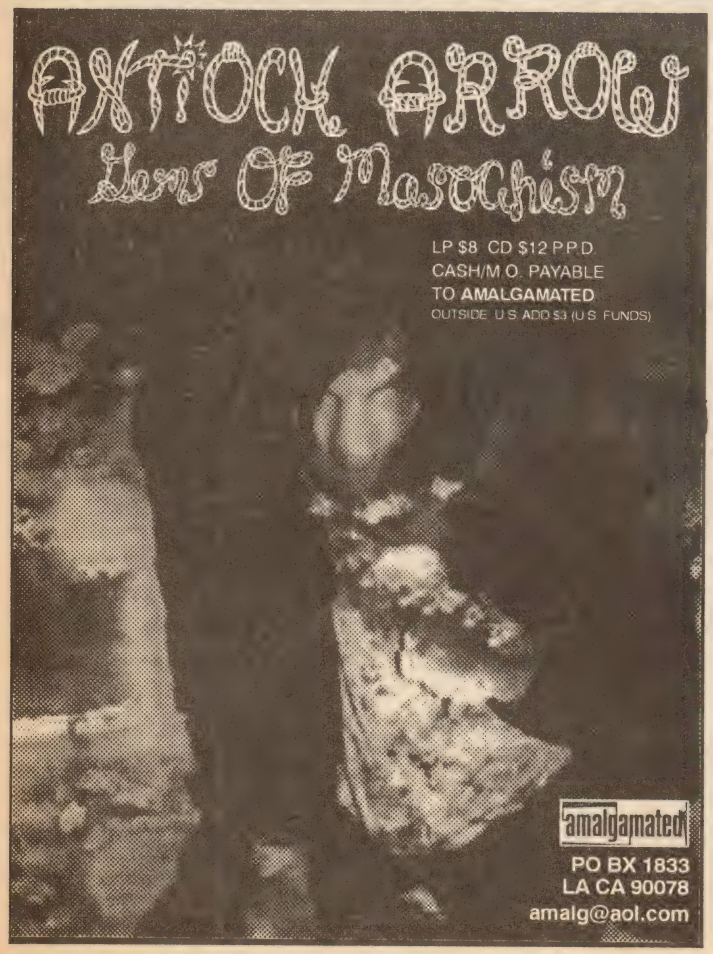
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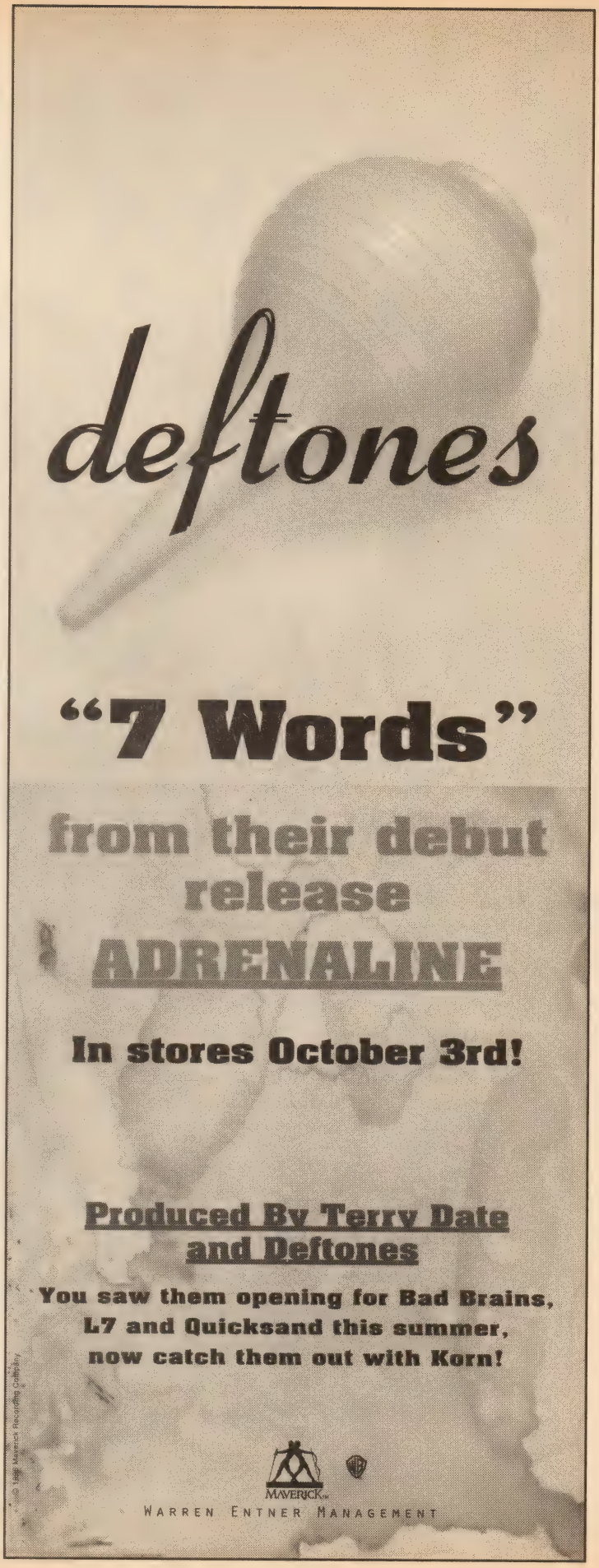
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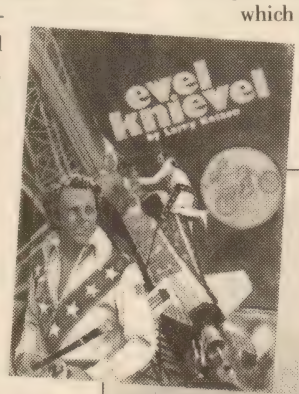
Simon (and a milion copycats, including one from Tiger actually *called* "Copycat"), Einstein, Electronic Quarterback…. (See also Mattel, Simon, Speak' n' Spell, and Video Games)

ELVIRA – Sassy death rock-like temptress with a pumpkin full of witticisms who's also known for her oh-so-fabulous cleavage, usually hosting some kind of B-movie flick or Halloween show. (noël) • Cassandra Peterson devotes all her free time to animal rights! Her silly horror flick show, which gave my little girl weekends a much needed boost. (skylaire) • Pat Morrison, bassist for The Bags and Legal Weapon (and later Gun Club and Sisters of Mercy,) tried to sue Elvira for ripping off her "look." She lost in court. (jeff) • They were both ripping off Vampira anyway! (gwynne)

ELVIS DIES – August 16, 1977. Long past his prime, a bloated joke of a legend, the King had retired into his own magical world of Graceland. Here he slept all day, wandered the halls speaking to the ghost of his stillborn twin, and shot at TV's. A glimmer of hope came in the unlikely form of Barbra Streisand, who wanted Elvis to co-star with her in an even more unlikely remake of *A Star Is Born*. There was one condition, the gross

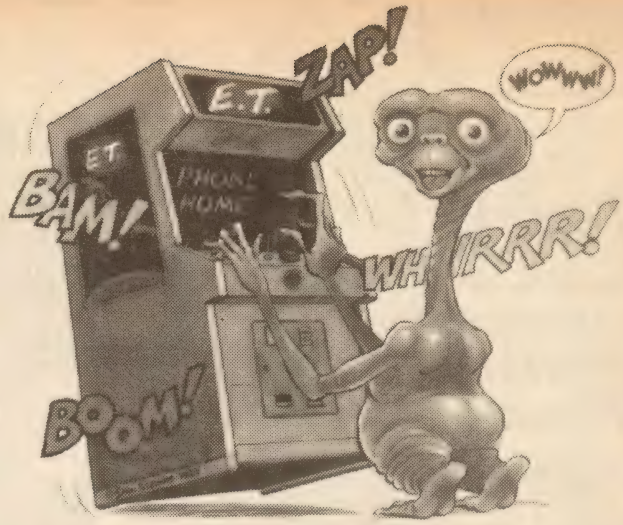
The lady rockers of the Runaways "don't need muscles to play guitar."

tonnage had to go. The El went on a strict regimen, resorting to exotic enemas, and a liquid protein diet, all bolstered by a fabulous array of prescription drugs. Perhaps it was the pills, perhaps the pudge, or maybe just his savaged rectum. On August 16th 1977, as Americians everywhere flocked to see *Star Wars* for the 12th time, Elvis Arron Presley placed his hunk of burning love atop one of Graceland's many toilets. As the drugs and enemas took effect, our hero pondered the pages of "The Search For The Historic Face Of Jesus," and Elvis the pelvis gyrated one last time, as he strained a fateful stool. The pressure of the protein-packed poop proved too much for Presley. His pulse got all shook up, and Rock 'n' Roll's greatest legend fell to the floor, bound about the ankles by his enormous underpants. There he was found, and thus saw the face of Jesus for himself. At his funeral, one of the Kennedy's used her name to enter,and snap a big bucks picture of Graceland's God filling up his casket, before they buried it in the backyard. Such is the stuff of modern American legends. (bruce) • Uriah Lovelycolors, Elvis fan and "Mr. Roboto" lip-sync performer reported that, during that infamous toilet scene, the King had a peanut butter/bacon sandwich (his favorite) in his hand. (noël)



EMERGENCY BREAKTHROUGH – Precursor to "call-waiting," this is what you had to do to reach your friends who talked on the phone for too long. This is what you still have to do to reach Don Bolles. (darby)

EMERGENCY CIGARETTES – These were cigs in thin glass tubes, which you'd have to break open in order to get to. It was a great concept really, since so many would probably breakdown and actually tweak enough to smoke these – adding another couple of bucks to the cost of the cig. They'd probably re-purchase the emergency cig-



arette too, out of guilt, for having no self-control. I think it's funny. (darby)

EMERGENCY PLUS FOUR – Jack Webb productions briefly branched out into Saturday Morning cartoons, with this spin off from *Emergency*. Our two favorite firemen tooled around with a van full ethnically balanced kids, who couldn't stay out of trouble. (bruce)

ENCYCLOPEDIA BROWN – Series of books featuring mini-mysteries by Donald J. Sobol. Encyclopedia was the braino son of Idaville's police chief, and he regularly tangled with mind-numbingly simple mysteries (generally, he would confront the one suspect, local bully Bugs Meany [who wore a Jughead Jonesesque "j.d." beanie-crown] and declare him guilty after a brief interrogation.) What made them fucked was the nature of the reasons why Encyclopedia would declare Bugs guilty, which I'd love to have seen him have to defend in a court of law. In one instance, he knew Bugs wasn't really a trained hot dog salesman because he put mustard on before relish (or maybe vice versa, who the fuck remembers). In another, Bugs alibi fell apart because ambergris (from whales, duh) floats, not sinks (or again, possibly vice versa.) I mean, heck, we always knew Bugs was guilty, especially as he was often the only suspect. Plus he wore that absurd hat. Encyclopedia had a tom-girl pal named Sally who would do whatever punching might be required. These books inspired me to attempt to start my own detective agency in my apartment complex, which fortunately no one ever hired the services of. I can never find these things in used book stores, and would pay many dimes to have the whole set again. (brian)

ENERGY CRISIS – The energy crisis of 1974, combined

We have confused the free with the free and easy.

with a series of severe winters in the mid '70s, produced a profound sense of doom. Rumors abounded that it was all the fault of the Soviets, who had used theories of Nikolai Tesla to screw up our climate. Others pointed to the fact that Lake Michigan had frozen over for the first time in 20 years as a sign that the ice ages had returned. This all made sense in a darkened house set at a patriotic 68 degrees. (bruce)

EPILADY – Scary means for hair removal which pulls the hair right out of your skin. That's dedication. (ju-ji)

ERASEABLE PENS – Essential school supply in the early '80s. When they 1st came out they were the most important invention. They did what no pen did before – and they worked too, sorta. At least better than the pens before it, which had an eraser for no reason because all you'd do is rip the paper apart trying to get them to erase the ink. So, who the fuck uses these erasable pens today? That's what we want to know. (darby/mike) • The miracle of these pens, and what made them legal, was the fact that the ink was only erasable for 24 hours. The only problem was that it stayed sticky wet during that time. The ink came out of the pen like jam onto toast, and stained hands and clothes just as well. I'm sure the inventor was expecting a fortune. (bruce)

ERASER BURN – Bored fifth graders who either finished their homework, or just wouldn't do it, would rub their erasers against the top of their hand until it would bleed, resulting in a scab that inevitably became a big, ugly, useless scar that made kids feel fraternal with their equally stupid friends who would do the same. (Now they say these scars are from working on their car). (mike)

ERASERS – First and foremost are those good smelling Sanrio erasers that I just wanted to chew on for eternity. (Everybody, please send a box load of those in my direction, c/o *Ben Is Dead.*) But then came those erasers that were shaped like space ships or Barney Rubble. Perhaps best explained as a natural extension of the "pencil-fighting" phenomenon of the early Eighties, erasers became a big fucking deal, so much so that the elders at my grade school installed a gumball machine just to sell those things to us stupid kids. Milk sales that year went down. (noël) • When I was eight I gave my pink car eraser to Ronny Stockton as a symbol of my love. I was so nervous and thought it would insure his true deep feelings for me, but he never returned my love and kept my eraser anyways. (selina) • In the first grade, I stole Melinda Smolin's Frito Bandito eraser. It was the only thing I'd ever stolen and the only time I lied until long after puberty. I finally gave it back to her in the fifth grade. (gwynne)

ERHARDT, WERNER (JACK ROSENBERG) – Founder of EST and The Forum. An expatriate guilty of tax evasion and tax fraud, an alleged cult leader, wife batterer, and incestual father. (krista) (See also EST, Religion)

ESPRIT – You could not officially be a trendy bitch without a closet full of tear-dropped-zipper-wear encrusted with that disconnected "E." It always made me think of Laverne and her scripty "L." You could be poor and still have Esprit-wear like those big square cotton bags they made in all the shades and hues of the primary colors. You could read the white letters from one end of the Galleria to the other. (morgan & ferris) (See also Flippers)

ESSO JUMPSUITS – Workers, unite! Fashion for the people! (gwynne) (See Runaway's photo)

EST – Self-improvement popular in the '70s. (krista) • They kept you in a room and wouldn't let you pee until you were enlightened. And this was years before Depends. (paul)

ESTHOLE – Person who practiced EST techniques. Term originated from enlightening program sessions where the leader would challenge an initiate's rational by referring to him or her as an asshole. (krista)

E.T. – The mania over that cuddly beer-swilling alien produced paraphernalia like those sick leathery dolls and rubber E.T. fingers that lit up when you pushed on them. (wendy) • I remember seeing *E.T.* at a drive-in and it changed my life. Maybe someday *I* would meet an alien, and have the opportunity to not only befriend it, but to return home with it! E.T. provided my escapist fun when other children were dreaming of Cabbage Patch Kids or John Schneider. E.T. was the only consumer frenzy phenomena that I have ever gone for: I had the plush E.T., the mid-size leather E.T. doll, the molded plastic E.T. with the string that, when pulled, would make him say the most endearing things. I had glass blown E.T.'s, E.T. TV trays, E.T. birthday plates, E.T. buttons, soap, and even a now-tattered E.T. marionette which was purchased in Tijuana. My fascination with the UFO phenomenon was no doubt begun by this fellow, although when I read *Communion* a few years later my opinion of the benign, enlightened, otherworldly space visitor was smashed somewhat to bits. I still, on occasion, stare wistfully at the heavens.... (skylaire) • Neil Diamond fell so hard for E.T. he made the song "Turn on Your Heartlight" just for him. Can you imagine?! Well, I had no idea. (ju-ji)

ETHNIC BALANCING – Unlike today's ethnic cleansing, the '70s were a time of ethnic balancing. Every show had to have *every* ethnicity and age group represented. This was so the show would have a totally unreal, timeless quality. Society as retro. (paul)

EVANS, LINDA – Remember when she was supposed to be the most beautiful woman alive? (ju-ji) • John Derek has this thing for blondes that look similar: Ursula Andress, Linda Evans, and Bo Derek. Now Linda's getting fucked by New Age freak Yanni, who bears a striking resemblance to Oakland A's relief pitcher Dennis Eckersley. (noël)

EVEL KNIEVEL – How did this white trash thrill seeker end up a national hero? Somehow he rode his Triumph to fame and fortune via a series of "death defying" stunts. After hitting a bus he happened to be flying over, Evel (his Mama named him Robert) got himself a chunk of press by claiming to have now broken *every* bone in his body. They made a movie of his life, staring George Hamiliton, it flew about as well as his broken bike. His ultimate dream was to leap the Grand Canyon, a dream the National Parks service did not share. The folks at Snake River Canyon proved a softer touch. Evel tried to "leap" this canyon in a custom built rocket. The thousands gathered to see him die were disappointed, along with those who had come to watch him succeed. Evel escaped the plunging rocket, but his career did not. His loyal followers soon discovered CB radios. If a man's impact could be measured by how many kids he inspired into dangerous bike stunts, Robert Knievel would be a great man, but he isn't. (bruce) • George Hamilton played him in bio flick called, "Viva Knievel." I remember he got in trouble for racist remarks. (howard) • I had the female counterpart to the Evel Knievel Doll which was called something like Dary Daring. She was a miniature doll but one of the few I'd play with, 'cause she had her own sassy cycle and one of those rev 'em up type mechanisms you'd crank and then reverse quick to make her goooo! (darby) • Evel now sells a pain relief device on infomercials. Doesn't work as well as the "off" button on the remote though. (paul)

EXECUTIVE TOYS – In the early '70s, a fashionable space was an empty white one. Some called it Minimal, but most called it sparse. (noël) • Few could handle this much nothing. Most began to seek out things to complement their Spartan offices. Expensive things that were passively fascinating. The most famous of these were the Neutron Balls, five silver balls in a row which were supposed to illustrate energy. After that came the Wave, a slow motion blue wave in a flat bottle, a sort of traumatic aquarium. Eventually offices and fashionable homes filled with magic windows of dripping sand, Plexiglas puzzles, and a pile of diamond shaped magnetic flakes called Creddle. Like most minimal things, these got boring fast. Eventually, all these "executive" playthings could be found at the local head shop, for sale to stoners tired of Lava Lamps. (bruce) • It got worse. My dad had the Executive Teddy Bear (a Teddy bear in a three-piece suit with a briefcase), even though he wasn't the executive of anything. (gwynne) • The five clicking silver balls were known as Newton balls, not Neutron. They were invented by Sir Isaac Newton. Neutron was

I've been on a calendar, but never on time. –Marilyn Monroe

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a '70s atomic bomb, and an expensive bong of the same era. (bruce) (See also Toys)

EXTENDED FOOD – At the same time that gasoline prices were skyrocketing, around 1974, prices for meat, sugar and coffee shot up too. Manufacturers responded with "extended" food products, like Mellow Roast coffee (coffee thinned with wheat), Burger Builder ("textured soy protein ground beef extender" that stretched one pound of meat into two), and Fresh Horizons bread (made low-calorie by the addition of *sawdust* – indigestible wood cellulose.) (candi)

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FACE – It was awful to get faced. It meant you looked stupid in front of your friends. Example: "You look nice today in that acid-washed jacket and neon jelly shoes." "Thanks." "Face!!" If you were quick however, you could fend off this picadillo with the "block" rejoinder. You held up your arm in front of your face and ostensibly halted getting faced, all the while exclaiming "block!" Then you would fight over whether or not you blocked the face in time or not. (morgan & ferris) • Also there was that trick where you'd claim, "Did you know your hand is as big as your face?" and when the fool tried it, you pushed their own hand in their face. (noël) • Being "faced" used to mean being too stoned, short for "shit-faced." (paul)

FACE LIFTS – So many have horrified us over the past few years with their new expensive faces, in person, in Beverly Hills, and on TV and movies. The epitome of the bad face lift is poor Michael Jackson who brings a tear to my eye every time I have to see it. Seeing Joan Rivers in person really gave me a better idea of how these end up looking, and how TV can hide your age. There's a good bit about Liberace in the book *The Encyclopedia of Bad Taste*, "Liberace's plastic surgeon removed so much wrinkled skin from the aging pianist's face that when Liberace took off the bandages, he realized with horror that he was unable to keep his eyes closed. Unless squeezed tightly, they wanted to spring open, even when he slept, requiring him to use drops throughout the night to keep his eyeballs from drying out." Eeek. (darby)

FAMILY RESTAURANTS – All-You-Can-Eat dining was the way to go when your parents had to feed you, your siblings and your friends. The chaos created by hundreds of kids eating way too much food was unmatched until the harder-core playground restaurants such as Chuck E. Cheese introduced riot-style dining. The ice cream parlors (like Farrell's) usually gave you toys and fun shit on your birthday. The Spaghetti Factory's reputation for being cheap and filling made it popular amongst the adults, and I think there was an old cable car inside to entertain the kids. (wendy) • Chuck E. Cheese rocked. My friend Brian and I went to one and discovered that the backs of certain video games were open, exposing the loot of tokens. We stole a bunch and sold them outside at bargain prices. Lots of Burger King was had. (noël) • Ah, Farrell's. Who can forget the Zoo? If you could eat this five gallon creation, it was free! (paul)

FAMOUS AMOS – Black man who started his own self-titled cookie business. My dad said he was a nice guy cause he met him when he opened his first Famous Amos Cookie shop. We'd always go to his store in Tarzana, especially after seeing a movie down the street. His cookies were yummy, nice and fresh but the bagged stuff didn't compare. There was some mini-scandal about him losing his fortune, or at least his cookie company, to some big business folks in the '80s. He started up another cookie company under a new name but I don't think it was very successful since I don't even know what it was called. (darby)

FANTASY ISLAND – In the original pilot, a number of spoiled wealthy people came to the island, and they all died! Naturally, this wasn't going to work as a series, so they softened the edge. The producers had first approached Orson Wells to play Mr. Roark. However, Citizen Wells wasn't interested in playing a wheelchair-bound sage, even with a hot blonde sidekick. (bruce) • Joe Cole's dad Dennis Cole was an actor, a real popular actor... mainly '70s, *Love Boat, Fantasy Island*... I remember seeing him in most of those episodes. He was that blond guy with the fuckin' hair – blond feathered with the part on the side, that's just tapered to his head, big smile, big teeth, real square looking jaw, your perfect Ken doll face, and he was always with this blond feathered chick. He'd be walking down that plank thing to *Fantasy Island*. You know what I mean? I mean that was *him*, he was like *the guy*. (laurel) • Da plane! Da plane! Oh Tattoo, you really pulled at our heartstrings. We heard you were a bitter little shit after the series ended but you're always #1 retro hell with us. (ju-ji)

FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS – I don't know how much of a "good" memory this is, since I guess it's really the first time I realized my looks weren't up to society's snuff. My friends and I would gather excitedly to watch *Charlie's Angels* every week, minutely discussing Kelly, Sabrina, and Jill's every move, garment, facial expression and oh-so-slightly-varying coiffure. Of course we all really wanted to be Farrah – but it was tacitly understood that those of us with dark hair and ghostly skin were supposed to settle and pretend we would be happy to be one of the others. I refused, and insisted I be Jill, much to everyone's disgust. (mikki) • When we played *Charlie's Angels* at recess, I was always Jill. We snuck around buildings aiming guns while bracing our arms for the backfire. I drove a pretend yellow mustang and flipped my imaginary long blond tresses. Farrah was only on the show for one season, but it was enough to reel us all in. Remember those Fabergé (with milk and honey) commercials (🏈) that spoke those immortal lines, "You tell two friends and they'll tell two friends and so on and so on..." while Farrah's face multiplied on the screen. Oh, sweet Jesus, that was heaven. I had her poster on the wall in my room, all of the *Charlie's Angel's* trading cards, and even the dolls. She was my idol. (jes) • I thought she was kind of ugly, with a mannish, square jaw, weird nose, a smile that looked more like a "who farted?" grimace, and small, droopy boobs. Cheryl Tiegs, Cheryl Ladd, and especially Britt Eklund I understood, but this *meeskite*? Years later, a lover tried to convince me I didn't need to lose any weight because he hated that "gross, skinny, Farrah Fawcett type." Still, *Vendetta* is a really rad movie. (gwynne) • Note: Farrah's new *Playboy* look has her with smoother skin then she ever had 20 years ago – weird huh. And what's up with those nipples!? (See also *Charlie's Angels*) 🏈

Don't you hate when you ask your parents for a Farrah Fawcett-Majors poster for your birthday and they get you a Lassie one instead!

There are well over 100 million Frisbees in the world.

FARRAH FAWCETT'S FEATHERED HAIR – My dippy follower of a sister tried this one (though she now thinks she's the original dreadlock'er). Over the shag and the bob reigned (blonde) feathered hair as the trendy 'do. Match that with some powder blue eye shadow, succulent, translucent cherry-red lip-gloss and squeeze it into a pair of designer lace-up jeans and a lace-up bodice and the Farrah-be was good to go! (karrin) • Remember when girls would carry those big plastic combs in the back pockets of their cut-offs so they could brush their Farrah-'dos upside-down with their heads hanging between their legs and then flip the whole thing back, sometimes whipping passers-by with their newly-fluffed manes. I think I used to see this in a lot of 7-11 parking lots. (gwynne) • A couple of teenaged girls in Texas, jealous of a classmate's new Farrah 'do, waited by her locker and tossed acid at her face and hair, resulting in serious burns and hair loss. (allison)

FAT ALBERT AND THE COSBY KIDS – Based on Cosby's records from the early '60s, Fat Albert was an nimated show set in slum in North Philadelphia. Colorful characters such as the eponymous Fat Albert, Russell, Mush-Mouth, and Rudy; it always ended with a moralistic musical number in which the Kids played instruments fashioned out of junk. (nick) • Hey hey hey. I always thought it was weird, this black guy pretending to be hanging out with these black cartoon characters. Bill was a good guy though. And I always wished Fat Albert was *my* friend... But the character we'd imitate the most was the guy who looked like he had a large clam shell over his head and face and the guy that talked eye-badeyba with big flubbering lips – don't confuse the two, Noël says that's bad. They were a jammin' junk rock band (later influencing Einstürzende Neubauten, Pussy Galore, Artis the Spoonman, and Doo Rag) and always went to their hide-out to watch the cartoon "The Brown Hornet." (darby/noël)

FEATHER AND BEAD HAIR ACCESSORIES, EARRINGS AND ROACH-CLIPS – Need I say more? We really wore them, and pheasant-feathers were the best, longest and coolest ones. (pleasant)

"FEED THE WORLD" / "WE ARE THE WORLD" – The Brits, led by supersensitivos Bob Geldof of the Boomtown Rats and Midge Ure of Ultravox pulled together a bunch of their pop star pals (this is back in the days when Americans (beyond KROQ-ers) knew or cared about British pop stars; to sing a Christmas tune about starving victims of vicious government policies in Ethiopia, tho' the government part didn't get mentioned. Americans, flexing that mighty imperial muscle and showing that we were no one's colony anymore, responded with the star-studded "We are the World" – Richie! Jackson! Springsteen! Lauper! Perry! Dylan! Turner! That song was terrible too. The whole process led to Live Aid, which I stayed up all night after my McDonald's shift ended to watch for some reason. I don't think either song has ever been heard by anyone since the end of 1985, and we're not missing anything. (brian) • These horrible 7" singles were the result of good hearted musicians who felt compelled to help the starving people in Africa back in 1984. The Brits

So tell me, did you get a little kissy? –Sherrif Taylor to Opie

came first with "Feed the World" which combined the talents of Duran Duran, Tears for Fears, Boy George, U2, and a lot of other wackos who chimed in their prescribed lines throughout the song. A few months later, the lagging Ugly Americans followed suit with Quincy Jones' "We Are the World" that included the likes of Bruce Springsteen, Michael Jackson, Cyndi Lauper, Lionel Richie, and Ray Charles, among others. The two songs touched the hearts of so many people that a huge worldwide event, Live Aid, was thrown together for the summer of 1985, boasting two huge concerts with a dazzling array of artists on two separate continents, televised across the entire Milky Way. It was then that then-chubby Madonna graced the stage with her new look for the world: floral-print pants. It was also the day that the kitty cat I sneaked into the backyard tool shed (my Mom hates pets) took a shit inside my house. (noël) • Michael Jackson had to change a line in the song after it was all finished, before it could be released, because it seemed to advocate suicide. The line was originally "There's a choice we're making; We're taking our own lives," but it ended up, "We're saving our own lives." (don) • The Ramones did a kind of lame parody called "Hands Across Your Face," with all the Rodney Bingenheimer quasi-celebrities as extras. (gwynne)

FEMINISM – Despite the fact that the early feminists seem to have mutated into shrill, menopausal porn-hating anti-sex victims, you have to admit they were pretty cool when they started out. Gloria Steinem was a fox and they had a message that you could be whatever you wanted to be – revolutionary indeed. (mikki) (See also Crock Pot, and Witch Movies)

FIBER OPTICS – They said this was a great invention for our future – and AT&T sure thinks so today – but back then it was mostly utilized in arty doo-dads like ugly lamps they'd try to sell you at the mall. (darby) • These things are vital for the future of Information Super Hi-jinx so everything will be *Real Time*™. (noël)

FIFTIES REVIVALS like *Grease*, *Happy Days*, *Laverne and Shirley*, *The Outsiders*, Cafe '50s, Johnny Rockets, *Hollywood Knights*, *Sha Na Na*, *American Graffiti*, *American Hot Wax*... • We had a "fifties day," to be followed by an after-school "sock hop," in the seventh grade. I wore my mom's old clothes and for the first time felt like I looked kind of good. Then Ben Regan threw chocolate milk on me at lunch, and we got into a fistfight. He gave me a black eye, and we both got suspended. A few years later I heard a rumor that he was dead, and I was glad. (gwynne)

FIRST BOYFRIEND – These things can scar you for life. When I was 15 I met a 19 year old banker named Michael Miller, already divorced and (unbeknownst to me) completely homicidal, money mad and drug damaged. Ironically I met him through a funny punk kid at a youth conference for zombified Christian teens. He took me out and I assessed his personality – a bit too 'shouldn't he be under observation?' for my tastes, so I gracefully declined our next dinner date and he threatened to have me off'ed by his father's terrorist cohorts (according to him, they were leading members of the Basque liberation movement.) So, having no better options, and completely lacking wisdom, I sort of dated him for about a year. We fought, strangled, slapped each other, I threw him down a flight of stairs. He was a semi-reformed coke addict. He always begged me to say I wanted his baby. He drove me downtown and told me he was going to leave me for his father and his friends to rape me. I wouldn't call him for a day and he'd accuse me of cheating. He called me a whore for dying my hair. He kept a shot gun under his bed which he thought he could torture me with. He said vile things and then pretended to cry. He bought a ferret, which I had wanted for about seven years, and gave it the name I had picked out for mine. On my 16th birthday he claimed he had to go do his taxes with his sister. I found out he had been seeing his virginal neighbor for months, who he claimed was of 'pure Spanish blood'. When I finally figured out I wasn't going to be murdered and he was only a coward anyway, I finally ended it. Still he showed up at my house at midnight, left threatening messages, and appeared in the halls of my high school. He moved to New York to live with his mother, a money grubbing bitch, who had just married a rich banker. The one call he made from there was to tell me he was dying of AIDS. Funny story, no? Unfortunately I can't say my luck since has been much better. (skylaire)

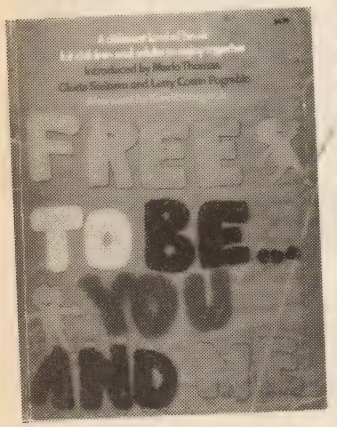
FIRST KISS – My first kiss happened the summer after third grade when I was at a overnight camp-out. There was this boy who me and my sister both liked and we were sitting next to him around the fire. He was holding my hand and he whispered, "I have a secret to tell you..." and I said, "What?" and he kissed me. When I told my sister the next day she said he did the same thing to her. (jes) • Sixth grade. I remember planning out the big event of "french kissing" with my sorta boyfriend, Darrin Lashinsky (the depths of our relationship being that I'd let him feel me up.) We snuck into the bathroom at lunch and spent an hour trying to do it. I couldn't help but laugh everytime we'd get close. At first he was laughing too, then at the end he was getting pissed. I couldn't do it, the concept of tongue kissing was just too silly. We were so caught up in it though we didn't notice the bell ring and that the class was already in the room, so we ended up having to exit the bathroom, which was at the front of the class, in front of everyone. It took a long time to live that down, even though nothing happened. And I didn't actually end up french kissing until the eigth grade, in a scary back of the bus rendition of truth or dare. (darby)

FISH – Abe Vigoda from Barney Miller has been an underground scenester icon for many years now. His number one fan, Cake from *Flipside*, is so involved in his work turning Fish into a modern day buddha that he couldn't break himself away from his studies to write about him. Our loss. But we recommend you stare at his photograph while you meditate.

FISHNET PURSES – The bigger the purse the better. These were colored plastic net you'd buy at Long's or Clark's Drugs and worked really well during the new wave period. They're always in with the grannies. (ju-ji)

FIZZIES – They were these tablets that were supposed to be dropped into a glass of water and then sugar added. The flavor I remember was the bright red cherry. They looked like brightly colored Alka-Seltzer and fizzed like it and actually tasted like it too. (riley)

FLASHDANCE – Though *Fame*, *Chorus Line*, and *All That Jazz*, etc. came first (and Gwynne, the only reason *All That Jazz* fits in this list is because of the dance clothing), it wasn't until *Flashdance*, the TV version of *Fame*, and later *Stayin' Alive* and *Perfect*, that the whole dancewear phenomena occurred full-force. If Jennifer Beals didn't look so good in those cut sweatshirts and leg warmers I doubt women would have gone for it in such a big way. This movie really made guys appreciate the technique most fems possess of being able to change clothes in front of someone without letting them see anything. (darby)



FLIPPERS – It was 1978 and disco was out but Flippers was in. Each Saturday afternoon all the girls in school would instruct their moms and dads to drop them off at Flippers Roller Boogie Palace on the corner of La Cienega and Santa Monica Blvd. Flippers was *the* place to be on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. "Shooting the Duck" to the tunes of Michael Jackson's "Rock All Night" and the Bay City Rollers "Saturday Night," though nothing got the rink going more than The Knack's "My Sharona" – talk about wild! Noteworthy Flipper items include: Cher having a birthday party for Chastity Bono; TV show *Chips* filming an episode there with special guest star Leif Garrett, who ended the show with a performance singing "I Was Made for Loving You." It was like we all made the big time, our local rink on national TV, with Eric Estrada and Leif Garrett! Finally, the glitter was gone, the DJ booth sealed tight, the skates tossed at the back of the closet, the days of roller fever had truly come to a close. Flippers closed and years later it reopened as an Esprit store. (gihan) • I was going to have my 10th birthday party there, but they closed down two days before! (howard) • Occasionally, they'd book Punk and New Wave shows. I saw The Last, Eddie and the Subtitles, The Simpletones, The Falcons, and the Plimsouls there. Black Flag played once, and some of their entourage threw dirt and rocks all over the rink, which put an end to *that*. (gwynne) (See also Esprit)

FONDA, JANE – Bitch. Little commie ass-hole bitch. I remember your cousin used to babysit for her, and she was sooo proud – "I babysit for Jane Fonda." And I'd just stare at her. The only satisfaction I got was when she opened her athletic club in Encino and it went belly-up. I never went to any of her movies, and I tried not to *rent* any of her movies, so I wouldn't in any accidental way end up paying her any money. *Why?* During the Vietnam War she went to N. Vietnam and sat in an anti-aircraft gun and pretended to be shooting down American aircraft. She was a traitor, who

deserved to have gone to prison. Certainly much more of a traitor than Tokyo Rose (WWII.) (dad) • Whatever! Jane Fonda was a *stone fox*! Show me a man who could think about politics while watching *Barbarella*, and I'll show you a man that didn't have to worry much about getting drafted! (*Huh? Dad's 50 and was a prime draft target back then. –ed)* Besides, Ho Chi Minh was way cool, and we had no business being over there anyway. (don 'right on' bolles)

FONZIE – I never did understand Fonzie. Here's this short little Jewish guy and all these girls screaming their heads off over him. But I didn't give a shit, because I was selling a lot of Fonzie t-shirts at my store. (dad) • This is a story I heard second hand and never quiet verified: Supposedly Henry Winkler's kids didn't think their dad was very cool – I guess they grew up when *Happy Days* was already off the air or just didn't relate with the Fonz. So when the Weezer video came out with all that *Happy Days* imagry the kids were able to relate something that is "cool" today (Weezer) to something that was "cool" then (their dad.) So rumor has it that Henry Winkler had some run-in with Weezer, probably at some Planet Hollywood soirée, and he thanked them for making his kids think he was cool. Heh Fonzie! (darby) (See also "Dad & Decals" article and "Normal Guys" article in *Bunnyhop Magazine)*

FONZIE RECORD – I had an 8-track tape called "Fonzie Favorites" with cheesy novelty songs from the '50s like "You Talk Too Much" and "Charlie Brown." Drove my mother crazy by playing it all the time. Had nothing to do with Fonzie other than the picture of him on the tape. (howard) • This *is* a weird fucking record. Besides Fonzie's '50s favorites there are "The Fonzarelli Slide" and "The Fonz Song," and then the "Impressionist Track" which is this Vinnie Barbarino impersonator doing Fonzi saying "Aaaay," "Cool," "Nerd," and "Sit On It!" Made by a completely disturbed individual who is probably an alien. (darby)

FOOD STICKS (also called Space Food Sticks) – The peanut butter were the best, a 1/2" thick cylindrical-shaped powerbar without the icky sawdust texture; I think the astronauts were supposed to have eaten them in space. (riley) • These are my second most missed "foods." There was original, peanut butter, and chocolate. I normally ate a few sticks a day, and liked to take one, squash it from each end into a small compact sphere and nibble the edges. I liked to mash different flavors together into a food stick ball. They came in a brown wrapper that made them seem almost natural yet futuristic at the same time. (darby) (See also Junk Food)

FRED RATED – The Federated Guy. We loved him, didn't we? He was a snotty hip swingin' dude, sorta along the lines of a Diamond Dave that didn't make it so big. He was ex-dj Shadoe Stevens. And they gave him enough money to buy crazy drugs and make freaked-out low budget commercials for the needy electronics consumers. Watching an old tape of them I realize how bitchin' and cutting edge Shadoe and crew really were. Federated ended up going out of business and I'm pretty certain it's because they let Fred go a few years before their demise. (darby) • Mike found all the 3/4" tapes at a thrift store. These are rad. To get a copy of all these commercials on video send $15, checks made out to Mike V., to 614 S. Cloverdale #3, LA, CA 90036. • Note: Today Shadoe hosts a satellite television show Skylaire sometimes works on called *Weird America*.

Because of indifference, one dies before one actually dies.

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT

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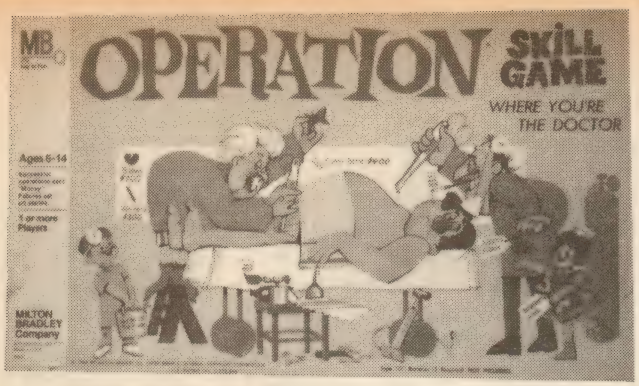


FREE ABORTIONS – (See also Birth Control)

FREE TO BE YOU AND ME – It was this '70s liberal variety special TV show *(and scary liberal kids book. -ed)*, hosted by Marlo Thomas, that taught you about being yourself, and live and let live through song and dance. The music was eventually released on vinyl. (riley)

THE FREEDOM TRAIN – Amtrak's contribution to the Bicentennial. Several gaudy red, white, and blue cars holding various things Americana. Patriots boarded at the caboose, and were whisked on a moving sidewalk through 200 years of audio/visual history. Part of the train's charm was that it stopped in many small towns, as well as the decayed rail yards of our major cities. I'm not sure, but I think the cars were donated to Jimmy Carter later on, to serve as the official White House train. (bruce)

FRESCA – My mom and all her friends drank this – I guess it's good to wash down your Valium and resentment with. (mikki) (See also Tab and Sodas)

FRY BABY – A mid-'70s small-appliance breakthrough: the personal deep fryer! It let you whip up a single serving of fresh, hot french fries right in your own kitchen (a bigger version, the Fry Daddy, made family-size batches.) In that more innocent time, no one seemed to have a clue that fried food could be bad for you, and that fry-making was better left to McDonald's. (candi) (See also Crock Pot, and Kitchen Appliances)

FUNKY PHANTOM – A bicentennial-inspired cartoon about a dead Revolutionary War hero who helped three modern day teens solve Scooby-Doo-esque mysteries. Funky's catch phrase: "Heavens to Hessians!" (nick) (See also Cartoons)

FURNITURE OF THE '70s – Anything made of groovy natural material qualifies: wood, wicker, bamboo, rope, cork, muslin, burlap, leather or suede, earthenware pottery. In retrospect, this mottled, textured, stippled, sprinkled look kinda makes one feel itchy. Other trends: Supergraphics; hippie or post-hippie posters; shag carpeting (in Earth Tones, full of munchies-crumbs and flakes of marijuana dropped while rolling joints); do-it-yourself cheapo furniture: board-and-brick bookcases, crate end-tables, telephone-cable spool dining tables (well, some things never change); cotton Indian-print bedspreads in muddy curry colors; lots and lots of living plants (hanging in macramé plant slings!) and dried flowers or weeds; octagonal wooden end-tables; directors chairs; spineless or unstructured furniture: waterbeds, beanbag chairs, giant floor pillows, inflatable chairs, foam-rubber cube furniture; modular conversation-pit sofas; wood stoves and ceiling fans. (candi) • And we mustn't forget bubble chairs. (howard) • And the primary-colored, pod-shaped chairs with a built-in radio, and the giant hand like the one in which Bobby Sherman sits on on the inside flap of *With Love, Bobby*..... (gwynne)

Game Shows

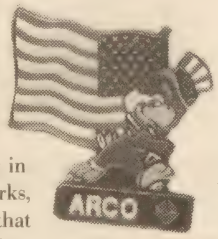
Most game shows exhibited a profound disgust for humanity. They were, in effect, Mark Goodson/Bill Todman/Josef Mengele productions. Gimmicks, gimmicks, gimmicks. The "winner" on the *The Magnificent Marble Machine*, for instance, got a shot to play a 30-foot (or so it seemed) oversized pinball machine that took two people to work the flippers. *Beat the Clock* made contestant and celebrity fools grimace grotesquely as they passed water balloons along cheek to jowl in pursuit of Rice-A-Roni, Rolltex Roll-On Paints, Turtle Wax, and other crap. *Diamond Head* featured a Don Ho theme and a money tube in which the "winner" tried (alas, vainly) to grab money out of the air as they were blown by at hurricane velocity. *Almost Anything Goes* (a primetime show) pitted whole towns against one another, competing in such Olympian contests as sliding huge mugs of "beer" down a 70-foot bar. *High Rollers*, with a pre-*Jeopardy!* Alex Trebek, featured a craps table and oversized dice. Contestants would rattle those dinosaur bones and then a grocery-store checkout conveyor belt would slide 'em back up, easy as can be. Competition deluxe: *$100,000 Name That Tune*, featuring faceless game show host Tom Kennedy squaring off against *Face The Music*, hosted by TV *Tarzan* Ron Ely. Both shows featured singers who would belt out tunes but insert "la-las" for the title. To wit: "La, La, my belle, these are words that go together well..." Name... that... tune. Who can forget ex-21 host Jack Barry calling out the values on *Joker's Wild?*: "Jokah, Jokah,...no." *Treasure Hunt*, hosted by Geoff Edwards – who had more game shows than McLean Stevenson had sitcoms – always ended the same way. Geoff would introduce Mr. Phineas J. Fuffenstuff III, resident of England, clad in derby and British suit, and ask him: "Mr Fuffenstuff III, did you hide a check for $10,000?" And Mr. Whoopee would reply curtly: "Yes, I did, Geoff," and then wander about the set and pick it up. Bad prizes were called clunkers: a bowl of applesauce, a wheelbarrow of canteloupes, a chimpanzee wearing a dress. Did it happen or did we dream it? An urban legend holds that a female *Newlywed Game* contestant was asked "Where was the strangest place you ever made whoopee?" The answer came back: "I'm gonna say he's gonna say in the butt.'" I have met at least four people who claimed to witness this historic TV discussion, but Bob Eubanks, MC of the *Newlywed Game*, hotly denies it ever took place. Like the theory that Paul McCartney actually died in a 1966 car crash (cf: "I was alone, I took a ride, I didn't know what I would find there..."), this sounds so real it must be true. (nick)

The evil that men do lives after them. –Antony, in Shakespeare's

Sign says: Cars with 1/2 tank or more get no gas here.

FUZZY STEERING WHEEL COVERS – These remind me of the fuzzy covers you use for toilet seats. It's a very daring statement today. Back then it was smart. (darby)

THE (SHERMAN OAKS) GALLERIA – The mall of malls where all the vals and val-wannabees (there were some) met and bought lots of totally bitchin' mini-skirts and little socks and white pumps… all with daddy's credit cards. Of course your future husband/doctor/lawyer was there too – you just had to find him. (Like, check out the movie *Valley Girl.*) (ju-ji) (See also Malls and Valley Girls)



GAME SHOWS – Influx of insane games like *Love Connection*, *Dating Game*, *$10,000 Pyramid*, *Hollywood Squares*, *Match Game*…. Very popular with the TV stars as there weren't enough talk shows for star comebacks or in-between-gigs publicity. (darby) • An FCC ruling in 1969 took the 7:30 to 8:00 away from the networks, and gave it to the local stations. The idea was that they would devote the time to local programming. Instead they bought syndicated programs, and ran them for rating points. The most popular of these programs were nighttime versions of daytime network game shows. Who can forget those great game show celebrities, who never seemed to do anything else: Kitty Carlile, Peggy Cass, Charles Nelson Reily, Bret Summers, Arliene Francis, Anitta Gillete, J.P. Morgan, etc. (bruce) (See also Celebrity Sweepstakes, $1.98 Beauty Show, Nipsey Russell and "Game Shows" sidebar)

GAMES, MISC. – This section is hard to fill, as most of the standard American packaged kid games are still around, but one thing to note is that in the past five years a lot of them have been altered in various ways. Some just have new packaging, like Don't Break the Ice and Cootie, which is real modern icky. But others, like the board game Candyland, are completely different games going by the familiar old name. I think there should be a law against that kind of blatant disrespect for our retro! (ju-ji) • The pop-o-matic was one of the most important inventions of our time. Also think: Hacky-sac, blinking contests and breath-holding contests, spinning to make yourself dizzy, etc. (See also Toys, and *Yes and Know* books)

GARBAGE PAIL KIDS – My personal favorite was "Haunted Hollis." Stickers with gross-out graphics that took cute little Cabbage Patch Kids and turned them into derelicts. Kind of like what would happen when all those young mothers who adopted Cabbage Patch dolls get hooked on smack and abandon them in a city dump. There were two versions of each sticker in each set they put out, with the only difference being a name change. What a clever way to make more money! These things were cool because they really pissed off your parents and you could stick them on the desk of your enemies when you found one with a matching name! (howard) (See also the movie of the same name!)

GARRET, LEIF – It's weird to imagine Leif not looking so hot – but it's true. Today he makes handmade candles that he sells at stores like Y-Que in Silverlake. (ju-ji)

GAS STATIONS, FULL-SERVICE – These disappeared in the '80s as the mini-mart phenomena began. With the addition of bullet-proof glass and gas station attendants who never leave their cages, today's stations compliment our more fearful, unsupportive and disconnected society. (darby) • Shell Presidential Coins, "Put a Tiger in your tank," 1974 gas crunch, Spirit '76 Olympic Pins… (mike)

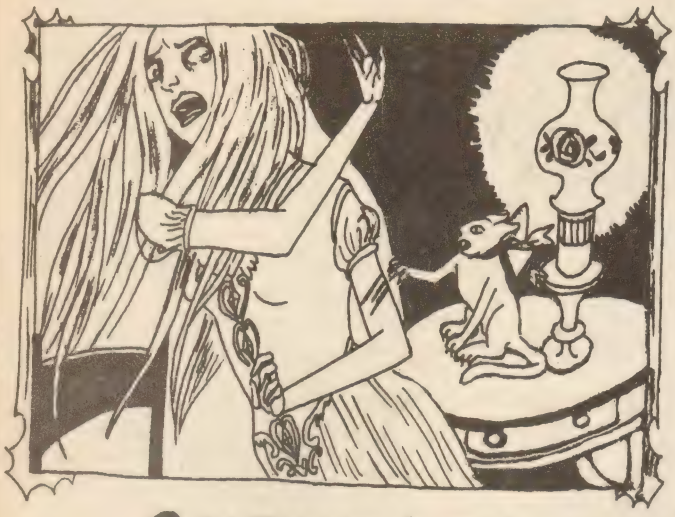
GASS SHOES – Back when Bass shoes were the last word in high school style, Kenny's Shoes produced their own knock offs, Gass shoes. They said they were not copies, and that the name stood for Great American Shoe Store. As far as knock offs go, they weren't bad. However, they had one fatal flaw. Like Bass shoes, these had their name in large letters on the sole. If you wore them on a snowy day, your footprints betrayed your cheapness, and made you the target of put-downs and snowballs. The unlucky became true fashion victims. (bruce)

GAUCHOS – Ugly corduroy pant-like things that were horrendously tacky and unflattering (like that ever stopped me.) They were like big huge shorts that went to about mid-calf, the predecessor to the big clothes thing that all the gang/scenesters are into now. Not to be confused with culottes, which were little skirts with legs. No fashion conscious girl in the 1970s was without these essential articles. (jes)

GENERAL HOSPITAL – In the middle of my grandparents' 50th wedding anniversary, my cousin shouted that she'd seen Scorpio in the hotel! She led my sister down the stairs where she'd seen him, but for some reason I couldn't go, which left me running around the hotel in a panic looking for some sign of him. Just as I'd given up hope, practically the whole cast of *General Hospital* came walking into the lobby, bigger than life! I stood there in my suit and yarmulke looking up at them in complete awe, practically crying I was so overwhelmed. I got their autographs, telling them I was their biggest fan. It turns out my sister and cousin did eventually track Scorpio down in a bar, where he knocked back a few and proceeded to hit on the star-struck teens. (dave)

***GENERAL HOSPITAL* RECORDING ARTISTS** – Guitar-wielding soap stars. Rick Springfield (Dr. Noah Drake) started off the bunch, becoming a singer on the soap opera and at the same time becoming a singing star in the real world. Next, kid punk "Blackie" played by a young John Stamos ('82), went that route, though no one remembers any songs he did. And finally there was Jack Wagner (alias Frisco Jones) with his mushy "All I Need" (is just a little more time, to be sure, what I feel, is it all in my mind, 'cause it seems so hard to believe, that you're all I need… sorry, it's just so damn catchy.) The people in charge of that soap still try to make (bad) music an integral part of the show. Today Luke owns a "House of Blues"–type club in which people like Ms. Mary May Ward sing the blues, and miscellaneous famous guest stars whom I can't recall sometimes appear. There's also Wallace Kurth's version of rock god "Eddie Maine" (really an alias for business man Ned Ashton), and that ugh ex-Menudo guy playing Miguel, with thousands of screaming fans during his TV performances and that pukey song "Don't Stop Now…." May sound horrible but compared to *The Young and The Restless'* Michael Damian (Danny Romalotti) and his Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat nonsense, G.H. fuckin rocks. If you're so pathetic to need to choose, Channel 7 soaps rule. (darby) • Totally. (selina) • Fuck you both. (noël) (See also Luke & Laura)

Kittywinder



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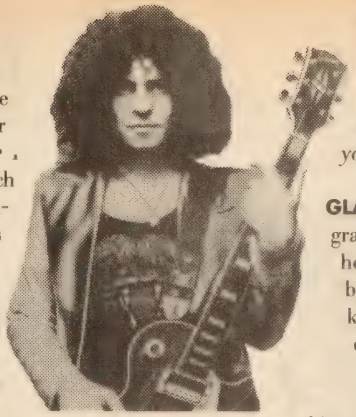
GHOST STORIES – There's that old school one with the guy and girl on a date and the man with the claw, but it's much too complex for these great minds to recall. • Eagle's "Hotel California" is based on an urban legend in which a man hooks up with a lady, has the time of his life, and when he goes to her house to return something, her mother informs him that the person's been dead for years. (noël) • I think you're referring to a song called *The Legend of Laurie*, which came out in the early '60s. (don) • Remember that story from elementary school days, "When the log rolls over we'll all drown." It was about this hotel, which as a kid I always imagined was the "Hotel California." This couple goes into a hotel and they are completely tired and need to sleep. The proprietor explains that there's a vacant room but that it's on the top floor of the hotel and that it's haunted. They're so tired they tell him it doesn't matter and they take it. After a few minutes in bed they hear a noise, "If the log rolls over we'll all drown." And of course they get so scared they jump out the window. This happens to about three more people until one guy who takes the room hears the noise, and instead of jumping out the window he goes into the bathroom to see what it is. In there he finds a bunch of ants on a piece of shit in the toilet and they're singing, "If the log rolls over we'll all drown." That was one of the best jokes in elementary school! It's no wonder we liked shit like *Happy Days*!" (darby) (taken in true retro fashion from the "Gross" issue of *Ben Is Dead*, December 1991)



GI JOE – By our time G.I. Joe got life-like hair and a kung-fu grip (and couldn't fight Germans and Japanese anymore). In the '70s the military was so discredited, GI Joe wasn't even a soldier anymore but instead he became a part of "The Adventure Team." He shrank to 3 1/2" tall and fought terrorists. By 1980 he fought aliens. He regained his potency after The Persian Gulf War, and regained his full ten inches. But it's not how big they are, it's how you play with them. (bruce/noël) (See also Toys)

GIBBS, ANDY – Andy's hits included *Love Is Thicker Than Water*, *You Are My Everything*.... As a little girl I used to listen to Casey Casem every Saturday when he did the top 20 countdown and one summer (around '76) Andy Gibb had the #1 song in the nation almost every week. Andy and Victoria Principal (of *Dallas*, and that incredibly laughable infomercial – of which many a nightmare stems), had a bad record (which had the hit *Dream, Dream, Dream*) and a love affair but she dumped him. Soon after he died (1987) of a cocaine overdose, and a broken heart. Tragedy. (jes) • Andy's soothing, whiney pre-teen angst toons were the best to make up dances to, besides Michael Jackson's *Off the Wall*. Andy, I miss you, and your shadow dancing. (ju-ji)

GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN – No, not the super-hit by Ms. Lauper, but the movie. This movie starred various unknowns at the time, but spawned three gargantuan starlets – Shannen Doherty, Helen Hunt, and Sarah Jessica Parker. It was sort of a *Flashdance* meets *Dance Party USA* and my sister watched it over and over on Betamax. (morgan)

GLITTER/GLAM ROCK – Certainly, the only worthwhile musical "movement" of the '70s, sans punk. I suppose it began with Bowie, The Sweet, T. Rex, Gary Glitter, and stateside, the New York Dolls, and maybe Alice Cooper. How the hell can Stone Temple Pilots sell a billion records when it would just be soo much smarter to find that first Dolls LP? It was all *so* much more interesting and exciting. How does the youth of today survive? Where *is* justice? Glam kinda mutated into a joke, merging with bad metal guitar sometime in the mid '80s. But when it was good...I mean, David Johansen *knew* how to wear high heels! The New York Dolls *knew* how to pull off thigh-high vinyl platforms! Who the hell are *you?* (skylaire)

GLASS STORAGE JARS – Bulk beans and grains and pasta and spices could be carried home from the hippie natural food co-op in brown paper bags, but once in your kitchen, more substantial and protective containers were needed. Up rose a whole industry providing storage jars (Mason, Kerr...) of all shapes and sizes, from tall skinny jars for spaghetti to squatty ones for lentils. Old-fashioned canning jars were one cool option, but the most stylish choice was the clear cylinder topped with a giant cork. Glass was the best, hippest material – made from natural sand, recyclable – as opposed to square, Nixonian, plastic Tupperware. (candi)

***G.L.O.W.* (GORGEOUS LADIES OF WRESTLING)** – A dim memory, frighteningly made-up hellcats, clawing each others eyes out and singing and dancing to the theme song of their show at the end, in front of the giant neon G.L.O.W. sign. Reform school rejects or role models? I could never quite decide. (skylaire)

GLOWSTICKS – Plastic sticks with a hole on the end (presumably for tying Lisa Frank necklaces to) which you snapped – magically and mysteriously igniting the toxic cancer–causing contents. They would glow for about three or four hours and were super–popular at the all-nite skate. (morgan & ferris) Note: Halloween and Burning Man does not occur without these today.

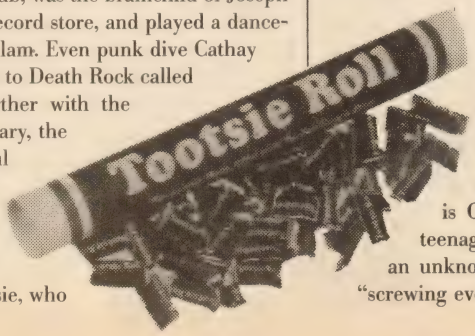
GO ASK ALICE – Forget all the retro boomer entertainment on the market these days: in the made-for-TV-movie landscape of the 1970s, *Go Ask Alice* was *it*. Its star, Jamie Smith Jackson, became my ultimate blueprint for teen girlhood after I saw the ABC-TV movie; one of the first and still the best of the kids-getting-into-drugs-at-the-high-school genre. The movie is perfect – Alice gets mixed up with the stoner kids after they dose her with acid-laced soda ("Button, button, who's got the button?") at a party while a bad cover of Traffic's "Dear Mr. Fantasy" oozes on the soundtrack. Soon she's slimmed down thanks to speed, replaced her cheerful plaids and carefully curled locks with super fine flares and floppy hats, ran away from home, gotten really strung out, and encountered Andy Griffith as the weary "priest who knows about kids." Home again, caught between her perkily naive parents (her mom actually witnesses the following exchange: "Hey Alice, why don't you get off your high horse?...Or your horse high!") and the ruthless kids who just won't let her be good, Alice struggles to save herself. After being dosed while babysitting and hospitalized as a result, she's reunited with her annoying pre-drugs best friend and ultra square dad's-protégé boyfriend - the semiotics of this movie definitely run counter to its anti-drug message. The movie ends with a freeze frame of Alice, poised to start a new school year, as her mom's voice informs us that Alice died of "an overdose of drugs" shortly after her 16th birthday. To quote an ABC press release: "How 'mellow' is a down? How 'soft' are the drugs? Go ask Alice. I think she'll know." As I said, perfect. And Jamie Smith Jackson's performance as Alice, complete with diary entry narration, remains the definitive image of teen angst. These days Jamie Smith makes art ("altar-like box constructions")

Gumby is the spark of divinity in each of us. Eddie Murphy instinctively picked up on this when he asserted, "I'm Gumby, damnit!" –Art Clokey

and (this is just *too* great) is married to Michael Ontkean (*The Rookies, Making Love, Twin Peaks.*) (allison)

THE GONG SHOW – Chuck Barris introduced the Unknown Comic, the flounder dance, and greatly influenced modern day performance art with this cool talent show. Spin offs: *The $1.98 Beauty Contest*, the *Gong Show Movie*...(howard) • We all know someone who made it on the show, even if it's just Rerun from *What's Happening*, doing his far-out breakin' moves (which Jon Salinger does a super imitation of.) Started in 1976, this was an amateur talent contest in which celebs would judge contestants and, after pretending to control themselves when a really bad act came, they'd inevitably give them the "gong," which was sorta their version of the cane. They'd always throw in one or two people who were actually talented to win the prize – though I can't recall what those were, surely something silly. Lotsa camps and schools would hold their own similar gong-style talent shows for a while during its peak. It was the epitome of bad TV, and a good example of what could pass for entertainment at the time. (darby) • Della Barris was in my ninth-grade class. One day we sat with her at lunch and she told us about the married, thirty-two-year-old camera man with whom she was having an affair. (gwynne) • Was revived briefly in the late '80s. Donald the Nut from Three Day Stubble was doing a comedy routine and was "gonged" by Mr. T and some gross wrestlers. (noël) • *The $1.98 Beauty Contest* was hosted by campy flamer-walrus Rip Taylor, who made contestants do ridiculous, embarrassing things in order to win $1.98 and the opportunity to hang out at the end of the show when Rip sang the theme song at them, while prancing all over the set. All I remember of this fantastic tune is the very last line, where Rip Taylor says "and you win the $1.98!!" One of the great ones, for sure. (don)

GOTH – In the Midwest, Country Western showed up one day and never left; in L.A., it was Goth that arrived one dark and eerie night, has been with us ever since, and from the looks of things, will not be going away any time soon. It's as undead as the vampires its adherents emulate. The whole thing started around 1982 with the kids at London's Bat Cave (unless you want to count unwitting pioneers Dave Vanian, Siouxsie, Joy Division and 45 Grave) but soon, as with all English fashion trends, Hollywood could boast it's own version of the Goth scene, complete with its own clubs and plenty of young and frail ghoulings to support them. Fetish, probably the first Goth-friendly club, was the brainchild of Joseph Brooks and Henry Peck of Vinyl Fetish record store, and played a danceable mix of Goth and its happier sister, Glam. Even punk dive Cathay De Grande had one night a week devoted to Death Rock called the Bone Club. Things went a bit further with the advent of Scream, Helter Skelter, Sanctuary, the Crypt, and Zombie Zoo. Some wonderful dances were developed by these nouveau creatures of the night, like the oh-so-interpretive "Taffy Pull," and the dramatically swooping "Penny Scoop." The Monsters of Goth at first were Siouxsie, who is still a staple, Bauhaus, Specimen, Joy Division, Alien Sex Fiend and speed demons the Sisters of Mercy, and later Fields of the Nephilim, Christian Death, the Mission U.K., and KROQ-fueled groups like Soft Cell, Depeche Mode and the Cure. There are many theories as to why Goth refuses to die; my guess is A: death is *muy* sexy (just take a gander at *Alarma* or any other Mexican "Gore, Guts, and Cheesecake" tabloid) and, more importantly B: who *wouldn't* look incredibly gorgeous with all that make-up? (don)



GRAFFITI – (See also Taggin')

THE GRAPEFRUIT DIET – Moving beyond the cocktail diets of the early '60s, the more "health conscious" '70s adults were besieged with a flux of sicko diet trends that were certainly not quite so fun. My parents were on and off many of 'em. There was the grapefruit diet. And then that one where they ate only bananas one day and only eggs the next and so on.... What were they thinking? The emergence of Weight Watcher's frozen foods was a real drag on our freezer selection. (darby) (See also "Diets" sidebar)

GRAVY TRAIN – This was dog food that claimed that when you added water it would make its own gravy. I think they just discovered that a bag of dog food made a bunch of dog food dust from all the kibbles rubbing against each other, and that this stuff sort of coagulated into a paste when you got it wet. American creative marketing at its best (although still no rival to the pet rock). (jon)

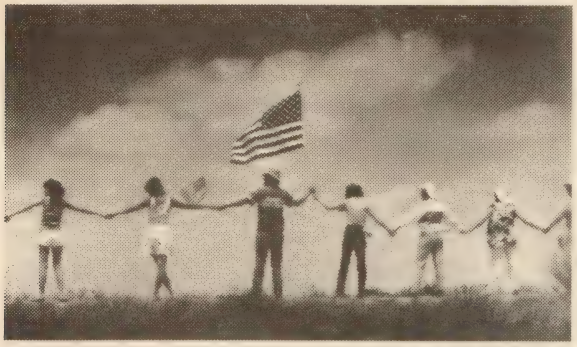
GREAT SPACE COASTER – The only thing really worthwhile about this puffy character-littered kids show was "No Gnews is Good Gnews" with Gary Gnu, where a foam rubber gnu puppet gave a newscast of absolute irrelevancies, successfully prophesying the current status of the news media. (jon)

GREASE – Besides *Rocky Horror*, no movie encouraged so many re-visits by pre-teen girls. It was quite common for many of them to have seen this flick over 20 times, know the complete dialog and dance movements – and inspire them to actually get into trading cards. (darby) • Hey! I saw it 20 times in the theatre as well! Does that make me gay? (howard) *(Totally gay. -ed.)*

GROUPIES – Once upon a time, there were girls and occasionally guys who took pride in the mere act of bedding rock superstars. They became celebrities in their own right, and honed this ability to an art. Some even literally turned their experiences into art, like the legendary penis-sculpting Plaster Casters, and the groupie's answer to Uncle Remus, Miss Pamela Des Barres. Now everyone has to hide behind some kind of bogus career motive – their own band, booking/promoting a venue, writing for *Ben Is Dead*.... And the clothes aren't as good. (gwynne) • Of all the various shatterlings of the candy-assed world of glam-rock, perhaps none are still as interesting as groupies. Just porking the gi-tar man wasn't enough. Like vestal virgins of some cult, many of these folks not only chased the bands across the planet, but perfected a certain scary style. The most famous of these, if appearances on Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow* show are any indication, went by the name of Cherry Vanilla. Ms. Vanilla's looks included Manson girl scarification, Moonie chick empty stares, and a Fashion sense that must have been stolen from David Bowie's closet. Where is Cherry today? • She worked on Madison Avenue as a teenager. She was in Andy Warhol's *Pork*. In London she met an unknown David Bowie, and claimed to have 'made' him by "screwing every DJ in America to get his record played." She serial-

There is no greater pain than, in misery, to remember happy times. –Dante

ized her fuck diary in *Creem* with the title "Pop Tart." She began a band which included Stewart Copeland and Sting, later of the Police. The tour included a strip tease. "Most people want to be successful because they want to keep getting laid. And I'm one of them." I find it rather fascinat-



ing that anyone could ever base a career on prostitution. I find it even more amazing that she was proud of it. (skylaire) • Either John Lennon sent Cherry to Harry Neilsen, or more likely, Harry Neilsen sent her to John Lennon for his 35th birthday in 1975. What he did with her, I do not know. She'd turn up on *The Tomorrow Show* as the "World's Most Famous Groupie, Cherry Vanilla," and make all these amazing claims. (bruce) (See Jonathan Paley interview in Retro 1)

GUCCI – In a last ditch effort towards successful wifeydom, mommies dragged their families from all parts of safe middle-class suburbia U.S.A., direct to Beverly Hills, CA to buy *real* Gucci purses and perfume with the rent money. The only other people who noticed, of course, were the other mommies. It was a great relief to the household budget when the faux Gucci's were "in style." (darby) • My mom dragged my sister and me there once to buy a purse (with a lot of cash on hand) and when she asked to see one she liked, the person behind the counter said, "Oh, I don't think you can afford that one." We left. (riley) • Fall '95 is all about Gucci. That low ridin' hip huggin' pant, that open satin shirt, that Gucci logo belt and those patent leather mid calf-boots.....Haute!! (nina)

GUMBALL RALLY – One of many race around the world movies, part of which was filmed at my house. The East Coast guy calls up the West Coast guy, says, "Gumball" and West Coast guy is so excited that he leaps off our balcony into the pool onto some topless babe floating below. Everyone in the neighborhood came to see the topless babe and her big hooters. The director hated me because I would leave my teddy bear around on the set, and yell while they were filming. I think somebody working on the show taught me how to say "shit." (wendy)

GUMMI BEARS – Rising from the ashes of other childhood delicacies like Swedish Fish and cola bottles, Gummi Bears stormed the candy market in the early '80s in assorted flavors and colors. There are a number of different manufacturers of this chewy stuff, so dependent on which brand it was, it was either rock hard or super soft. Like most dumb kids, I had so much time on my hands that I figured different ways of eating a Gummi Bear. The best approach was the mix 'n' match method, which was accomplished by biting off the head of one color, the torso of another, and the legs of yet another and then pasting the pieces together. The color range was pretty limited, so just about any variation had your basic Rasta colors. Some philosophers viewed this idiosyncratic means of eating Gummi Bears as a plea for miscegenation while others considered it a savage, brutal act of reckless abandon. (noël) • P.S. Don't eat a whole lot of the "sugar-free" Gummi Bears at any one sitting unless you want a severe case of the runs.

GUNNE SAX – This is another one of those blocked-out memories. *Little House* was big on TV and natural colors were in. All the temple and church girls were wearing them, including me. Frilly, prissy, oft high collar/long sleeved/cream colored lace-trimmed blouses with faux pearl buttons and classic-style flowery long skirts. Parents must have been so happy that we allowed ourselves to look so conservative. Trends can be so demeaning. (darby) • Similar brands: Sweet Baby Jane, Organically Grown, Biba. Similar fabric: Indian Cotton Gauze.

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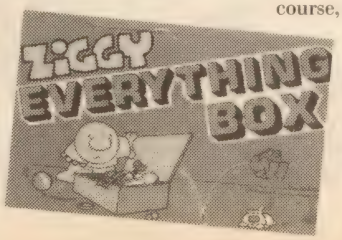
HAIR BRUSHES – Just a few that were super popular, though they've been around since: Those round curling brushes that were big with the blo' dryer scene – note Jaclyn Smith; those now standard plastic bristle goody brushes; those thick '70s full hair brushes; and those brushes with the pink rubber bottom and the white plastic brush bristles. The whole brush portion slid off the handle, though I'm still not sure why. Maybe it was so you could just replace the brush part when it was worn out and not have to throw the handle away? Or perhaps it was thought easier to clean. Well, number one, they'd always slid off while you did your hair. Secondly, these things seemed to want to store hair grime in them to the point that a favorite pastime of mine used to be scrapping the once white now brown crudy bristles with my fingernails to get it clean. (ju-ji) (See also Unbreakable Combs)

HALEY'S COMET – Everyone looked for it on camping trips when it was passing through in 1985, but it wasn't really anything more than a fuzzy blob unless you had a telescope. More of an excuse to get drunk in the outdoors with a date of your choice and producing comet-themed baseball hats. (wendy)

HALLMARK STORES – Tootsie-Roll banks, Lifesaver books, Ziggy boxes, the heart section, stuffed pillows, satin… (lisa r.)

HALLOWEEN CANDIES, FUN-SIZED – Started in 1971, since it wasn't safe to get unwrapped candy, M&M Mars came out with "fun sized" candies. Easier for mom (until she had to check them for needle holes), but more of a gyp for kids. (bruce)

HALLOWEEN COSTUMES – Pre-packaged all-plastic supermarket costumes started in the mid '60s. Many people wanted costumes in bright colors, very reflective, and fire retardant but soon found the fire retardant was a carcinogen. The big company to do this, Ben Cooper, had the all-important marketing contract with Walt Disney and Hanna Barbara. Of course, aside from the mask, the costumes looked nothing like the character. Popular with wimpy kids who used character lunch boxes. (bruce)



HALLOWEEN CANDY POISONING – Razor blades in apples, cyanide in yer Snickers, and PCP-flavored Raisinettes. (wendy)

Darby was the homonym queen in third grade & is still proud of it.

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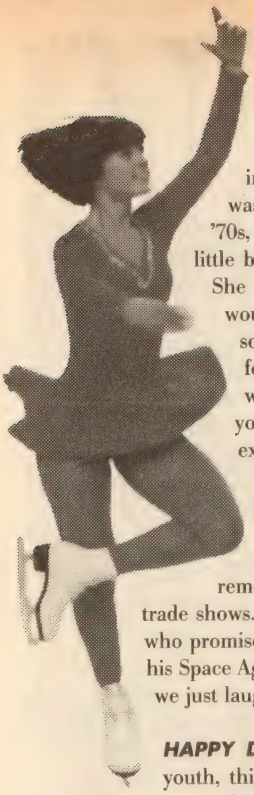
VICTORY RECORDS

Photo by Sean Capurso



HANDS ACROSS AMERICA – I think this was some communist plot to take over the world but I might have been too young. (ju-ji)

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS – This was very big in the '70s. I met this lady on Olvera Street who was like a handwriting analyst to the stars in the '70s, she has lots of great stories and her whole entire little booth is lined with pictures of like Erik Estrada. She just started talking to us forever – I mean she would not let us go. Handwriting analysis, that was so *sacred*! I remember trying so hard to write perfectly when I first had it done. (laurel) • I had this woman analyze my handwriting when I was really young. She said I was quiet and shy and afraid of expressing myself. I told her she was full of shit and that she was completely wrong and she got really mad and told me she'd been doing handwriting analysis for 25 years, etc., etc., and I knew right then it was all a bunch of crap. (howard) • I remember this huge Univac looking thing at various trade shows. It was often manned by a sad looking old man, who promised you a "scientific" analysis of your scribble via his Space Age wonder. The thing was comically old then, and we just laughed at his pathetic punch cards. (bruce)

HAPPY DAYS – Out of every TV show I watched as a youth, this one held the biggest impact. I can remember now how we'd discuss the show in detail each day in elementary school, during lunch, as we waited in line, through notes and whispers. It was all nonsense of course, but I didn't really remember until now how much we bonded with it. I sometimes wish I was smarter than all that, but alas it was many many years until I had larger concepts of existence. (darby)

THE HAPPY HOOKER – Also known as Xavier Hollander. When I was in the sixth grade Ari Nadelman brought some *Happy Hooker* paperbacks to school, and he and Johnny Machtinger and I would read them in the library (hidden inside other books, of course). They got me really horny, and I wished Johhny or Ari would try to have sex with me and I tried to hint around a lot, but of course they acted like it would never have occurred to them. (gwynne) • There was a nice pict, a couple years back, of Xavier in the *National Enquirer* wearing a bikini on the beach and being a few hundred pounds scary. (ju-ji)

HARD AND SOFT – '70s people loved to divide things into "hard" and "soft" categories, which usually meant "bad" and "not-so-bad." For instance, there were addictive hard drugs – heroin, speed – and recreational soft drugs, like marijuana or Valium. People spoke of "hard" pornography as opposed to "soft porn," the kind of stuff printed in *Playboy*. Rock and roll split into "hard rock" and "soft rock," and TV newscasters were accused of covering less "hard news" stories and giving more time to "soft" (or happy) news. (candi)

HARDWARE WARS – Does anyone remember that great *Star Wars* parody short film with Princess Leia with real buns on the side of her head and flying toasters and...I recall they even showed this to us in my English class – why, I'm not sure. (darby) • It was the creation of a small time filmmaker (whose name I can't recall), who became the Weird Al of film with this 1977 short. Alas, he tried to parlay it's success with two awful shorts, *Pork Lip's Now*, and a *Close Encounter's* rip-off. Where is he now? (bruce) • I liked the part when "Obi-Wan" found the Tractor Beam, which was a televised cartoon of a farmer on a tractor, waving hello. (noël)

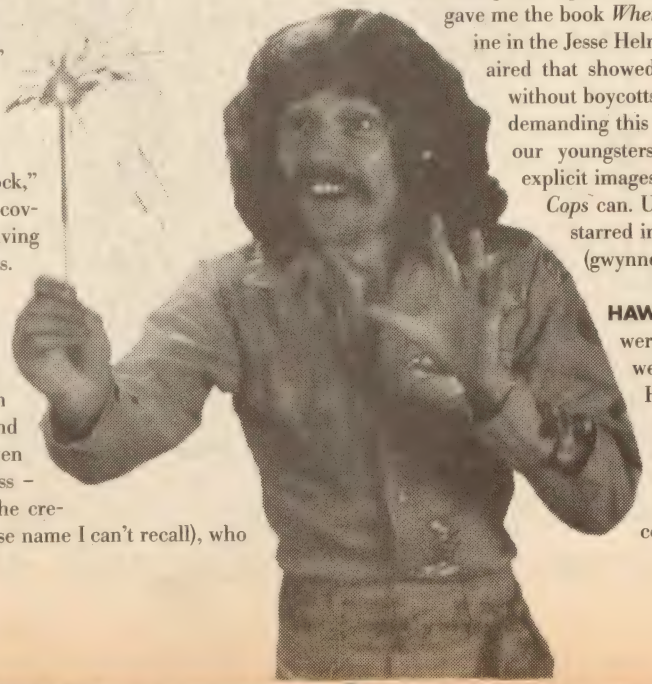
HARDY BOYS/NANCY DREW – Once foxy stars Parker Stevenson and Shaun Cassidy are now bow wows. The end. (ju-ji) • They're making a new version of Nancy Drew, and Shaun Cassidy is now the writer and producer for the new supernatural, weird *American Gothic*. First TV show I've gotten creeped by since *Twin Peaks*. (selina)

HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS – All black basketball team from Chicago actually founded in 1927 but made famous via TV in the '70s. Gimmick was that they were the ultimate pranksters and super ball players. There were actually two teams with Meadowlark Lemon and Curly Neal leading one and Geese Ausbie and Marques "The Magician" Haynes leading the other – and they only got together as the stars of *The Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine*... and as guest stars on Sesame Street and Scooby Doo. (darby) • Meadowlark Lemon has a scary kid's talk show on demented Christian praise network TBN. (skylaire) • They always played the same team, the Washington Generals, who were mostly white and always lost. (noël)

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREME – The nicest sounding and looking resident of my parent's liquor cabinet. Bottoms up Harv! (pete)

HATTON, TOM – A former dancer, he is rumored to be one of Tab Hunter's ex-boyfriends (I don't recommend you print that.) (bruce) • Popeye was another one of those cartoons I hated but because I was addicted to TV I inevitably watched hours of it a week. Tom Hatton was the Popeye expert who, every Sunday, would speak to us between these cartoons on *The Tom Hatten Popeye Show*. After that he'd play some old movie on *The Family Film Festival* and sometimes have a guest from the movie visit and they'd talk after commercial breaks. Today you can hear him in LA doing *bad!* gossip on KNX 1070 news radio – the station where the guy who was the voice for Cecil in super-psychedelic cartoon *Beanie and Cecil* gives the news. (darby) • He always, always, wore a sweater. (skylaire) • The King of the Squiggles appeared briefly in the Dan Akroyd/Chevy Chase piece of shit *Spies Like Us*. (howard)

HAVING BABIES – A TV show about all these different women having babies and all of the situations surrounding everything from the conception to the birth. They were old and young and from all different kinds of backgrounds. It even showed them squeezing the baby out, it was *so* dirty. It was the beginning of my vast collection of sexual knowledge, right there. Once I got caught watching it after I was already supposed to be in bed asleep and I got in a lot of trouble. Not soon after, my parents gave me the book *Where Did I Come From?* Now can you imagine in the Jesse Helm's influenced '90s, a program ever being aired that showed the inside of a pregnant lady's pussy without boycotts and strikes and talk shows and the PTA demanding this type of pornography be kept away from our youngsters? I doubt even a documentary with explicit images could be shown on prime time TV. But *Cops* can. Ugh. (allison) • Local musician Tracy Lea starred in one of these when she was very young. (gwynne)



HAWAIIAN SHIRTS – From 1979-'81 these were worn by all types in my school. It was a weird mix of these, sailor shirts, Izod's, Hang Ten, and those shirts with the rainbows across the chest. (darby)

HEADBANDS – Not only of the sweatband variety but thin ribbons of various colors banded together with gold elastic

When I got on-line my mouse immediately clicked to all the obsessive-oriented spots. I find any obsession taken too far can be intriguing, momentarily. One of the most peculiar is a group that is so centered around cuteness and niceness that it's hard to think of them as twisted motherfuckers who post their thoughts, feelings, love for these fake Japanese characters with no mouths day in and day out. Could there be something more behind it? What puts one so over the edge that they find it necessary to emotionally bond with something that doesn't exist? What does Hello Kitty say to them? How does it add to their lives? When they are on their deathbed will they be wondering where all the years went? Will they be looking for Kitty and friends to lead them to the great beyond? Well, I didn't want to get too involved so none of these very important questions were actually answered here. But I did take a few snipets off the internet so you could spy the deep Hello Kitty discussions going on. We've got to keep on eye on these things – you never know what kind of power these people might accumulate. -darby Note: Average age ranges teens to early-thirties. Half living Hello Kitty for the first time, the other half re-visiting (though most H.K. fans are forever.)

Taylor Ian Christopher (ictaylor@hkusua) wrote:
: face it: Winki Pinki is #1 evrytime. Hello Kitty isn't fit to clean her shoes

Hey, Pochcacco has all over these two!!! Everyone knows that Winki Pinki is pensive and Hello Kitty is palid but cute. Ah, but Pochacco—he's the cutie of the bunch! That naughty ear sticking up like an antenna. As the Spaniards say, "!Que picaro!" Pochacco the Picaro Puppy! He's got the most adorable fat cheeks and inquisitive eyes. Ah, Pochi! You're the best, far cuter and personable than all the rest!!! Chau—Pamchacco

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One sure way to combat Kitty prejudice in the workplace is to buy all your fellow workers HK stuff for themselves (this also helps with the stealing problem - HK stuff *does* get stolen..on the other hand, I have, a couple of times been able to confront people who have lifted stuff of my desk by simply pointing out the stickers, and growling "that has Hello Kitty on it. That means it's MINE..." Rob Cruickshank robcruic@io.org http://www.io.org/~robcruic

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Ben Gertzfield (wilwonka@mcs.net) wrote:
>Okay. I've always wanted to know this — is there one person who comes up with all these super-cute Sanrio characters? I mean, what kind of twisted, sadistic person would think up the concept of addictive: cartoon characters? *sigh* Oh well, time to curl up in my Keroppi blanket, on my Keroppi sheets, near my Keroppi posters, with my Keroppi plushies next to my Keroppi Day Planner, by my Keroppi backpack, which is next to the Keroppi videotapes..

Actually, there is not a single person but a hereditary clan behind the cuteness of Sanrio. Long ago in the Kofun period, when Japan was still known as the Land of Wa, several clans or "be" of craftsman were established as the elite of society, believed to be of divine descent just as the imperial family was (altho' the children of lesser gods). There was a be that specialized in pottery, a be for religious images, a blacksmithing be, and so on. Among them was the be of cute images, called the Sanriobe. The early work of this clan can clearly be seen among artifacts that survive to this day, particularly the famous "country dancing' haniwa which (despite prominent mouths and lack of obvious cute clothing) show a distinct parallel in cuteness with their 20th century successors. As time passed, altho' the hereditary passing of professions continued to be important, many of the be faded from their unique positions in society; the Sanriobe was perhaps the only one to remain intact in its role of creating cuteness thru the centuries (altho' much of their work of ages past has been lost to time's ravages, with a few notable exceptions such as the "see no evil, hear no evil, say no evil" monkey carvings at Nikko). Post WWII, it seemed Sanriobe might finally have been stymied — it was difficult to carry on in cuteness in the grim post-war disaster their country had become, and the newly-introduced American aethetic of cuteness was often at odds at their own. The clan found its members reduced to reproducing foreign images of cuteness. Luckily for us, a young adopted son/apprentice of the clan leader was visited in a dream by an incredibly cute mouthless cat (who would of course later become Hello Kitty) in early 1974, and the clan, with their vision redefined by this and later dream visitors, was able to carry on as they have until this very day. Kim kimuchi@dax.cs.wisc.edu

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[Crossposted to alt.angst as benevolent outreach program.]
>: The following REVELATORY lines were found emblazoned across the front of a cheap t-shirt at a Seoul Korea street table-top vendor in 1992.
And exactly why, pray tell, do you think the readers of alt.fan.hello-kitty care?

Because we do! We care very shallowly, to the depths of our souls! Our big eyes pour out our caring for you! We do not know what it means not to care! You may be tall, you may be able to frown, but we can help you with that! We would love to help you with that!

No! Hello Kitty does not speak because she is eternally fellating the immortal souls of the redeemed! This is pure and good love, not low and base! I am done with that forever. I have cleaned her up! Three times a day I wipe her free of dust with the softest facial tissue that money can buy at K-Mart! In other words, when I am done making spiritual love to Hello Kitty, Hello Kitty will not smell repugnant to me!

In Heaven, the carpets are white and there is a neatly folded fluffy white towel in every room. Every morning, you choose which Sanrio figurines come to life. You are a Sanrio figurine too and you may choose to turn into plastic and be adored with the kind of love that people reserve for plastic things.

There are two kinds of work in heaven: miner or prostitute. If you are a miner, you dig through clouds of white cotton candy (lemon flavor) to find Sanrio figurines. If you find a Hello Kitty or a Kerokerokeroppi or one of the famous ones, you are very lucky because they're very valuable. If you find one that's never been seen before, you are very lucky because that is unusual and exciting. If it's not famous and you already have one, you were very lucky because you always wanted two of those. If you find anything at all, you were very lucky because the figurines are very rare, even in Heaven, so every one is a surprise. And you'll find one about once every five minutes! And the next morning, you can make the figurine come to life and find out about all the naughty parts that you couldn't see while it was plastic. If you didn't want to make love, it wouldn't have let you find it!

Of course, all of the figurines will "play ball" with any of the others if you want, except for the ones that snarl if anyone besides you tries to get close to them. But if you leave a figurine alone too long, it will leave and you'll have to endure a teary sentimental loving goodbye and maybe replace your fluffy white draperies with fluffy china blue ones to demonstrate your sorrow to the world so everyone can pity you and appreciate the sincerity of your caring and emotion and bond even more closely to you.

If you're a prostitute, people you always wanted to sleep with give you money. It's still difficult to earn a living in Heaven, though. It takes a long time to earn enough money to own everything they ever wanted, and then you're prone to giving it all away to charity in huge demonstrations of altruistic self-sacrifice, and starting over.

Of course, Hell is the absence of Kitty. (I've been there. I've lived that life where some shelves were not completely filled with Sanrio memorabilia. That is Hell! But I didn't know it at the time. People never do.) You just have to decide in your heart that you are not a pointy frowny person, but a person who wants to get close to Kitty. Kitty *really* wants to get close to you. Or Kerokerokeroppi *really* wants to get close to you, as the case may be. He's just like Kitty, except that he's completely different and he's more likely to get wildly out of control and rip your bodice with tanned muscular green arms. May your aura be round and rubbery, Lance Murdoch

HELLO KITTY

I found two intelligent women who post regularly on the Hello Kitty site, and asked them to write up their perspective on The Hello Kitty story. They were going to work on it together but found they had different ideas.

Shannon T. Leonar

From mundane office and school supplies to cloth toilet seat covers, as well as high-tech beeper holders and computer software, the Japanese company, Sanrio, glorifies and cute-ifies any and all imaginable items by the simple addition of a cartoon feline's face and some vibrant color. Starting with one cat, Hello Kitty, Sanrio launched an international company with frogs (Kerokerokeroppi [Japanese for "ribbit"]), ducks (Ahirunopekkle), kids, (the fading Little Twin Stars, and The Vaudeville Duo), rabbits (My Melody), mice (Pickebicke, "100% mouse"), unicorns (the discontinued My Unico), dogs (Pochacco, and the appropriately named dalmatian, Spottie Dottie), penguins (Tuxedo Sam), and innumerable others. Comparable to Mattel's oft-criticized unrealistically curvaceous, multiethnic, and multi-talented Barbie on the level of monetarily motivated proliferation of her image, Hello Kitty and her many pals inspire long-lived friendships, long-winded explanations of the virtues of a singularly beloved character, extensive comparative lists of obscure items owned, unending (and friendly in the Sanrio spirit) disputes about the characters's allegiance to a particular group (Does Kitty adore ravers? What about Kitty and goths? Is Kitty a riot grrrrl supporter?), not to mention debilitating credit card bills. Admittedly, at the paradoxical core of cuteness and friendliness is a heart of selfishness—a money-hungry enterprise which would momentarily halt any thinking anti-capitalist in her (or his, since Sanrio, unlike the '80s toy-dog "Poochie," is not just for girls) tracks. Yes, Sanrio maintains an indubitably overpriced amusement park in Japan, Puroland. Yes, Sanrio provides the world with fancified, otherwise inexpensive, everyday items (underwear included). Yes, Sanrio thrives on incurable addictions to adorability. Yes, but... (insert sundry and imperfect excuses here.) When Mattel attempts to rectify their oversights and ethnocentrism by engineering Barbies of different colored plastics and hair textures, Sanrio merely changes the background color of their merchandise lines for aesthetic variety. Whereas Barbie unbudgingly costs the full exorbitant prices for dolls and necessary dream condos, sports cars and sparkling charity-ball gowns, inexpensive Sanrio stickers are available for snazzy home-decorating projects (your friends will not be able to tell the difference). Where Barbie allegedly influences young girls to thoughts of bodily inferiority, or self-mutilation, Kitty and chums remind us to revel in diversity not only of the cartoon animal kingdom, but of our immediate world, of among infinite possibilities, ravers, goths, and punks of any age, race, gender or class. And at least when and if our mouthless kitten ever speaks, she won't be overheard saying, "I hate Math."

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Clancy Amanda Cavnar

From H to K and back again Hello Kitty is more than the sum of her parts. To me, she will always be the silent witness to mystery, mystic in her mouthlessness. To others, she is a friendly little girl, and still others see her in a sexual or political context. What she is does not really rely, in Kitty's case, on what she was intended to be.

The Japanese tradition of cuteness in design, rounded features, ani-

I am starting high school and all of the things for my supplies are Hello Kitty or Keroppi!!!!...

mals anthropomorphized into darling neighbors and friends, gave birth to Kitty. It is rumored that she was modeled after an English cartoon kitty, but it is not known whether that kitty had a mouth. She does not stand out as a particularly interesting character, her motives being banal and her pronouncements bland platitudes possibly chosen for the ease with which they can be translated into any of the many languages Hello Kitty merchandise is marketed in. Yet, Kitty has the power which ciphers can gain just by being mute. Kitty is much like Andy Warhol in this way, an Observer, the "Sphinx without a riddle." When Kitty proclaims "Teddy bears really are a girl's best friend," we wonder, is this really a misanthropic, sarcastic statement by a bitter, scorned kitty? Or is there something kitty knows about teddy bears that we don't? Or is it just as it seems, a statement directed at five year old girls which they might relate to? Like Warhol, Hello Kitty's real trip is about capitalism. She is marketed on an amazing number of products, from bubble gum to erasers, to electric toothbrushes, sleeping bags, jewelry, plastic and cloth bags of many sizes, and on and on. She is featured on an item called a "leisure mat," which is a piece of plastic with her picture on it and "can be used as 1) a picnic mat, 2) a rain cloak, 3) a wrapper, a cover, or in a variety of other ways!" The same could be said for a Hefty (bag, but any other piece of plastic lacks the special touch of Kitty, that imprint which raises it to the iconographic, which involves the owner in the world created for Hello Kitty and her friends. For a quarter, one can purchase a candy with Kitty's image, and be part of the same world that someone who spent $50.00 for the "life size" plush doll inhabits. You can buy a piece of happiness locked into form and design which represents purity, both moral and sexual, a time before cynicism and yet purveyed with complete cynicism. In a sense, Kitty out-Warhols Warhol, because there really is no "there" there. Hello Kitty could be anyone we might want her to be. There is no secret Catholic faith, no cookie jar collection, no sexual peccadilloes to hide. Gay, straight, fascist, communist, these words have no meaning in the ultra-material world of Hello Kitty where ideas and ideology have no hold. It may be that this is the appeal of Hello Kitty; a pantheistic materialism in a world of fetishes, each new sticker and Hello Kitty pen another bridge joining us to Her. Kitty's mouthlessness proclaims her desire to get along, to please all, and perhaps designates her as the ultimate Japanese female: subservient and opinionless. Yet there is no doubt that Kitty rules her crowd, shines as the star, and is always the favorite. She does not need words when she has the power of the marketplace behind her. Hello Kitty was created in postwar Japan, after the dropping of the atom bomb. As Japan re-entered the world community, it put on a benign face and pushed non-stop to conquer the world with consumer goods where it had failed militarily. Ever polite and concerned with "face," they did not spit at the Americans who had decimated their cities and inflicted radiation sickness on their children. They instead created the mouthless Kitty, who has nothing to say on the topic, who would only like for you to buy, and who is entirely non-threatening. Is Hello Kitty some sort of Trojan horse, sent by Japan? What is her secret? How can we ever know? Hello Kitty and her friends (KeroKeroKeroppi the frog, Pochacco, the dog, WinkiBinki another cat, but brown and both mouthless and noseless, PickeBicke the mouse, Pekkle the duck, Mimi (Kitty's sister), Pippo the pig, Honeyfield the Bear, Tuxedo Sam the penguin, the Twin Stars, My Melody and a few lesser Sanrio characters round out the panoply of Kitty's playmates) share a realm of purity which is available in some form in almost every industrialized nation in the world. The Hello Kitty cult, with the capacity to unite nations of children in its blandly favorable outlook and extreme emphasis on the collecting of representations of the Sanrio characters, promises to spread like a benign disease until the world is saturated. Warhol never thought to appeal to children, nor to that special place in each of us which longs for a preverbal paradise where Kittens rule.

PS Hello Kitty is completely straight. She doesn't even know what it means not to be straight. She's just very close to her female friends. Of course, when Hello Kitty begs Kerokerokeroppi to Fill Her with Huge Rock Hard Cock, she doesn't mean it in "that way" then either.

Fred Burke <fburke@ccnet.com> wrote:
>David A.H. Perry (thedavid@clark.net) wrote:
>: On 20 Aug 1995, Eric Boesch wrote:
>: > [...P]eople you always wanted to sleep with give you money.
>: Uh-huh, yeah, right, and the Pentagon is chock full o' liberals.
>But in heaven, David, it *is* full o' liberals! <giggle!> Maybe even Kerokerokeroppi would like to go to the Pentagon! Kerokerokeroppi especially likes to incinerate bad guys in CAT baseball caps, and Frenchmen. Especially Frenchmen in CAT baseball caps.

No, the Pendabon (rounder and much cuter than the Pentagon) is staffed by Republicans. Not many Democrats go to Hebbi ("the Sanrio Superstore in the Sky"), and those that do become Republicans when they get there, because in the afterlife, all the poor people deserve to be poor. "Kick the poor for Kitty," people say. And do.

Kitty NEEDS her Pendabon soldiers (the third of the two jobs available in Hebbi, if you're keeping track) to act like vicious xenophobic psychotics. That is the only way Kitty can be safe from the invaders from Cave of the Naughty who scream, "We're going to rape your granny," throw spears, and get incinerated by BFGs. Also, Hebbi must be protected from the 100-foot Gargamel and the 200-foot Azrael. They're not only pure evil, they're copyrighted by the wrong company!

In Hebbi, everyone is merchandised. Everyone's face is on their own lunchbox. If you don't have a wacky lovable trait that appeals to affluent parents of girls aged four to eight years, they give you one free at the booth where they stuff you with the love of Hello Kitty and Kerokerokeroppi and then spackle over the ends of your digestive tract so it doesn't leak out. Sanrio products are too eco-friendly and energy efficient to need food, which is how they survived the Holocaust. (Look into Hello Kitty's eyes. You'll see.)

Also, all Sanrio products are guaranteed to ward against Body Thetans. You can feel them flee the moment you step into the store. So you might want to buy the entire store if you can't afford Scientology.

Well I had thought about it for years but could never come up with just the right thing. Yet now I have...so last Thursday I went and had the head of Hello Kitty tatooed on the inside of my ankle. Now it is Hello Kitty forever! Well it suits me and boy does it make me smile everytime I see it. Sarah

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Michael Standish <standish@c2.org> wrote:
>There's nothing gothic about Hello Kitty. Hello Kitty is a happy little raver. Just check out HK's bright red over-alls, cute hair bow, cudly stuffed animals and pretty colorful balloons.

Who says all goths are sad, huh? Ever meet a perkygoff? Well, I think Kitty is not neccessarily goth, but she is definitely goth freindly. So there! Nyah! I like to carry my Kitty box that is red plaid and has teddies on it to goth clubs. Actually, the plaid makes it a bit more punky, doesnt it? Ravers do not own Kitty. Kitty is one with everyone! All Hail Kitty! *woo woo!*

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furry@ids2.idsonline.com writes:
>It was Kitty's voice. I had heard it from somewhere before. Then it hit me—"Garfield and Friends". NERMAL!!! Nermal, the World's Cutest Kitten. That was his (hers? I forget which) voice coming out of Kitty's mouth! I sat there in shock as I realized this wasn't some twisted joke. There REALLY IS SOMEONE OUT THERE MAKING A LIVING DOING THAT VOICE!

Hello to you all!
I have been a lurker for several weeks now (I'm new to the Net) but this is my first post... I've been a collector and great lover of all things Kitty for about 12 years now, and I have been following with great interest this "Is Kitty a Goth or a Raver?" controversy. Well, about 10 years ago a friend of mine had these Japanese import heavy metal fan magazines, and guess what? Kitty was EVERYWHERE in these magazines... yep, amidst the Slayer and the Megadeth, our beloved little sunshine Kitty was there in all of her headbanger glory... so as far as her musical preferences go, it seems that she has a secret side. I would have never pegged Kitty as a mosh maiden, but isn't that the wonder of Kitty... she is a girl of many mysteries!! Critter, your poem was a beauteous thing. I live in Pittsburgh where Kitty is hard to come by. Most of my collection has accrued on my travels, and my most prized possession is my beautiful Kitty washcloth!! I shower with Kitty and she makes my mornings sunshiny happy!! I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of my Sanrio catalogue so that I can spend all of my student loan money on my girl... in fact, I'm going to get a tattoo of Kitty soon. Kitty love to you all, Sandy

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It seems to me that Kitty's expressionless non-mouth creates a tabla rosa that one could project onto whatever one's own hopes and fears are. Kind of like what is supposed to happen with your analyst in traditional Freudian therapy. It could even be a new form of therapy, the client is asked, "what is Kitty feeling today?" and the client will answer, perhaps as you have, she seems nice, but I feel that she will be vindictive when she finds that i am not all she hoped I would be", then the therpaist would have some clues: perhaps your mother or father was nice, until you revealed weakness or a failing, and then they became vindictive.On a more sociological note, the blank stare of Hello Kitty becomes poignant to me this week as we look back on the horror of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. She is struck dumb by the apocalyptic power of total destruction, a horror too absolute to be spoken about. The black coals of her eyes reflect back an emptiness. And yet, Jpan and the world has embraced her, as we have embraced Modernity, post war, ignoring the looming threat of nuclear annihilation, cheerfully marching toward material and technological progress. The Aum Shinru cult is the dirty hippy flip side to the Hello Kitty side of Japan: how to react in a traditional society to complete devastation?

In article <3vs5rf$jue@newsbf02.news.aol.com>, bdelloura@aol.com (Bdelloura) wrote:
> Finally I have broken free of the Tyranny of Sanrio inc rule and can tell all you fellow Kitty addicts the real reason Sanrio imported its goods. They are all a plot to corrupt the values of America, I tell you! Let's examine some of the products. I wish I had access to a scanner to present them to you , but I don't so you'll have tobelieve my descriptions. First are this new pattern of Hello Kitty emblazoned with the slogan: Hello Kitty knows teddies are a girl's best friend. catchy. Also promoting kinky lingerie!

Also a new pekkle slogan: You might make a new friend on the road. Prostitution! Blatantly advertising picking up a prostitute! Also, why is he always dancing around and falling on his butt? Could he really be Pekkle the drunk instead of Pekkle the duck? I think so.

Then there is the character Winkipinki, which some of you might not be familiar with. She is a brown mouthless, noseless cat dressed up similar to an English school girl. And in between her legs, leading straight up her dress is the word "magic". What could possible be magical up a girl's dress?

And everyone's favorite, Keroppi. He has himself a set of stickers promoting the use of hallucinogenic drugs. He and his friends are sitting on mushrooms eating something that makes their eyes all swirly. In addition, we have sets of stamps with letters of the alphabet on them and pictures of something to do with that letter. For instance, Kitty's letter is K. Ahiru no Pekkle's letter is A. Keroleen, Keroppi's girlfriend, is with S. S for what, SEX!! Keroppi uses his girlfriend only for SEX!!

Now you know it. All about the conspiracy to take over the minds of American children. Believe me, I used to work for Sanrio. This is almost as bad as the Pog conspiracy, Pogs really being a mixture of Heroin and Cocaine injected into young children with a slammer...but I guess that's another group.

So what if I want to go back to my childhood? I like the innocence of it all!!! After all you don't see Hello Kitty killing anyone do you???

and tied around the head as a fashion statement. Unbelievable but true. I did wear them a couple of times and though it very daring. (darby) (See movies *Fame* and *Xanadu*)

HEAD SHOP ACCESSORIES – Blacklite posters scotch-taped to the walls, incense burners, "Odors Away" drops on the light bulbs to camouflage pot-smells, velvet paintings, rock posters, etc. (pleasant)

HEAVEN – I think the first Heaven store was in the Century City outdoor mall. They had way rad retro style stuff, mega pop culture, even records, and all kinds of really cool t-shirts, and especially Heaven logo giant xxx-large v-necked t-shirts in white with red "Heaven" on the front, which were to be worn with the excess shirt tied into a knot on your left hip. (riley)

HEAVY METALLERS – These folks consistently ruled the '80s – which is *why* there was "alternative" music then. They took the rock posturing of Kiss and left the sense of humor behind. Heavy Metallers were so clueless it was difficult to like anything about them, regardless of their occasional hook. They inspired headbangers, suicide, and of course Tipper Gore. I went out with one who had that long shag and talked about Randy Rhoads a lot. Actually I did kinda groove on Sabbath and Mötley Crüe. (ju-ji) • Ronnie James Dio is very sweet and articulate, and after meeting him I had to rethink my dismissal of famous metal dudes. Maybe they *did* know. (skylaire) • We called 'em "boogie idiots." (gwynne) • A great inspiration for *Ben Is Dead*.

HELLO KITTY – As a child I loved Hello Kitty and Little Twin Stars. I used to go to work with my dad and he'd give me money to spend on whatever. One time I went over to the Hello Kitty/Sanrio store with another girl that went to work with her dad – she was older and influential, I guess. Even though I had the money, she *somehow* got me to do what I knew was *wrong**, and I stole a Hello Kitty clear lipstick (it wasn't even colored!) I got back to my dad's store, and fuck-it if he didn't have ESP or something. He looked at what I had gotten and said I didn't have enough money to have been able to by it (like he knew the price.) Then he said I stole it, and I said no, and I was forced to stay in the back of the store without food, until I admitted it. He was trying to make me feel guilty by saying it didn't matter that I stole, just that I lied…of course I fell for it, and felt like shit. Finally, after staying in hungry all day, I put my pride aside and came out and said how sorry I was. He made me go back to the Hello Kitty store, and with his money buy the lipstick. I didn't have to tell the store owners that I stole them (like they do on the TV shows) I just had to pretend to grab it off the shelves and then actually buy it. Then he said I had to work and pay him back for it. I don't think I ever did, but ended up with the lipstick anyways. I never stole again…well, not until seven years later when my parents began to neglect me financially. I still love Hello Kitty but now I can't afford it and of course would never think of stealing from there again thanks to my dear old dad. (selina) *Accented just in case dad reads this. (See also "Hello Kitty" sidebar)

HENNING, DOUG – The last I heard about Doug Henning (The Magic Show) was that he had joined the Krishnas or with the Maharishi and was talking about building a theme park in India. I can just see a whole theme park filled with kids with buck teeth, buying stupid bellbottoms, etc., while he keeps talking about "Magic and the Spirit." Doug got his start on a Broadway show that happened to be about a magician. It wasn't his show, he wasn't even a magician, he was just an "actor" who they hired for the show and taught him all these tricks. After he got famous in the show, he just toured around doing these tricks and spouting latent Aquarian platitudes (through a buck-toothed grin). He helped fill the void between Harry Blackstone Jr. (a '60s TV magic guy) and Penn & Teller (who desperately hate him.) "An aging hippie with fangs," as they say. (bruce)

HEXUM, JOHN-ERIK – A studmo type introduced to audiences via the 1983 made-for-TV movie, *Making of a Male Model*, starring Joan Collins as the owner of a modeling agency, became a hot young star while co-starring with Jennifer O'Neil in a weekly series called *Cover-Up* ('84-'85) in which they played dashing detectives. He managed to accidentally kill himself on the set while playing with a stunt gun loaded with blanks. (bruce)

HELL – H.E. double toothpicks! (jes) • …double hockeysticks! • Where we're all headed, with AC/DC playing in the background. (noël) • 7734 on the calculator. (bridget)

HICKEYS – They were fun to give, but a curse to receive. I wore turtlenecks to cover them up – even in the summer. And if my parents asked what the hell *that* was, the answer was always that the faithful curling iron burned me (again). (jes) • What *was* the concept of using a frozen spoon? Other excuses: wrestling with an octopus, hit by stray golfballs….

HILLSIDE STRANGLER – Every kid in LA county had nightmares about this guy. I can't count how many times I double and triple checked to make sure the house was all locked up. (darby) • I wasn't out here when this was going down, but it seems that almost every kid anywhere had some local mass murderer to fear in the post-Manson '70s. (bruce)

THE HIP HYPNOTIST – The Hip Hypnotist was a big fat lady named Pat Collins who'd dress in '70s sequined mu-mu-ish dresses with lotsa make-up, and cash in on the vacationing middle-class in Vegas and Reno. My mom and I went when she was visiting me in my hell boarding school near Reno. She actually went under the spell of the Hip Hypnotist and probably barked like a dog but I guess I blocked it out. After the show she did that trendy thing of getting hypnotized to never smoke again – which lasted about a week. (darby)

HIPPIE FOOD GOES MAINSTREAM – By the end of the decade, many "weird hippie health foods" had crossed over from natural-food stores into the mainstream supermarket. As they were assimilated, many products lost the very qualities that had given them nutritional appeal. Strange sour yogurt was disguised by lashings of sugar, or made into frozen yogurt or that meal-in-a-bowl granola bar (Frógurt). Megacorporations marketed their own pre-packaged granolas, including C.W. Post Cereal, Pet's Heartland Natural Cereal and Quaker 100% Natural Cereal. (Believe it or not, all three brands are still in production.) Even the most synthetic foods bore names that suggested Grandma's farm kitchen: Country Time imitation lemonade powder, Home Pride Butter-Top white bread, Hidden Valley Ranch salad dressing, Autumn 100% natural margarine (which could just as accurately be called Autumn 100% artificial butter.) Other products, like herbal teas and pita bread, moved unchanged from health-food stores to conventional supermarkets as American tastes broadened. Grocery stores even copied health-food stores' scoop-it-yourself bins and barrels, but filled them with jellybeans and chocolate covered raisins instead of prunes and millet. (candi) (See also Brown vs. White)

HITCHHIKERS – Today I only seem to pick up girls or old ladies, but when I first started driving I even picked up those scary guys at the freeway on-ramp. And sometimes hitchhiking was the only way to get around, but today I only hitchhike when my car breaks down or I'm stranded and have no other choice (but besides truckers people rarely stop). A sign of the times? Perhaps I just read one teen girl horror book and saw one hitchhiking movie too many. (darby) • All I ever encountered were exhibitionists (or "Moche Monsters", like in the GTO's song), which was a little scary but it also gave me a kind of perverted thrill. More often I'd just get rides with really normal people who talked a lot or listened to really horrible jazz tapes. (gwynne) (See movie *The Hitcher*)

HOBO KELLY – Long before Phranc and k.d. lang, this woman-dressed-as-a-male-bum (á la Judy Garland in *The Band Wagon*) was warping our tiny minds with her regional children's TV program. Another *Ben* staff member offered to interview her for this issue, but no one except me remembered who she was. (gwynne) • I remember. (carla) • Me too. It was the first color TV program I ever saw, at my Aunt Doris' house in Wasco. (don)

Remember that movie we were shown in school about how the blood works with the superhero Hemoglobin?

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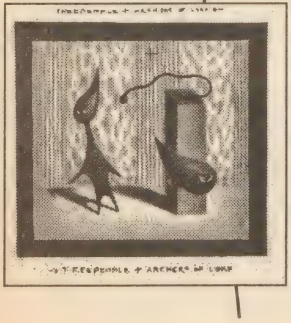

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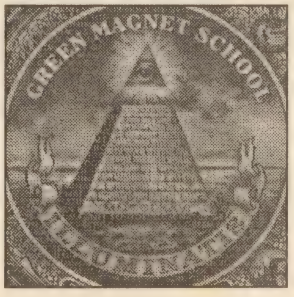

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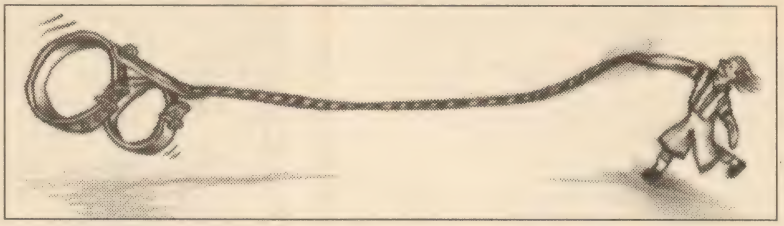
HOLOCAUST – April 20, 1978. Miniseries watched by 120 million viewers.

HOLLY HOBBIE – My favorite female stuffed dolls that I slept with were Holly Hobbie and her best friend Heather. They both wore their hair in braids and dressed like *Little House on the Prairie* people – but Heather was a bit more upper class looking. They were cartoons, Colorforms, and Shrinky Dinks too. (selina) (See also Dolls)



HOMO HANKIE CODE – Brought to mainstream consciousness by the 1979 homocop film *Cruisin'*. There was (and still is) a pamphlet available at the Pleasure Chest (the only place in L.A. you could purchase spiked leather wristbands before the advent of "new wave/punk" boutiques like Poseur) with the entire list of colors and their meanings according to which back pocket of your jeans it was worn, i.e., "Dark blue, right: Blowjob dominant; Dark blue, left: Blowjob, submissive." It got really out of hand towards the bottom, like "fur, right: Bestiality, dominant." The guys at the store all laughed at me when I asked what "scat" was: "Well, what color is the hankie?" "Brown… Oh!" (gwynne)

HONEYCOMB – Honeycomb's big, yeah yeah yeah, it's not small, no no no. Biggest sized cereal around, besides the bricks of shredded wheat, but those don't really count. Their commercials were about hip kids who hung out in a shack and dealt with incredible bad-guy hulk-type characters that would show up hungry. The Honeycomb Kids would then give them Honeycomb cereal and make them nice, i.e.: sugar will make you nice. Food, violence, drugs. (noel/bruce) • Honeycomb iron-ons were big too. (See also Cereals)

HOROSCOPES, ZODIACS, BIORHYTHMS... – Any possibly useful information that could be derived from these techniques are now almost thoroughly discounted due for the most part to '70s culture, and secondly to the equally pukable New Agers today. That's fine though, some of life's most useful tools are so socialized and beyond mainstream status that it's a trick to ignore that and rediscover their unique uses without being a part of the fanatical b.s. Of course biorhythms *should* be relegated forever to House of Pancakes status. (darby)

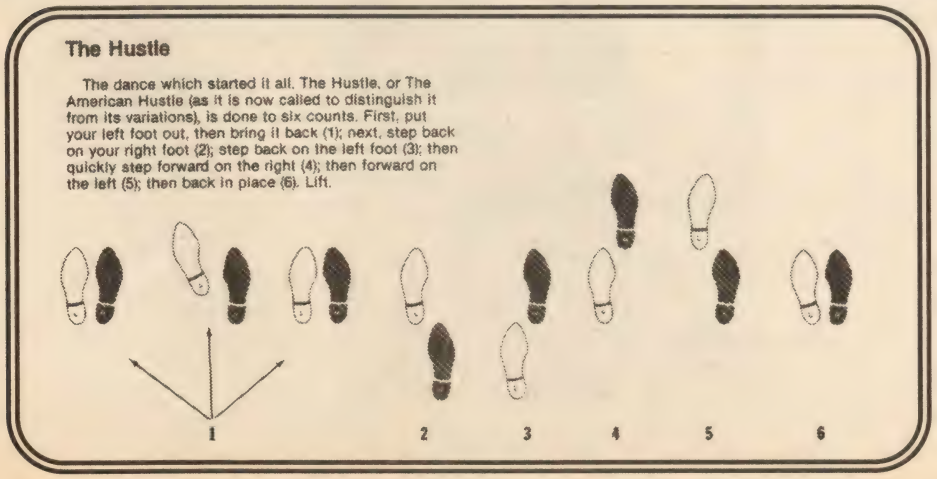
HORSE COLLECTIONS – I collected every model horse ever made. I believe Mattel made them. I ran across one the other day at the Rose Bowl Swap Meet, they're worth a little money now. I had t-shirts, charm necklaces, decorated my entire carrel at school, wrote stories about them and had two real horses. (laurel)

HOTCOMBS – During the early '70s, hair dryers evolved from conical dinosaurs to phallic blowhards. Along the way, a few startling mutants were born, and quickly died. The earliest one was the Hotcomb, the first hair dryer for men. It was needed to help the "new man" keep his new Mark Spitz coif looking "natural." Hotcombs were decidedly butch, they were large, clunky, and powerful, and were available in nice manly colors like black or dark brown. Like any power tool for men, these came with lots of attachments, which could give you that look liberated ladies dug. Alas, hair drying technology was then in its infancy, with the early models being far more powerful than practical. Many a man looking for that feathered look, had to adopt a Mike Brady style perm after a fiery encounter with his Hotcomb. (bruce)

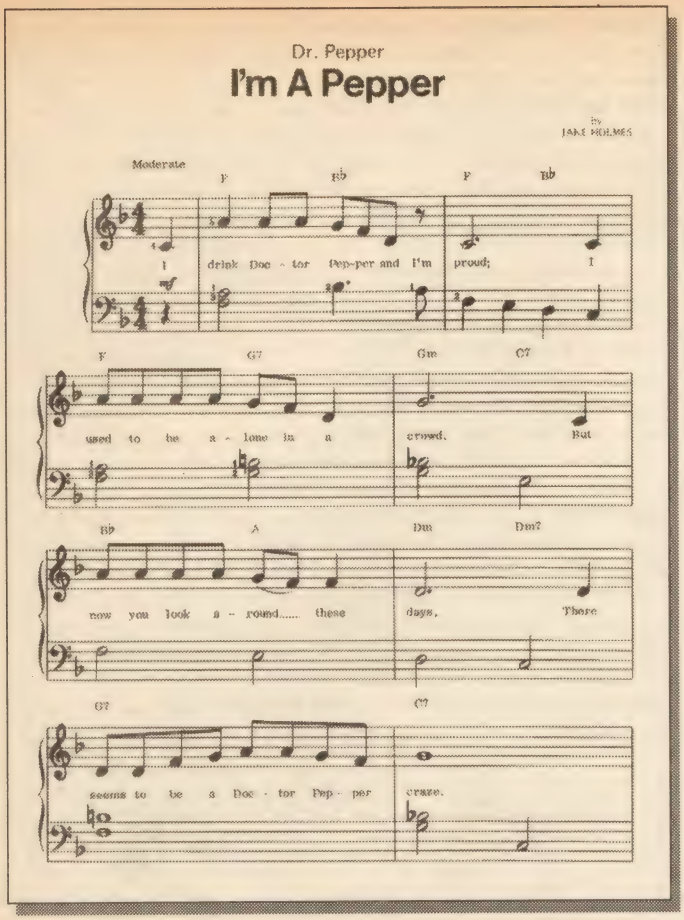
HOT TUBBIN' – My parents used to make it in the hot tub. I never knew this until recently. Gross. (wendy) • Wrapped up in this one object are all the feelings and obsessions of the '70s: hedonism, sexual liberation, California-ness, communal activity, do-it-yourself 'tude, and wood splinters in your butt. Hippies invented them, cutting big old oaken wine barrels in half to create Japanese-style hot soak tubs. Manufacturers stripped away the funky elements, designed pre-made indoor fiberglass tubs with pulsating heater jets, and mass-marketed them to wild-and-crazy suburbanites. (candi)

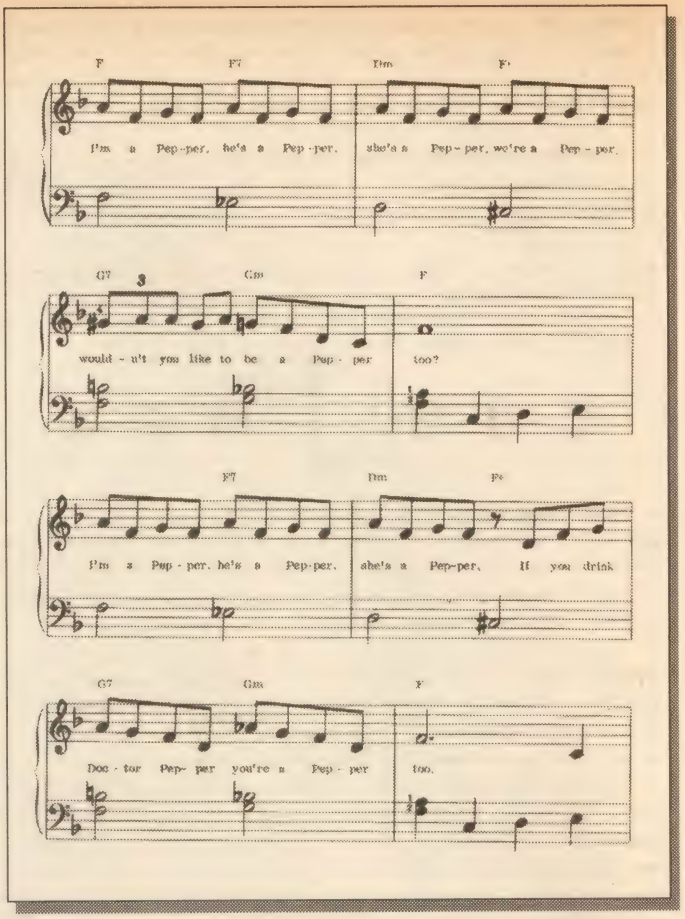
HOWDY DOODY – Every morning my dad would come in to wake us up for school. He had a few different techniques but one was he'd ask what time it was: "What time is it? What time is it?" Usually I'd be too tired to answer or I'd say, "It's too soon." Regardless he'd say no and if I didn't get up he'd answer his own question with the song, "iiitt's Hoooow-Deeeee-DoDeetime, it's Howdee-Do-Dee time, it's Howdee-Do-De time, it's Howdee-Do-De time," while tickling me. It was awful, but definitely a unique way to get woken-up. The other side to Howdee Doody in my life was: My dad bought me a Howdee Doody ventriloquist dummy doll for my birthday. And one night when I was in bed the lights were off, except for my fish-tank, which was behind Howdy's head making it glow, I saw Howdee's whacked out big grinning mouth moving up and down. Peaking from under the covers I couldn't take my eyes off him, until I finally fell asleep. During which I dreamt my first Howdy nightmare. A dream that began very real-life and peaceful, me and Howdy playing hide-go-seek but ending with his large pointy sharp fangs and him pulling a long even sharper knife on me. These dreams continued, even after I stuck Howdy in my sister's room. It came to the point where I asked my dad to get rid of him. He put Howdy in a box and for the next five years Howdy would sporadically reappear thanks to my dad or my sister trying to torture me (although my dad denies everything.) I still haven't really gotten over Howdy, though the dreams did stop. But I fear he's still out there…looking for me. (selina) • I wish I still had that stupid doll (*he he*). (darby)

HUSTLER HANGOUTS, LATE SEVENTIES – Arthur J's on Highland and Santa Monica, The Gold Cup on Hollywood and Las Palmas, Danielle's on Hollywood and Highland – these were all-night coffee-shops that catered to street trade like male hustlers, drag queens, pimps, etc. Everyone would always be in the girl's room, getting high. Also: South Town, Oki Dog, and Rock 'n' Roll Denny's, which is still in existence on Sunset. (pleasant)



The invisible dog image, and similar style A-Z illustrations, were done by Jory.





IN 'N' OUT BURGER BUMPER STICKERS – Who could resist transforming these freebies into the phrase "In 'n' Out Urge." Whoa! Righteous! Those Christians (they are, just look under their drink cups) caught on and changed them, preventing any further home modifications. (jory)

INCREDIBLE EDIBLES – Like the now reissued "Creepy Crawlers" but the machine to cook the goop looked like this big sphere-shaped head that opened in half like a giant mouth with eyes on the top half, and the rubbery snakes and bugs you made out of a special goop which you could eat! (riley)

INDIAN EARTH – This was that powder blush in a small terra cotta container with the cork lid. To use it you'd tilt the bottle over and then dab your blush brush on the lid and do all your blush zones: the puckered cheeks, the sides of your eyes, and maybe your chest to give the illusion of cleavage (pre-push up bra days.) The container lead one to believe this was some natural product that the Indians actually used. At least I fell for it. So instead of looking natural we looked like slutty little girls playing in mom's make-up. (darby)

INTERACTIVE BOOKS – Books that let you decide how the story would go, buy choosing from different options and turning to different pages. Each read could be a whole new experience. These types of books coupled with video games sparked the interactive movement of today. (darby) • I used to read the same book over and over again until I knew the path to the best ending. (wendy)

INVISIBLE DOGS – Plain good clean fun. The toy that was simply a leash made out of a stiff metal that everybody in the world had and you saw them every day but still they were very very funny. Ah, gone are the times of innocence. Can you imagine the kids in your neighborhood today being entertained by something that doesn't make noise, isn't run by a computer, doesn't emulate a violent act, or cost a hundred bucks? (jes) • An empty dog harness, a long leash, and a stiff wire, and you had the stuff of *Candid Camera*. These were sold under the name "No-Dogs," I had one when I was twelve, and used to freak out folks at the mall by taking mine out for a "walk." Later models had a tacky little tube inside which would squirt water out the rear end upon command. (bruce)

"I'M A PEPPER..." – There is no drink more retro than Dr. Pepper. (jes) • And the jingle was written and sung by soft-core god Barry Manilow for the added '70s flavor. (darby) • And the "I'm A Pepper" guy was the star of *An American Werewolf In London*. (howard) • In the Free-To-Be-You-And-Me '70s, advertisers found themselves trying to get millions of self-proclaimed individualists to all buy the same thing. The folks at Dr. Pepper came up with a rather creative solution to this problem. Cultivating an image as an alternative soft drink, they got one to feel you could drink Dr. Pepper, *and* be an original, along with the hundreds of other people dancing in the street with you. (bruce) • America loves prune juice. My favorite. (paul) (See also Un-Cola)

History is a set of lies agreed upon. *Napoleon Bonaparte*

ISUZU, JOE – Skinny shmuck whose specialty was selling Isuzu Troopers which were essentially motorcycles with boxes on them. I don't know where he came from but he later became a regular character on *Empty Nest* with Richard Mulligan and Kristy McNichol. (jon)

ITTIE BITTIE TITTIE COMMITTEE – Inspired three buxom women in the '70s to form the group the Ittie Bittie Tittie Pitty Committee supposedly for big busted gals. (bruce)

IUD – A sort of gross and scary form of birth control that fucked up women's insides and made guys dicks hurt. Of course, *anything* is better than the pill, isn't it? (darby) (See also Dalkon Shield/"Scandals" Retro 3)

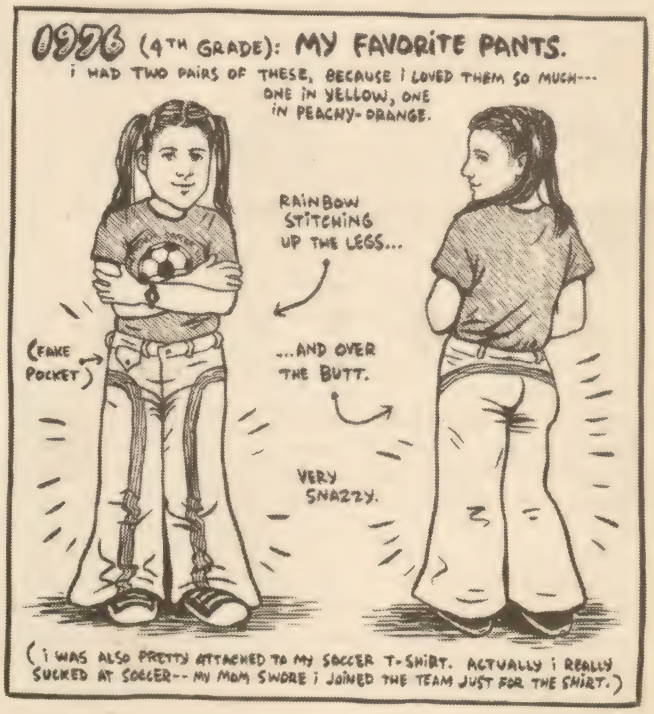
●●● J ●●●

J. GEILS BAND – Where do ex-rock stars go to die? The J. Geils Band had only a few hits, but "Centerfold" was so big, it hurt. Today the singer, Peter Wolf, has been having shows for his "art" in NYC. His new band "Peter and the Houseparty 5" exists somewhere too…beware. P.S. It says in "The '70s" book that Faye Dunaway married Peter Wolf on August 7th, 1974. The weirdness never ends. (ju-ji) • They were a Boston band that no one took seriously in their home town, and for good reason. Eventually they found a place in the world that would have them – Detroit. They were the Oingo Boingo of post-industrial Detroit. They would sell out an arena *five* nights in a row. You couldn't have a party without one of their records, and no Friday night was complete without hearing "Ain't Nothin' but a House Party." Of course, all their songs sounded the same, the driving piano, the "MOOBIE DOO!" and 'wamma-jamma' with the harmonica. "Centerfold" was their only national breakout hit, but by the time that came out their fans were like "Bullshit man, they sold out, it's bullshit disco motherfucker crap, man." (bruce)

JACKIE CHAN – There were certain things in life that most young girls without big brothers missed out on. I mean, a karate movie just never sounded appealing to me and I had no reason to go out of my way to see one before. But when the Nuart Theatre had a Jackie Chan film festival recently, and my friend (a guy) asked me to go, I agreed (only because I wanted to hang out with him – I certainly thought I'd be bored with the movies.) It was a double feature with *Project A* and *Wheels On Meals*. The biggest hormonal-freak-out insanity I've ever experienced on the big screen. Arnold Swarzenwho? Rambimbo? Jackie Chan and friends do all their own stunts (blow yer mind), and Jackie Chan writes and directs as well! To top that he is a master of slapstick in a way Hollywood action stars will never grasp. (I know you all know this, but let me bask in my new found fun) "Action adventure" won't be the same for me again. *Project A* is one of the best movies I've ever seen. (darby) • "*Everybody was Kung-Fu fightin' Hya! ...Those kicks were fast as lightin' Hya!* ..." (nina) (See also Kung Fu Theater)

JAMES AT FIFTEEN – Seminal TV show, starred Lance Kerwin as a sensitive boy whose best friends were a shrill, army-jacketed feminist girl (in a likable way, though) and a low-key African American boy. Nothing like it before or since. (allison) • I just remember the scene in the TV movie where James was finally going to do it with that girl and they were sorta camping out and getting naked and it was thoroughly romantic and I masturbated over it for months. (darby) • I still have a fetish for guys that look like "James." Incidentally, the bassist from my old band used to buy pot from Lance Kerwin. (gwynne) (See also Bedwetting)

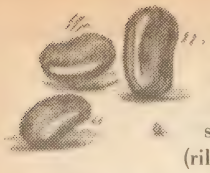
JAWS – This has to be listed separately. Because this, above all other scary movies, seemed to go way beyond, touching on deep dark fears in each and everyone of us – ones we never even knew we had – and, to this day, making us scared to death of the deep blue sea. And scared to death of sharks. After this movie most of us had problems swimming in the deep end of the pool (especially alone), or even going to the toilet (because of the slight possible chance that Jaws might go up the pipes and break through and eat you, butt first). When my dad took me to see the movie he told my mom we were going to *Bambi* – which made it even more exciting. I remember the whole thing, when the barrels were under water for a while and all was quiet and suddenly one popped up and my dad was so scared that he dug his nails into my arm and jumped up out of his seat. Whadda wimp. (darby) • Misc facts: After *Jaws*, the huge-grossing escapist blockbuster dominated the box office as no films ever have; Released just months after defeat in Vietnam, during the deepest recession since the depression, *Jaws* became a national craze. Hyped to the max by every major magazine (*Time* devoted more than twenty pages to the film, a week before its release), *Jaws* shattered every box office record and made a millionaire of thirty-year-old Steven Spielberg; The John Williams score (*duhn*, duhn, *duhn*, duhn, etc.) set audiences tingling with Pavlovian regularity. Problems: Martha's Vineyards residents were uncooperative, the three mechanical sharks (each Bruce costing $150,000) often floundered in the rough Atlantic. Richard Dreyfus whined on every talk show about the island location; Robert Shaw hated the story, "A novel written by committee, a real piece of shit…"



From the super comic: *I Was Seven in '75* by Ellen Forney

JEANS / PANTS – Luv Its, Dittos, Kelly Girl, Chemen de Fer, Gloria Vanderbilt, Jordache, Sasoon, Lee, Charlie's Angels, Chic; and unisex jeans (fitting neither man nor woman) like Faded Glory, Britannia. The '80s brought Guess, Bongo, and Calvins. • Don't forget Sergio Valente and Chams de Baron; the latter had those fabulous low budget commercials with a guy at customs in an airport being asked if he had anything to declare and answering, "Chams…Chams de Baron." (allison) • Don't forget the Canadian favorite: Fancy Ass! (howard) • The über-dark indigo San Francisco Riding Gear jeans made a splash in the early '80s, as did Normandie Rose and "Painter pants," (🎨) those chic pantalons with the gazillion pockets on the side (one of which perfectly housed your unbreakable comb). There was also "Code Bleu," totally overpriced trendy wear whose jean jackets had a big "fag tag" on the upper back to let the world know you were the shit. (morgan & ferris) • Denim was so substantial in the '70s that AMC came out with a special edition of the 1973 Gremlin with Levi's upholstery, tag and all. (candi) • Thumbs hang-

Attempts to market polyester jeans failed because people were disappointed when they wouldn't fade.



ing through the front loops, sassy-like, or in the back pocket of your true love. (ju-ji) • My friend's mom once had a Chemin de Fer party, like a Tupperware party, but with that brand of $60 designer jeans and she got a percentage of what she sold in free jeans. (riley) (See also Designer Clothes, Dittos, Oshkosh B'Gosh, and Ooh La La Sasoon)

JEAN ANKLE FASHION – You *had* to fold over your jeans and roll them up a little if you didn't already have tapered, zip-up ankles like Guess. This '80s trend was a severe backlash against '70s bellbottoms. (wendy)

JEAN N'ATE – The commercial was of a lady jockey horse racing as if that splash of Jean N'ate stimulated her to win, smelling good and femme while she did it. I remember when I used the stuff, I tried to splash it on just like the lady on TV did, and I'd pretend that I was getting just as stimulated while the nice bouncy theme song played in my head: Jean N'ate Jean N'ate du dudu, dudu dudu du… (darby) (See also Smells)

JELL-O – Maybe a New York thing, but it was the epitome of high cuisine to walk around day camp with your wet finger stuck in a box of dry gelatin. Sorta like Lik-A-Stick with your digit as the stick. (katy)

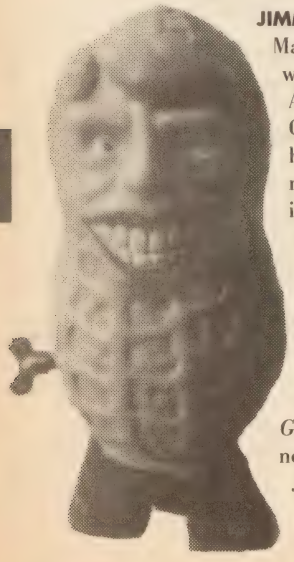
JELLY BELLY'S – Had John Hinckley, Jr. finished off Ronald Reagan like he should have, these gourmet jelly beans might have never been so big. I remember sampling the good stuff like bubble-gum, coconut, and lemon-lime flavors at the local ice cream shop, but I could never afford to buy them. They were for rich people. (noël)

JELLY GLASSES – I think it was Welch's that used to have *The Archies* (I have Betty and Veronica's Fashion Show with a bas-relief of Hot Dog on the cup's bottom), *Josie and the Pussycats*, and *Scooby Doo* imprinted on them. Now they're so dull I wouldn't even buy that shitty jelly just to get the free glass it turns into once you've cleaned it out. (darby)

JEM – The Rock Star, the doll, the cartoon, the role model. Jem is her name, no one else is the same…. (skylaire) (See also Cartoons)

JEWELRY BOXES WITH BALLERINAS IN THEM – When you opened up your pale pink or baby blue leatherette jewelry box with the gold embossing, the little ballerina would spin around to a music-box theme in front of a tiny mirror. I always wanted one of these! All my friends had them, and even though they were really "girlie" I secretly coveted one! (pleasant) (See cover art of Hole's *Live Through This* CD)

JEWELRY/TOY CANDY – Whistle pops, windmill with candy balls, wax teeth, ring pops, candy bracelets, candy necklaces with candy charms.



JIMMY CARTER – My family lived in Potomac, Maryland during Carter's presidency. My dad was Assistant Secretary of Education. We met Amy Carter at the White House. Anyway, Carter's helicopter would fly over our house on his way to Camp David and while half the neighborhood stood out on their lawns watching, we'd camp in the foxhole-like sewers in the new housing development and fire rocks out of slingshots and wrist rockets at the helicopter, attempting to take out the Prez. (pete)

JJ – Everyone called me JJ when I was little and therefore I really felt connected to JJ on *Good Times*. I even requested that people pronounce the initials with an accent on the second J for authenticity. If there was anybody I wanted to be, besides the President or Nadia Comaneci, it was JJ Walker. I wanted to be tall and lanky and funny with a big ol' afro. I loved his hat and his cool ghetto clothes. But I was forced to wear Grrr-animals from Sears (the clothes with numbers on the tags to indicate which pieces matched with each other) instead of the fashionable stuff JJ had. And why couldn't my sister be as understanding as Thelma? JJ also had the smoothest way of jive talkin' momma and the horny chick who lived downstairs. I wasn't allowed to call my mom *momma*; I had to call her *mother*. I begged her to take me to get an afro: "Mother, may I have an afro?" JJ was an artistic, sharp, and hot dashing ladies man with cool facial hair and dammit I *needed* to be more like him. And finally the years of pleading paid off. Ol' mother cautioned me that an afro might not be very flattering on my little head, but I guess she was fed up with my whining and begging. Off I went to the local midwestern beauty salon and after sitting through hours of chemical torture, I got me an afro. And I cried because it stung like all hell. And fuck, did I look bad. That's when I started my campaign for a Dorothy Hammil 'do…or was it the Farrah Fawcett flip? (jes)

JOANIE (HAPPY DAYS) – Was seen being tortured on Howard Stern not too long ago. A complete, pathetic mess. Sad actually. Was crying that everyone on the show molested her or something (if I only had the transcription.) Just close your eyes and remember her young with optimism, and her snotty sassy appeal; and grown up, with that poodle hair, having a band with Chachi. *Joanie LOVES Chachi*. She has to live with these memories for the rest of her fucking life. Another casualty of "the biz." (ju-ji) (See also Chachi)

JOGGING – Today people just plain *run* for exercise, but in the early 1970s when the modern obsession with fitness began, folks talked about "jogging." Soon, whether one actually exercised or not, it was cool to appear in public wearing jogging suits: matching sweat pants and jackets with two contrasting stripes down the side, plus jogging shoes (three-stripe Adidas were the first major brand) and a sweatband. (candi) • The main proponent of jogging for health in the '70s dropped dead of a heart attack one day while indulging in his favorite exercise. (skylaire) • It was a congenital condition. He shouldn't have lived that long. Get off yer butts. (paul)

JOHN 3:16 GUY – This is the guy who used to show up at NFL games with his big rainbow colored 'fro wig. Noël tells me there's an interview with him in the most recent *Motorbooty* so get it boooy. (darby) (See also Afros)

JOHNNY QUEST – Or, Johnny has two daddies. First animated series to showcase a positive portrayal of a gay couple, JQ followed the adventures of young Johnny, his father Dr. Quest, his father's muscular companion Race Bannon, Indian orphan Haji, and lovable pooch, Bandit. A Hanna-Barbera production, JQ took place in a world without women that was populated exclusively by thawed-out cavemen, ex-Nazi commanders, and Third World industrialists with pet Komodo Dragons. (nick)

JOHNSON & SMITH CATALOG – Gift and novelty catalog heavily advertised in comic books, it offered such memorable items as chest-hair toupees, garlic gum, dog doo, exploding cigars, whoopee cushions, elevator shoes…. (nick)

JOKE SHOPS – (See Spencer's Gifts)

JOKES, DIRTY KID – Do you wanna hear a dirty joke? The white horse

No, we're not alphabetically correct. And yes, we know it. Thanks.

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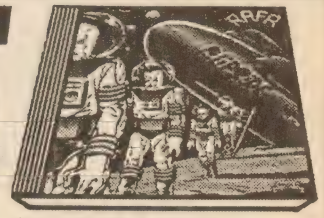

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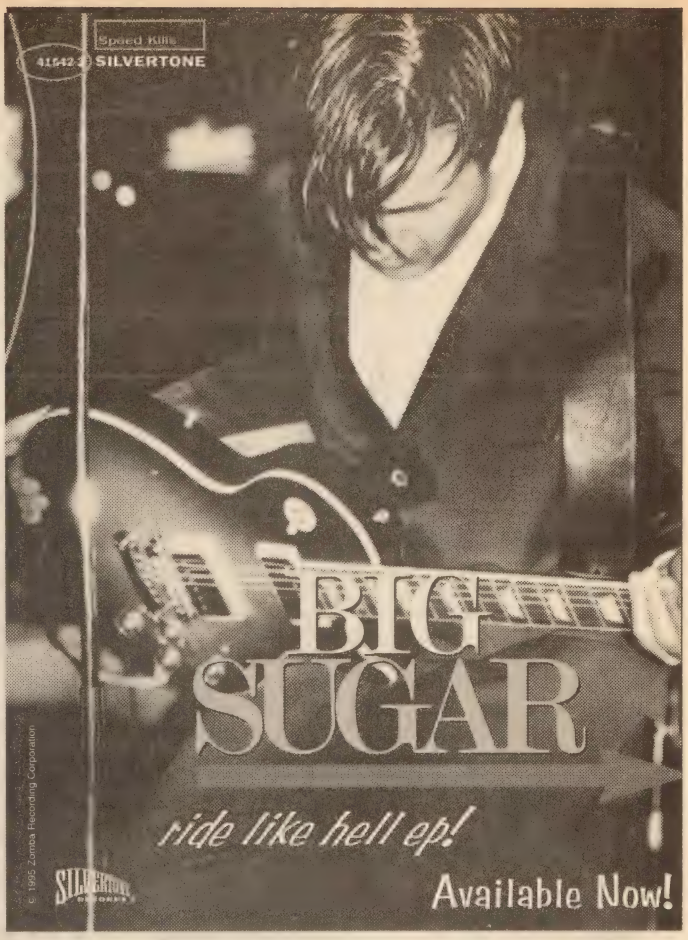

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fell in the mud. Isn't that funny!? There were so many stupid dirty kid jokes, like "deeper Danny deeper," or "Whaddya eating under there? Under where?" but the most ultimately famous one, actually one of the only jokes I remember telling in my whole life (tho Jes is the one who remembered the details) was The Snake in the Grass. Oh man, it's really great… Okay, so there's this little boy who asked his dad if he could take a shower with him. "Please daddy." "No, no." "Pleeaase, I'll hold my breath until I die." "Oh, okay." So they take a shower and the little boy asks, "Daddy, what's that?" "That's my snake, son." "Oh." So the next day the little boy asks his mom, "Mom, can I take a shower with you?" "No." "Pleeaase." "No." "I'll hold my breath until I die." "Oh, okay." So they take a shower and the little boy asks, "Mommy, what's that?" "Those are my headlights, and that's my grass." So, the next night the little boy walks into his parents bedroom unannounced while both his parents are having sex in bed and screams, "Mommy, mommy, turn on your headlights, there's a snake in your grass." Okay, maybe I don't remember it too well. I was always bad with punchlines. But it's really funny, don't you think? (darby) (Other versions include The Gorilla and the Banana, The Firetruck and the Garage, etc.) (See also Riddles pg. 133)

JONES, ED "TOO TALL" – In the late '70s, the all-star Dallas Cowboys had it all: patriotic charm, Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders, Super Bowl rings, and Ed "Too Tall" Jones (although rival Pittsburgh Steelers did have "Mean" Joe Green who will always be remembered for his pivotal role in an old Coca-Cola commercial.) Even with the household-name talents of Roger Staubach, Tony Dorsett, and Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson, "Too Tall" was not just another shining star in the Cowboys' line-up. He had surely "arrived" when his tallness was thrown in a cameo role for *Diff'rent Strokes* which featured His Shortness, Gary Coleman. The 20 foot height difference alone was nonstop American-made comedy for the masses and, boy, did we have fun or what!?! (noël)

JOSIE AND THE PUSSYCATS – Debuted on CBS on September 12th, 1970. I dressed like Josie for Halloween in high school and had much fun. I hear they're making a Josie movie – to continue the mission to suck and destroy all that's left of our stupid retro pop culture. (darby) • Can you picture Courtney Love in the movie? I can. (howard) • Saturday morning cartoon 1970 to 1974. A fondly recalled gem from the days when every cartoon had to have its own rock group. In this ditty, an all-girl group toured the globe, and just couldn't seem to stay out of trouble. Casey Casem did the voice of Alexander, the hippie manager, and future Charlie's Angels star, Cheryl Ladd was the voice of Sheri, the dumb blonde. During the second season, the Pussycats found themselves launched into space, where they found even more trouble and adventures. Each episode would feature the gals doing a horrid song. Capitol Records eventually put out an album of them, and sent a band of studio hacks on tour with it. Rumor has it that Kim Carnes, of "Bette Davis Eyes" fame, was one of the singers. They also did tie-ins with Kellogg's who put Pussycat records on the backs of "specially marked boxes." One obscure note: CBS used this as the flagship of its 1970 Saturday morning season, and went so far as to create a series of informational vignettes featuring various "Pussycats" explaining facts about the world. The vignettes ran between other Saturday morning cartoons, and the title "In The Know," with the gals doing the theme song. After *Josie and the Pussycats* was canceled, CBS revamped the vignettes, and retitled them "In The News," and they ran under this title until 1992. (bruce)

"JUNK" DRESSING, EARLY EIGHTIES – Madonna and Cyndi Lauper rule in this category, though we *all* dressed this way, it was street fashion. Rubber bracelets galore, cat-collars, white lace shirts with different colored bras underneath, big bows in way-moussed and teased hair, leopard-print scarves, lots of skinny belts and about five hundred necklaces, bracelets, and many ear-piercings. Lots of eyeliner, pink eyeshadow, red lips. Petticoats and fishnets, lace-up boots or retro pumps with bobby sox. (pleasant) • (See also the Odyssey) • Whaddya mean, "early '80s," Plez? I still dress like this! (gwynne)

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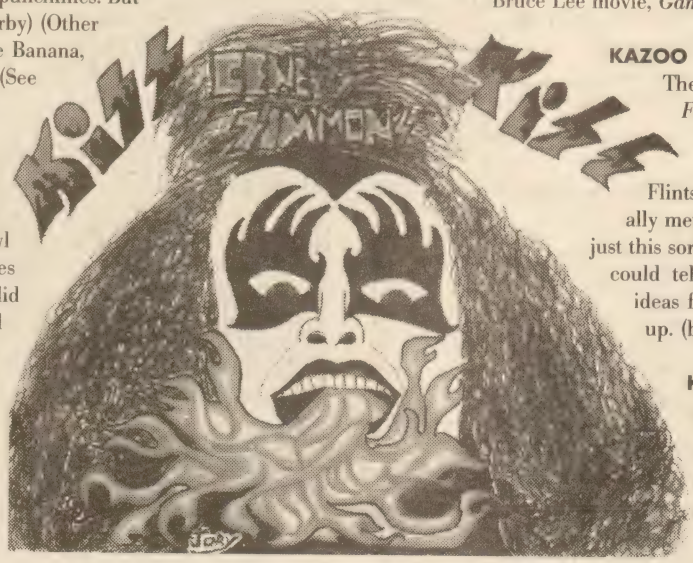
KAREEM ABDUL JABBAR – Original name: Lew Alcindor. Was in that Bruce Lee movie, *Game of Death*. (bruce)



KAZOO – Harvey Corman was the voice of The Great Kazoo, a Martian on *The Flintsones* that had been exiled from the 26th century. He had that big head and he zapped the Flintstones into the future and they actually met the Jetsons in a traffic jam. He was just this sort of bored guy with this big hat. You could tell they were really running out of ideas for *The Flintstones* when he showed up. (bruce)

KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND – I saw KC when I was in Miami Beach in '87 on the street corner with a trumpet and a trombone. My boyfriend was going to do his little drug deal or whatever, and I'm walkin' by and I saw him and said, "I'll give you a quarter if you play 'Joy To The World.'" I gave him a quarter, he started playing, and we we're rockin' out on the corner… I don't know what happened, but later on that night he ended up in jail, and my boyfriend ended up in jail, and that's how we found out that it was KC from KC and the Sunshine Band. I couldn't believe I was on this street corner giving the guy that I used to rock out to when I was a little girl a quarter to play a song!" (laurel)

KDAY – The best radio station ever. The Hit Breakers. Hip Hop in heavy rotation. Whodini, LL Cool J, Kool Moe Dee, Run DMC, Beastie Boys, World Class Wrecking Crew, Fila Fresh Crew, Egyptian Lover, Easy E and N.W.A., and the Weird Al of hip-hop Bobby Jimmy a.k.a Russ Parr the Morning Dee Jay. The Mixmasters Show with Greg Mack. Chillin' with Lisa Canning. The only time I ever won a contest on the radio was on KDAY (tickets to see *The Last Dragon*, a black Kung-Fu movie with Vanity 6). KDAY was so cool, it was on the AM dial and your telephone cord would receive the signal (even in Reseda) so you could hear hip hop throughout any phone conversation. Awesome! Then all of a sudden with no warning, BLAM!, the Hit Breakers disappear and are replaced by a Korean Radio station. Damn! I wish I had taped my favorite shows. (jory)

KENNINGTON SHIRTS – Fuzzy shirts made of either terry cloth (like bathroom towels) or velour (like a cheap stretchy velvet.) Came in a variety of designs and kooky nature color combos (think brown.) Kennington has reintroduced their terry cloth and velour shirts thanks to their retro popularity. (noël) (☮)

KILLER PUSSY – With all the retro comps out there I've yet to find one with any songs from or covers of this band. They taught me about important things like enemas ("teenage enema nurses in bondage") and pocket pool ("Momma's little baby plays pocket pool pocket pool, momma's little

angel is a pocket pool man"). (darby) • Most of my best friends (and some members of bands I was in) in Phoenix, AZ were in this group. Gary Russell, the leader / guitarist, was a total genius, not to mention a great guitarist. He was a DJ on legendary Arizona pirate station KDIL, made some of the best prank phone calls, wrote the weirdest, funniest shit you'll ever read, helped fellow Phoenician Freddy Snakeskin create amazing xerox collage-art zines a decade before punk rock made it fashionable, and was just about the only guy who could pull off what I've come to call "Improv Pop." An all-around surrealistic wunderkind, now he drives a cab in Phoenix, drinks a lot and has really bad eczema. At least he's alive, unlike the drummer, who was the guitarist/singer in most of my Phoenix bands, including the Yvonnes, Kray-zee Homicide, and the Consumers. One of the first in my seemingly never ending series of dead friends/bandmates. (don)

KING TUT – In the 1920's, despite legends of a curse and the wrath of the pharaohs, archaeologists dug deep into the tomb of the ancient Egyptian King Tut. Disturbing the grave proved to be lucrative, as hundreds of priceless artifacts were discovered and examined. Fifty years later, select pieces from this collection appeared in museums around the world, giving thousands of curious historians a glimpse of ancient history at one of its finest moments. But, like most events of this magnitude, capitalism is not far away and reared its ugly head everywhere Tut appeared. Jewelry, posters, books, key chains, postage stamps, novelty songs, TV specials, coke spoons, you name it. King Tut was re-throned and the world bowed down to him. Everybody was an overnight pseudo-intellectual/historian, and you were square if you weren't hip to the triangles. This kick-started the mega-fad "Pyramid Power," ripping people off with "Pyramid purified bottled water." "New Age" philosophy, and numerous other get rich quick scams. (mike) (See also Steve Martin)

KISS ARMY – Fan clubs were for pussies who liked The Bay City Rollers; Kiss fans had an army and, fuck yes, I was enlisted. I joined after I saw them and Cheap Trick with my Dad and sister at the Forum in '77 and accepted Ace Frehley as my own personal savior. At 10, all I wanted was to go on a "rocket ride" to "Detroit Rock City" and "pull the trigger of your love gun" – even if I didn't know what it meant, it sounded and, more importantly, looked F-U-N. Kiss infused all my pre-pubescent fantasies with the mystery of the dark and unknown, had their own comic book and even starred in their very own movie, *Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park*. They were more than Gods, they were Super Heroes. (nina) • Note: Their first show was January 30th, 1973 in a Queens, NY club.

KITCHEN APPLIANCES – In the years after pop-up toasters and before the arrival of microwaves, America's kitchens brimmed with all sorts of electronic gadgets that helped usher in the era of junk food. First there was The Toaster Oven, which allowed any stoner to enjoy the special thrill of watching cheese melt all over the place under a groovy red light. The folks at a company called Presto soon gave the world a device called Hotdiggity. It was a little plastic hut with electrified prongs that "cooked" your impaled hot dogs by induction. They followed this triumph with something called Burger-in-a-Jiffy. I was never sure just what a "jiffy" was, but it appeared to be a pair of hot plates which squeezed and fried an idly torn off hunk of ground beef into something not unlike a hamburger patty. When you were done, your Jiffy often contained a carbonized shell, with bacteria laden flesh inside, just like fast food! No doubt inspired, the folks at Presto then whipped up the Frybaby. Its horrific name proved just perfect for what it was – a stout metal caldron of boiling oil that sat, and often spewed, right on the kitchen and sizzle into an unrecognizable puff of "food." For convenience sake, Frybaby came with a meltable lid that allowed any indifferent chef to keep the same fetid fat for later uses. Of course, as it heated up, this cute little crucible of calories often turned into a bomb waiting to go off in your face, if not your arteries. There were many other appliances of this ilk, such as the Woks-a-lot, or the vividly named Salad Shooter, also ice cream makers, food dehydrators, food processors ("la machine")…. Eventually we all learned that one cheap microwave could replace a shelf of costly gadgets. (bruce) (See also Fry Baby)

KLICK-KLACKS – The Pinto of toys: two marbles about the size of ping-pong balls attached to a string. You were supposed to hold the middle of the string and "click" them together. If you got really good at it, you could do fancy tricks with them, not unlike those done with yo-yos. But, alas, they had an alleged nasty habit of breaking, and exploding in a shrapnel-like shower of glass. The teachers at school told us some kid was blinded by a flying shard, as they banned and confiscated our Klick-Klacks. (gwynne) • We all knew it was a conspiracy because the wimpy grown-ups hated the sound they made. (carla) • The horror stories of shattering glass were often attributed to a cheap Klick-Klack knock-off called "Klikies." But even before this, the ill-conceived toy had earned a lethal reputation. The similarity between a pair of Klick-Klacks and the South American hunter's weapon called a bolo was soon evident to every boy who watched adventure shows on TV. I must say that in this capacity they proved surprisingly effective. This same toy has recently returned in a very tame form. The new model is made entirely out of stiff plastic, and holds no potential for creativity or mayhem. (bruce) • For the office or daddies' dens was the desk top model, Newton's Balls, with five silver balls. Designed for obsessive compulsive execs running on one pot a day – or for their kids to play with while they were waiting "just five more minutes" for them to finish work. (darby) (See also Executive Toys)

KMART – Girl China Dolls, Karate Shoes, "Mia" knock-offs, Icees, the Kmart cafeteria (I once had Thanksgiving dinner there), sweat clothes, underwear, stealing make-up… (lisa r.) • Actually, I found their cheap-assed jewelry theft-worthy and would stash it in the rusty boat next to the garage when I lived in the mountains. Unfortunately, Winter came and the squirrels stole all of it. (skylaire) • The downfall of Jaclynn Smith. (ju-ji)

KMET – "A little bit of heaven, 94.7 K.M.E.T., tweedle dee." Thee coolest stoner-style rock station on the FM dial. Dee jays included: The Burner Mary Turner, Paraquat Kelley, Jeff Gonzer, and Jim Ladd. It was a 24 hour pot party on your radio, and for the young initiate to drug culture, an education. • If all that and the crappy dinosaur schlock they called

Time is a circus; always packing up and moving away. –Ben Hecht

"music" wasn't enough, their hideous sub-verbal rallying cry "Hoo Ya!!" would send you running to the medicine chest for *anything* to stop the psychic pain. (Smokin' Bolles)

KNICKERS – You were cool if you wore these pants that buttoned at the knee. An ugly classic look for men that was adopted by women for this brief un-feminine period. They were the fad along with vests, argyle socks, and topsiders/pennyloafers. (selina)

KOALA BEAR CLIP-ONS – There were koalas, pandas and bears and they were basically a small stuffed animal built around a metal clip, so when you pinched its back its arms would open and you could clip it onto things like your pencil. (darby) • I had my 7th grade school photo taken with one clipped to my uniform collar and a super dorky I-hate-you look on my face. (riley)

KOHOUTEK – That fucking comet that appears once every gazillion years and generated tons of merchandise during its last time around ('76 or '77?) (allison) • In about '73 a Polish astronomer named Kohoutek saw and got to name a comet after himself. It apparently had an extremely elliptical orbit and would not return for several hundred thousand years. All signs pointed that this would be a great cosmic portend. Possibly it would be so bright that it could be seen by day. There was just one little problem: due to the elliptic orbit of this comet, it lost about half its mass when it went around the sun, so by the time it graced our skies in the middle of winter, it simply looked like a slow moving airplane. For a little while Kohoutek was synonymous with 'dud.' (bruce)

KOOGLE – This existed for a short time only. For about two years (my guess is 1973-74, but I could be wrong.) It was a line of flavored peanut butter-type spreads with a wacky "Kool-Aid Guy" mascot who more resembled Rat Fink, and sang the virtues of peanut butters which tasted like cinnamon, chocolate, banana, and vanilla. The KOOGLE Monster often hung out in odd locales (one was in a locker room after the big game), shouting "Fooot-foootio-fow!", and hassling the kids with the hard-sell. Needless to say, the folks who devised this product thought it was so great they rushed its release without first perfecting its flavor. The chocolate tasted like a mud-slab. The cinnamon was very chemical-gritty; and I was too afraid to try the other two flavors (that, and my brother and I couldn't con our very food-conservative mother into forking the cash for such a frivolity.) It has been stated that every kid in America had a jar laying around with just one big spoon-mark indenting the surface. (Kevin Chanel, with his pal Mikey Gearhead)

KORK-EASE PLATFORMS – Worn with tight Chemin De Fer or Brittannia jeans and a pastel-colored french-cut t-shirt, Kork-Ease were these great platform sandals. They usually only came in "natural," and the straps were leather while the platform was suede. They came in three different heights, and of course, the sluttiest chicks only wore the highest, which was like the Frankenstein-platform size. I had a pair with baby-pink metallic leather straps that I got from Fred Slatten Shoes in West Hollywood, and also a "boot leg" (not authentic Kork-Ease) silver glitter pair – in addition to my countless pairs of real ones. They were really comfortable (must've been the cork in the soles) and really sexy-looking. The way we wore 'em was to get the tipedge hem of your bell-bottoms about 1/2 inch above the sole, so that just a hint of the shoe was visible, and your legs in their tight jeans looked ultra long. Also, they looked real tough with straight Levi's, which we wore cuffed up, and custom-sewn with a seam up the front of the legs to look like old-fashioned ski-pants. You'd wear the Kork-Ease, jeans, and a striped t-shirt with a beret and big hoop earrings – it was a style we stole from New York Puerto Rican girls that Johnny Thunders also used to wear – only I think he wore lace-up platform boots. (pleasant) (See Shoes)

KTEL – Famous for their mass-market compilation tapes/LPs in the '70s and '80s, which would combine the oddest groups. Skylaire has one called "Pure Power" with Alice Cooper, Doobie Brothers, Paul Anka, K.C. & The Sunshine Band, and Hall & Oates. I've got one called "Rock 80" with Gary Numan, Sniff 'N' the Tears, Pat Benetar, Joe Jackson, The Ramones, and M (the ones who do that song "Pop Muzik.) They'd have crazy ads and all their records would say "As advertised on TV" as if it were a big selling point. (darby)

KUNG-FU THEATER – It was either Saturday or Sunday mornings, but I remember watching *Master of the Flying Guillotine* over and over. I think that was the favorite out of the three or so they played. I would watch them (sometimes they would have them back to back), then my friends and I would go out to the wooded field behind our tract, and re-create the whole movie, complete with jumping out of trees, throwing chains, and we even learned to make nun-chaku from the master, Bruce Lee. Later I found they have a Hong Kong film festival every year so the tradition lives on, sort of.... (e.c. cotterman) (See also Jackie Chan)

●●●L●●●

LALANE, JACK – One of the guys in Killer Pussy married the daughter of the person who owns Jack LaLane's name; I've seen video tape of a party at his house featuring a pathetic, drunken Jack LaLane singing a god-awful version of "My Way." (don)

LANCELOT LINK, SECRET CHIMP – The greatest live-action children's show ever, this all-primate (as in, *no humans*) rock 'n' roll spy spoof ran for one precious season only in 1970, though it has since been re-run on Nickelodeon and The Comedy Channel. Cast, in addition to simian 007 Lance, included Mata Hairi, Inspector Darwin, (negative German stereotype) Baron von Butcher, (negative Spanish stereotype) Creto, (negative Asian stereotypes) Dragon Woman and Wang Fu, (negative Arab stereotype) Ali Assasin, and (Brit stereotype who looked eerily like Queen Elizabeth) The Duchess. ABC/Dunhill released an album of Lance's groovy group The Evolution Revolution, easily one of the most brilliant rock albums of the era. (gwynne) • After its one season run on third rated ABC, the producers realized this entirely dubbed show could be re-dubbed, and shown in almost any TV market in the world. Alas the secret agent formula didn't translate well in most markets. However, the show

The name Lego is from the Danish phrase "leg godt" which means "play well."

did very well when it ran in central Africa, and in 1987 became the number one show in Zaire. (bruce)

LAS VEGAS – RETRO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD. No matter what is "in" or not (usually not) in style, Las Vegas isn't scared to keep it proudly displayed. In this, the decade of the comebacks, Las Vegas is truly the proud forefather. Where old tried and true has-beens can *always* find a home, when the rest of the trendy world thinks them a bit *too* retro hell. (darby)

LAUPER, CYNDI – Why is this goddess of song relegated to has-been hell, while mushy wussy-pop groups like Velocity Girl and The Cranberries rule the airwaves? The music business sure sucks. (gwynne) • She is back and has been on every talk show, saying it was her chose to take a break from the limelight. Now she's matured mentally and musically and looks great. I love Cyndi. (selina)

L'EGGS – Pantyhose that came in those Mork 'n' Mindy-type plastic eggs. It was all wrinkly and sick when it came out. (wendy) • Retired quarterback Joe Namath did the oddest thing by wearing L'eggs pantyhose in one of their commercials. "If these can make my legs look good, imagine what they could do for yours." The zenith of '70s androgyny chic. (jes/bruce) • Namath needed money. It's embarrassing. (dad)

LEG WARMERS – With tight jeans and leg warmers for the Pat Benetar aesthetic, or on top of your Frye boots (I think those may have been a special item called "Boot Toppers," though.) (allison) • Kate Bush had the *best* leg warmer collection. (gwynne) • *Xanadu*, the movie Olivia Newton-John starred in, was my great inspiration to wear these knitted, footless stockings with everything I owned. (laurel) (See also Aerobics, and *Flashdance*.)

LAMPS THAT LIT UP WHEN YOU TOUCHED THE LEAVES OF A PLANT – Who knows what these were actually called but this was hi-tech sci fi right there in the house of your parent's richer neater friends. The plant would be sprouting out of a lamp base and one, two, three the light would grow brighter with each touch, until it finally shut off and you could start again. Hours of orgasmic kid play. (darby)

LICORICE PIZZA – When I was a total vinyl collecting geek living in Detroit, I came out here on a visit in 1979 and saw a record store the size of a supermarket and freaked out at what was available. It took my breath away. I spent two hours in there and couldn't get it out of my mind for weeks. It was cool in that sort of late '70s Hard Rock Cafe "we are cool-giant rock and roll" way. (bruce) • It took me five years to figure out this place was a record store. I could only associate it with food, and thought it was some new-fangled type of restaurant that I wasn't old enough to know about. (darby)

LIGHT BEER – Today you can choose from light, dark, ice, draft, and non-alcohol beers, as well as nutty combinations of these qualities, but not so very long ago beer was beer, period. The first successful light beers were promoted in the '70s, including an early success, Anheuser-Busch's Natural Light. It probably wasn't any more "natural" than any of its competitors, but the word just sounded good to '70s consumers. (candi) (See also Busch Gardens)

LINBERG'S NUTRITION – Oh boy. When I had to work with my mom at her Fallbrook Mall shop I'd just be dreaming of my lunch: a half order of fettucini and corn bread from Marie Callenders and a big thick luscious raspberry shake from Linberg Nutrition. That's what I call keepin' in the pink. My allergy-ridden sister had to eat all their shitty wheat/dairy/fun-free foods like banana chips and soy milk so she had a different idea of the place. (darby) P.S. I think most of these stores are gone but the one on Sherman Way and Reseda in the valley, now called All Star, still has all the old food and old customers. I think they only make those raspberry shakes until 4pm though, try it with a gardenburger and tell them Ben sent you.

LINT CLEANING DEVICES – Rolling tape cleaning devices have been around forever but work great. In the '70s though it was those red brushes that cleaned in one direction and disposed of dirt in another. They had a white handle with bright red oval shape pad. Bruce says they were called The Magic Brush, but they were more often referred to as the "lint taker offer" – though usually they just moved lint from one item to another since the brush wouldn't hold very much. (darby) • I would always brush them the wrong way. (dad)

LIPS – I think the whole lips thing started with that Rolling Stones logo and progressed to lip shaped pillows, lip shaped couches, lip shaped phones, etc. (riley)

LIPGLOSS – The kind with the syrup in a glass tube with a plastic ball on top that you would roll on your lips. The popular flavor was of course bubble gum. You put this stuff on your lips until they were practically dripping with this sugary slime. It was good for school too 'cause when you got bored in class you could spend the whole time putting it on and licking it off. Lisa A. says they were called Kissing Sticks, *The Seventies* book says they were Max Factor Kissing Gloss. (darby) • There was another popular type in a small tin with a sliding top and an "antique-y" looking fruit drawing on the lid. You just stuck your finger in, mushed it around, and smoothed some on your aching lips. (lisa a.) • Stagelight's "Blue Roses" ruled. (gwynne)

LIPSMACKERS – Strawberry, grape, orange, bubble gum, rootbeer, 7-Up, Dr. Pepper…. The smart folks at Bonnie Bell (besides this and Ten-o-Six, what else do they make?) caught on to the retro phenom and brought these tasty lip stuffs back but I've only seen them in the smaller sizes. They used to be x-large and people would wear them around their necks on strings. Personally I never liked the way they tasted much. (darby) • Dru Knopinski used to eat the watermelon one. (riley)

LIPSTICK – I always wore bright orange or fuschia with frost over it. (juji) • *The* only two colors to have were Frosted Brownie and Zinc Pink, and if you didn't put it on every five minutes (so that it looked like caked-on frosting,) what was the point in wearing it in the first place? Example: My step-mother once snapped at me, "Enough with the lipstick, Lisa! This is summer camp, *not* a fashion show!" (lisa r.) • The mini white samples of lipstick that grandma always had. There'd be that little cap and you'd pull the cap off and the lipstick would be there, and you wouldn't have to twist it up. They were called "Fire," and things like that. (laurel)

LITE-BRITE – "Lite-Brite, makin' things with light. What a sight, making things with Lite-Bright!" Another of my fave toys, though due to electrical currents, an adult had to be present during use. Bummer. (katy) • The glowing grid, an early trainer for the generation destined to work at glowing screens. Real chunky graphics, cool colors, and those tiny pegs you'd always lose. Few toys of its era are as fondly recalled. (bruce) (See also Toys)

LITTER – "One of the worst pieces of propaganda was a public service announcement created by the Advertising Council, a commercial that plagued my guilt. In the commercial (as I remember it), a carload of partying people speeds down the highway; they throw a bunch of bottles out the window; their trash lands right at someone's feet; the camera then pans up the man's body and we see he's a Native American; a close up of his face shows a tear rolling down his cheek. Seemingly the Indian doesn't mind the highway that cuts through his land or the cars that pollute his pristine sky. No, it's those bottles and wrappers on the side of the road that have prompted his silent crying. The commercial used to send me into paroxysms of guilt when I was a kid – after politically charged American history classes in elementary school, I was already painfully aware of my passive role in stealing land from Native Americans. The ad cleverly capitalized on this guilt, but at the same time it implied that we could right our wrongs toward Native Americans simply by refraining from pitching Coke bottles out our car

120 million lunch boxes were sold in America between 1950 and 1970, retailing for between $2.39 and $3.50.

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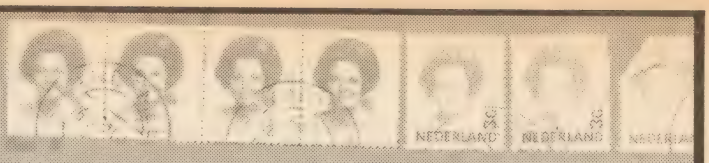

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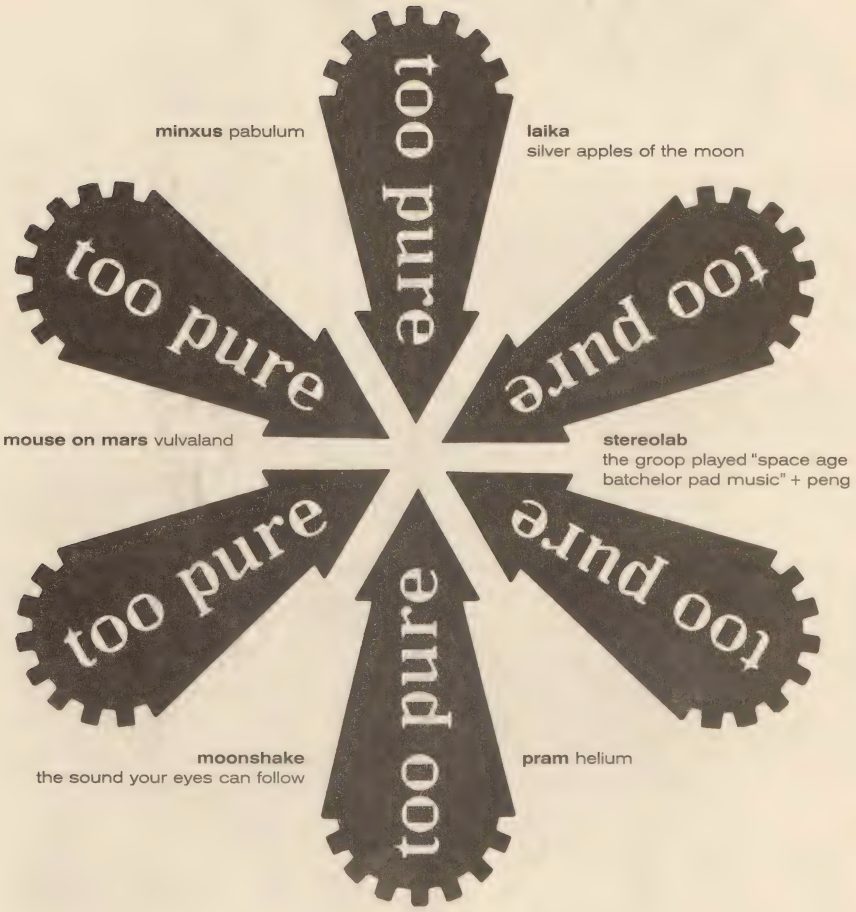

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windows." (from book *Platforms* by Pagan Kennedy) • Iron Eyes Cody's single tear will never be forgotten! (riley) • A friend of mine would throw his Jack In the Box trash out the car window in the parking lot before we left, saying, "I'm not littering, I'm creating minimum-wage jobs for America." (jeff) • I always thought there were three places it was okay to litter at: School, 7-11's, and McDonalds'. (darby)

THE LITTLE FOLK'S SHOP – They had one of them deep meaningful jingles: "Little folks shop at the Little Folks Shop." Unfortunately Lori Heinselman and I were little enough until the ninth grade. Quite sad. (darby)

LITTLE KIDDLES – Started around 1967. Mattel-made cutie poseable dolls with tons of accessories. Made to appeal to the most immature of children. They eventually spawned a more advanced form, the Skiddles, which moved in a life-like fashion, once you shoved a spooky Vespa looking device into their tiny little backs. Kinda scary. (bruce/allison) (See also Dolls)

LIQUID PROTEIN DIET – The idea was, if you drank a lot of this odd cough syrup like stuff, you could lose an incredible amount of weight, very fast! Who could ask for anything more? Celebrities hawked it in interviews, stores sold out of it faster than the pounds fell, it was all the rage, until people on it began to show ribs, and die of vitamin deficiencies. (bruce) (See also Diets)

LIQUID SILVER NECKLACES – Usually accented with turquoise teardrops, mother-of-pearl doves, or coral clumps. Replaced by gold "S"-chains. (gwynne)

LOCAL HORROR MOVIE SHOWS WITH GHOULISH HOSTS – Nah, *not* Elvira, or some lame-assed, white-washed corporate thing, but hosts like Zacherle, or other weird older guys who were failed weathermen or something, dressing up and wearing awful make-up, with bogus, cheap-looking lab set-ups, showing Z-rated '40s and '50s black and white horror flicks. Shows like *Chiller Theater* and *Front Row Saturday Night* on local stations. They don't have anything like that anymore. (pleasant)

LOGAN'S RUN – A good example of what passed for sci-fi before *Star Wars* came out. A real 1970s vision of the future. A century after the apocalypse, a bunch of happy white people live inside the ultimate singles complex, a huge domed city that looks suspiciously like the Texas shopping mall it was filmed in. Here they lounge around in skimpy disco clothes, do drugs, beam up sex partners on demand, and wait to turn 30, which is when they get to float around in this real cool zero gravity area, and blow up in front of a cheering crowd. I think the producers spent too much time in Orange County. This flick is so '70s that it featured Farrah Fawcett in a small role. I used to think this was pretty cool until my hand crystal started blinking red. Later, it became a really dumb TV series, starring Gregory Harrison, who later played Trapper John MD. (bruce) • Even more than Lance Kerwin (see also *James at Fifteen*), I have the *worst* fetish for guys who look like Michael York. (gwynne) • I so very much loved this movie. (darby) • I think you subconsciously loved it for the abundance of kitty cats at the end. (noël)

THE LOUD FAMILY – The PBS show, á la *Real World*, where the cameras peaked into the life of "The Loud Family." Famous for the scenario in which one of the kids, Lance Loud, "comes out." (Today Lance is a successful writer for *The Advocate* and other publications.)

LOVE AMERICAN STYLE – There is no other decade this show could have inhabited. Actually it first aired in September, 1969, but it was ultimately '70s, and aired until January, 1974. "Love seen from all sides: young and old, rich and poor, unmarried, just married, long married, and multi-married." Each program consisted of a bunch of cute one-act plays with love in the title: "Love and the Practical Joker," "Love and the Legal Agreement," "Love and the Hot Pants," "Love and the Hippie Girl," "Love and the Pill." It was a wonderful vehicle for ABC sitcom stars to stretch their abilities, and also soon became a haven for washed up old actors of the Rudy Vallee and Caesar Romero variety. The one running theme is that every house in every episode had the same brass bed. And in between there would be these terrible blackout skits featuring the loveless loser lamar, played by the actor who later became Angel (Stuart Margolin) of the *Rockford Files*. Every episode ended with an iris out in the shape of a heart. (bruce/ darby) • Other misc. info: Guest stars included the likes of Phillis Diller, Sonny and Cher, Paul Lynde, Milton Berle, Ozzie and Harriet, Tiny Tim, Jacqueline Susann, Martha Ray, and Burt Reynolds. Other trivia information: *Love American Style* never made it in the top 25 shows during any year. • The intro song: "Love American style, Truer than the red, white and blue, Love American style, That's me and you," was sung by the Cowsills. It was released as a single but failed to make the charts. • The pilot of *Happy Days* first appeared as a segment of *Love American Style*. It was called "Love and the Happy Day," and featured Ron Howard and Anson Williams as Richie and Potsie.

Could *you* tell Julie was fried on cocaine when you watched this show?

LUCAS, GEORGE – Like any good film geek of the late '70s, I hated him, while secretly envying him. The man who gave the world *Star Wars* (☺) had lead a checkered past. From teenage hot-rodder, to Hollywood God, his story inspired many equally wimpy boys with a taste for fantasy. He earned my respect by realizing his limitations as director, and let others direct his productions. George retreated to his own "movie ranch," complete with fake farmhouses, that housed million dollar studios. Eventually, the solitude got to him. He tried to turn The Force into a religion, sat at Joseph Campbell's feet and called him Yoda. Today, he still talks about the importance of myth in our lives and finishing the other three *Star Wars* movies. Now I can hate him honestly. (bruce)

LUKE AND LAURA – I remember when the president got shot. I remember the earthquake. And I remember Luke and Laura's wedding. They're fuckin' retarded now. (selina) • The most famous soap opera couple ever – despite the fact that Luke was/is always a total utter DOG! *(I thought he was hot. I can't believe you didn't like him. The Bradys all had curly hair and I loved them too. –selina)* In Hallmark-ish type stores during their hey-day you could find everything Luke and Laura: stationary, posters, pins, mugs.... I know they made their comeback already (a few times), but they *never* talk about the rape that originally brought them together. As a youth I found it quite shocking. *And poor Scottie!* (darby) • For a period in time around '77 G.H. was in fear of

"It just has to do with people liking dumb movies." Lucas on success of Star Wars

cancellation for it's poor ratings. Desperate, they made some drastic changes and, with a few new writers, characters, and acting teachers, the ratings soared up to third place within two years. This is what it says about that period in *The Soap Opera Encyclopedia*: "*General Hospital* entered a highly controversial, but phenomenally popular period. Pat Falken Smith, famous for her exciting melodrama, bitchy dialogue, and notorious rape stories on *Days of Our Lives*, was hired as head writer. Monty (the other main writer) picked up the pace even more, demanding shorter scenes and more action-oriented story lines. Amid a highly complex organized crime plot line, Falken Smith and Monty made what was to become the most controversial move in the history of daytime drama. On October 5, 1979, Luke, who was convinced he would be killed in mob activity soon, forced Laura to dance with him to the throbbing music of Herb Albert's 'Rise' in his deserted disco. He then pushed Laura to the floor and raped her. Crying in fear and humiliation, Laura screamed 'No!' repeatedly before the fade-out. The married Laura had expressed interest in Luke, but from Francis' gut-wrenching painful performance as a rape victim afterwards, it was clear that the incident had been more than a seduction. Laura was hospitalized and attended group therapy sessions for rape victims for a while, but as the months passed it became clear that there was powerful chemistry between Genie Francis and Anthony Geary, who had created a fascinating anti-hero in Luke Spencer. *General Hospital* had become enormously popular and the stories were moving with such momentum that the show was not about to slow down by sending its new male lead to therapy or jail. Instead, the show ignored the rape issue, thus appearing to condone the incident, and later got around to calling it a 'seduction.' Meanwhile, at personal appearances to promote the show teenage fans screamed at Tony Geary, 'Rape me, Luke! Rape me!'"

LUNCHBOXES – They stopped making metal lunchboxes in 1986 because kids kept bashing each other over the head with them. The last one ever made was Rambo. Lunchboxes became a hot retro collectable item shortly thereafter. I remember waiting for the schoolbus in the forth grade and teasing my friend's brother so badly he swung his lunchbox and it caught the corner of my eye. I guess that was also about the age that I started to get self-conscious about my appearance because I remember feeling like the whole class was watching my black eye grow bigger and bigger during the day. The first lunchbox I ever bought as a collector was a Campus Queen lunchbox at a church rummage sale. Me and the other punk rockers from school had gone rummaging for the cool garb. There was a huge box of lunch boxes and Campus Queen was on top. Since I was completely not the "campus queen" I found great joy in the irony of carrying this wonderful fifties-esque pink box to school every day. If only I would have had the forethought to buy the whole box of them, but I didn't know how lunchboxes would grow on me. I now have about 60 of them. They are perfect pop art. Lunchboxes were a back-to-school ritual. Each box had an image that each kid was trying to adopt for himself when he picked it out. They were elementary school style-makers. They're colorful, portable, 3D, have all those cool panels and they each represented something that kids were obsessed with, be it TV shows, movies, cute rock stars, cartoons. It's that obsession that fascinates me about pop culture and therefore about lunchboxes. They're getting harder and harder to find, and each time I go to some out-of-the-way town's Salvation Army, I desperately search for a huge box of lunchboxes that only cost a dime each, just like the one I found my Campus Queen in. (jennifer lehrer)

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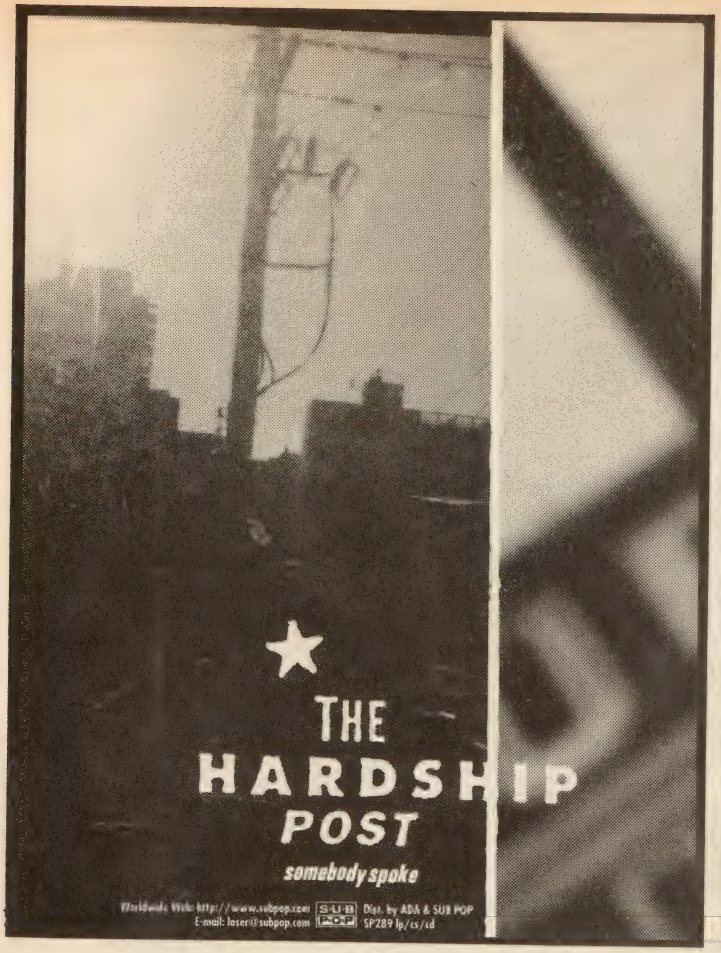
Nothing is more consuming, or more illogical, than the desire for remembrance. –Ellen Glasgow



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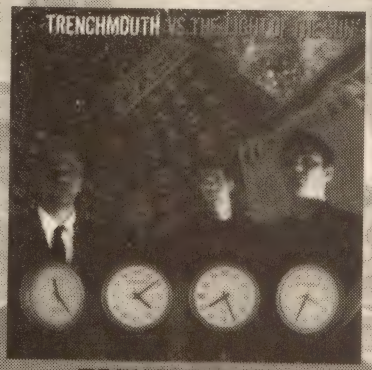

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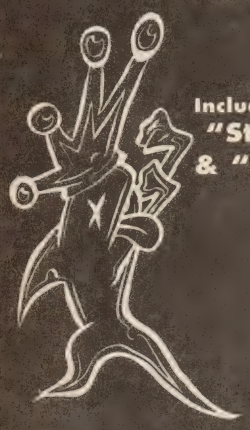

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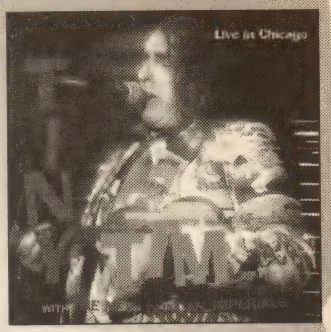

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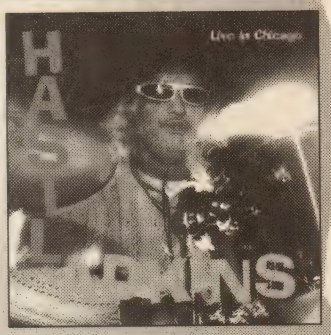

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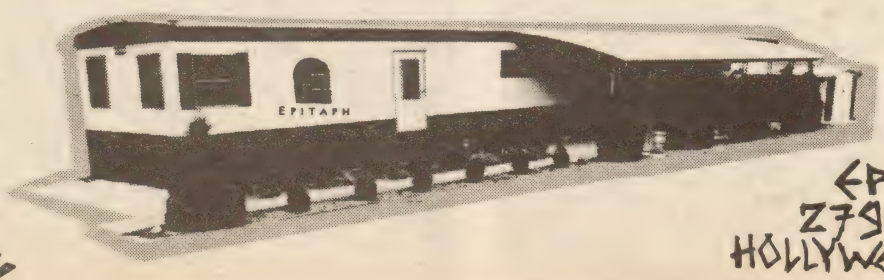

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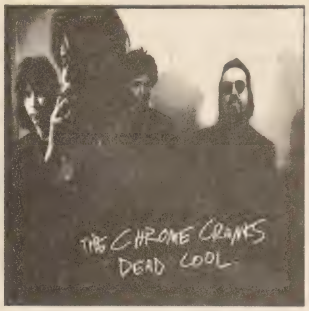

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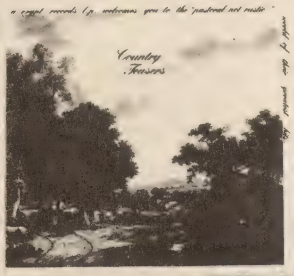

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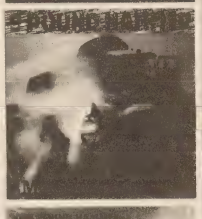

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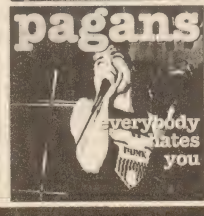

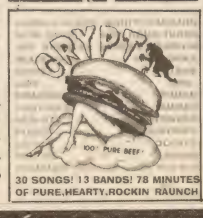

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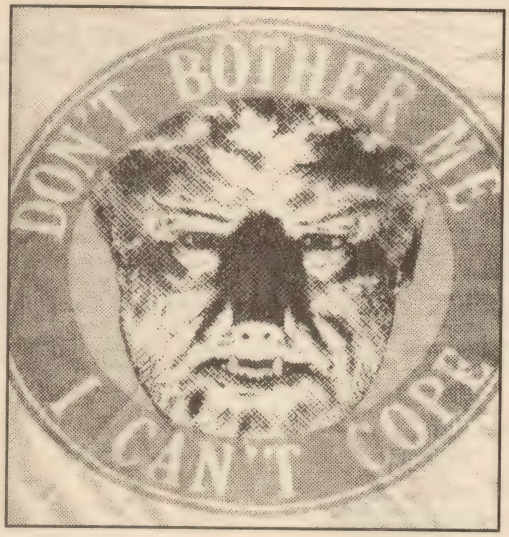
ROCK´N ROLL RIOT ROCK´N ROLL RIOT ROCK´N ROLL RIOT CRYPT RECORDS ROCK´N ROLL RIOT

I grew up in lucky circumstances, for the most part. We weren't rich but that didn't matter much to me. When I was younger my dad worked for a toy store, so I could wish on a star at night and my toy wish actually had a chance of coming true. And by the time I was seven or so my dad and mom opened two t-shirt shops (The Gym Shoe Bandit – one in Encino and one in Compton, just for diversity sake), and I had the best collection of personalized t-shirts (and Tretorn sneakers) around. When I got a little bit older still, they branched out with two more stores (The Outfit) that had not only t-shirts and decals but designer fucking jeans. I had every style and color of every trendy type that was out in the mid to late '70s, and in that respect I was *much* more well-off than my rich friends. Okay, so there were some drawbacks to it all. I did have to work at the stores after school a lot, and during much of the summers. But I knew how to give change, and untangle hundreds of metal hangers and, indeed, I could press-on a mean decal. I love decal shirts. I've always loved wearing them. The fact they're back in style makes it easier to find cool new ones/harder to find cool used ones. I mean, I've pressed some 100,000 t-shirts in my day (give or take), it's a part of my blood. But the only shirt I still have from that period is one of my fathers which has an image of a werewolf and the very apropos line: "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope!" It was perfect for him (though it took a few years for me to understand what the word "cope" meant.) I talked to my dad at his home (okay, so it was more than a few months ago already). He wants to go off on politics and the state of the world as usual...I try to control him – for your sake. (darby)

dad & decals

Mookie can you do a tape testing?
(ruff ruff)
She doesn't like electronics, she's an old fashioned dog.
Oh. I'm doing a section on t-shirts. It's very important, it totally fits in this issue, do you understand its very big right now, retro t-shirts?
Well, I want an article on real... life.
Dad, you got to say all of your politics in... how many articles have we done? Seems like a million since I still get letters.
I haven't told you about, have I told you about GAT and NAFTA? What's happening to our poor country?
Say something about it! Everybody's concerned, they're waiting for your next words!
Haha. So, why are we talking about t-shirts?!
This is our retro issue and you were the king of t-shirts and decals. I want to do a short thing on the history of decals.
"I'm With Stupid" and "I'm Stupid."
Yeah, let's mention all the saying ones. The big one which is still made today: "Every man needs a.." uh, "Every woman..." What is that one? "Every woman needs a man, something something something..."?
I don't remember that.
Yes, we have to remember!
Some stupid thing, like "So many men, so little time."
Yeah, that's the one! Then there was that other one.
The other one was something that I made up, nobody else had that.
What was that?
"So many women, so little energy." Heh heh. Or something like that.



That was your own decal?
Yeah. But the other thing in the '70s was "Marriage Encounter." Everybody had these stupid things on their cars too, hearts intertwined, everybody was going away to weekends for marriage encounter groups. And then another big thing for the Christians was "We Found It." They had those stickers on their cars.
And I never lost it.
The Jews had on their cars "We Never Lost It."
Were those Born Agains, the "We Found It"?
Yeah. The transfer that was probably the biggest was the stupid cat hanging precariously from her claws, that little *cat*. You don't remember?
No, I do.
Somewhere in the dim recesses, that cat.
Where is that cat today? I remember the Farrah Fawcett shirt was big, and the Elton John one...
No, it wasn't Elton John that was that big, it was Fonzie. Fonzie, Farrah Fawcett, and then came *Star Wars*.
In that order?
I believe it was in that order. It was actually Farrah Fawcett and then Fonzie. And then there were some bad bad rock and roll groups at the time.
And the "Keep On Truckin'" one.
Keep On Truckin', I believe, could make a comeback. But you gotta remember, initially that was not a transfer, that actually was a silk-screen, and it came out slightly before transfers became hot, so it would have been the end of the '60s, and the beginning of the '70s that Keep On Truckin' was transfer. And it was sold mainly at truck stops, for truckers.
When did decals start?
I don't know when they started. I started in '74, and I was like the second store in the Valley, so I would imagine they really started at the end of '73.
So it was a completely '70s thing.
Definitely, definitely.
Do you still talk to any of those people?
What do you mean?
What was the big one you used to deal with that you wanted me to draw for at one point, that had the big warehouse of people drawing and making up decal designs?
I don't remember. There were a whole bunch of them, but they're all out of business. There's only like one left, and that's the guy that used to be down in your area, Hollywood or something, Wizard. I think he's still around. There may be one or two others but... you gotta remember, the reason people went into that business... remember I opened up two stores with *three thousand dollars cash*, fifteen hundred dollars per store, okay? And I made good money. *That* was why we got into the business. There was no decal business before that, we made it a business. It was a bunch of people that were probably selling pipes and cigarette papers before getting into the t-shirt business. I see them today at the shows. But you can't interview them now because they've changed – they'll change their history. A guy like Murray, who used to be my partner, he'll admit that he used to be in pipes. Head shops, that's what they were called, and the head shops kinda went out of business at that time. And he got into transfers and clothing for transfers. It was just a matter of what other business don't you need money to get into. I mean, that's how most people did it. I set up a screening plant in '75. It cost me three thousand dollars brand new.

That's a business people still get into with no money today.

Right, you can still do it the old fashioned way. I mean you can't do it as well as the automated presses that are 35-50,000 dollars, but you can still get a four color press and start off and do small color runs. And that's what I did. It didn't take much. There was no "style" then, it was just a t-shirt. Basically I carried four shirts. I carried Buster Brown, for little kids. For boys and men I carried BVD, which was then it's own company, an excellent company. And I might have carried three or four colors, an assortment, maybe tops five colors. And in the women's shirts I carried an imported shirt and that was it, that was the whole store.

The woman's "french cut" shirt with that trim.... And the tennis shoes?

Yeah, but the shoes, like I say, were of no consequence.

What was the first decal that you got?

The first decals that we got were from a company called Insta-Graphics in LA, and they were all terrible transfers. Flowery things, stupid sayings, horrible stuff.

Were they the same ones that made the press?

Right.

Were they the only ones around that made the press?

No, but that was the best press. There were a lot of cheaper ones. There were lots of presses around, but they were like waffle irons, they never worked. That was the best press. And even there, I bought the press, got it on time and didn't put any money down. We built all the counters. I went to the lumberyard and the guy showed me the lumber and I said "that's too expensive" and he showed me the cheaper lumber and I said "that's too expensive" and he sent me out to the back and said, "you see those skids out there that I threw out? Take those." That's how I made them.

Yeah, I remember getting splinters on them.

That's right. But we only had three thousand dollars! I think in the other store we got spools from the telephone company and we made them into chairs and tables. That's how you did it when you had no money. And we set up two stores.

So those were the first decals, what was the next batch?

Well, what made us different was right away we got one from a company called Photolith, and those were pictures, and we got that and they were very expensive, cause they cost fifty cents a piece, which was outlandishly expensive. The other ones cost from ten to thirty five cents.

And you sold them for a dollar? Two dollars?

Four and a quarter on the shirt. The shirt cost a dollar ninety and the transfer cost thirty-five so that was like two and a quarter and we sold them for $4.25, which was not a very high mark-up, but in those years you didn't make a full fifty percent. But on the women's, we bought the shirt for like three dollars, and the transfers were all the photo style, and cost three fifty and we sold it for eight. We made it off the women not the men.

What were the first pictures?

They were things like old orange crate pictures...I just wish I could remember the ones that were good. They were just fancy women, old fashion women, and you kind of matched it up to the shirt. Old pictures, that's what they were.

Did transfers start in L.A. or where did it start?

It started in a few places – mainly L.A., Florida. There were a few places back East that had them. A *lot* of them were in L.A. The good ones were in L.A., the fancy ones. The cheap, disgusting ones were back East, the real tacky stuff. Especially Florida, there were a lot of tacky transfers from Florida.

What do you mean "tacky"? Tasteless?

Yeah, rats and... I can't even think of the guy's name... that *was* his name, Something Rat. It was like a head shop type of transfer. A lot of the sex and the beer and the motorcycles, that type of look came out of the East. Whereas what came out of California were the fancy women's Photolith process shirts, where they were just beautiful. One design I remember was a cutey mouse with strawberries or something stupid.

Oh yeah! Oh God! They're flashing back.

Now that would have come out of California because it was cutesy and nice and pretty.

So what was the next batch?

Well I think a lot of people started to imitate Photolith, I mean that was basically it.

When did it start to get into a Farrah Fawcett t-shirt?

Well, that started illegally.

Most of them were illegal. Wasn't that a big problem?

It still is to this day. At the same time, posters were becoming very big. Farrah Fawcett came out with a poster, that bathing suit poster, and somebody took a look at the poster and made a transfer out of it. That was how it started. And all the t-shirt shops bought it. And it was a huge money maker. But of course nobody paid Farrah Fawcett for it, but nobody knew.

That they were supposed to?

Mm-hmm. And the same thing would happen with Mickey Mouse and all the other....Pink Panther and things like that. And the guy was a customer of mine, the family was. You're gonna ask me what his name was, I don't even remember.

The guy that what?

That drew Pink Panther.

He walked in one day and said something?

The family did. And I thought I was paying royalties to him.

Did he get pissed?

No he didn't, he was a nice guy. The only guy who was really a jerk was Peanuts. They were jerks.

Charles Schultz.

And Disney was a jerk.

And there was that Minnie and Mickey fucking one? I remember that being a big deal?

Yeah. And I remember who did it.

I remember you guys were kind of keeping them behind the counter.

Exactly.

That's one of those thing like "Whoa man, my parents have that, that's cool." Even though I still don't think at that point I knew what fucking was. [laughter] Umm...You remember the guy who did Minnie and Mickey fucking?

Oh sure. I can't remember all the guys, but there was a whole bunch of them in L.A. and they all got sued and they all lost a lot of money and they stopped. Most of them went out of business – were driven out of the business. The beginning was Farrah Fawcett, I think that was *truly* the beginning of decals. Then was Fonzie and then *Star Wars*.

I remember the *Star Wars* ones wouldn't go on so good.

But that always happened. But then after *Star Wars* it was everybody and everything. Occasionally a movie would come out and they were too high class to do transfers. But basically every movie, until *Batman*, was on a transfer. And then when *Batman* came out, they insisted that they screen shirts. And that was pretty much the end of the transfer business.

What do you mean? Just because *they* said that? But transfers were going down before *Batman*.

Yeah, but look, if you could get *Batman* only on a transfer, the stores would have been jammed with people getting *Batman* on a transfer. But what happened was

that they put *Batman* in all the drugstores and supermarkets and they were able to sell the pre-printed shirts for $7 or $8 wholesale instead of selling a transfer for fifty cents or a dollar. That set a precedent, and now transfers nowadays are nowhere near as powerful because you can't get what you want. You can't get a Harley Davidson transfer.

You can't anymore? I know they used to.

They would be illegal. But in the old days Harley was in such bad shape they probably would have sold anything. In those years, Harley was almost bankrupt. Today you have to buy it as a screen shirt. If you keep on taking the best items away and giving them to department stores, then the t-shirt stores have nothing to sell. Even the t-shirt stores today have mostly pre-printed items.

Since everything from the '70s is or has made its comeback and people are really into decals and finding out about the stores that still have them, do you think there's any chance of decals coming back with silk-screening still being so big.

I don't know. I don't think so.

Even Kinko's makes transfers now. Bring in anything you want and they'll make a transfer of it.

Off of their color printer?

I think they have a whole different process, and then they put it on paper, or if you want it on a shirt, you pay extra. Like in the old days they had them, where people used to bring in their color baby photos for decals for a shirt for grandma and you'd send them off to some company to be made, though those were pretty low-quality. Anyway, I think if the t-shirt stores that are around now really went for it they might be able to pull it off.

But that is the key problem, most of them are out of business or have turned into tourist shops. So the designs that they do are tourist-oriented designs as opposed to that "'70s look" where people came in and picked out an expression, a saying, a birthday gift. I mean that was the biggest birthday gift in the '70s, t-shirts. That's where we made our steady money. You can remember I'd do 20-30 birthday gifts every Saturday. And then they'd run off to the party, with a $4 gift.

Everybody loved having everything personalized.

Yes, we'd put the kid's name on the back, in case...

In case they forgot. A few years back I found in a thrift store an old book bag of mine with a decal and my name on it.

Was it a Levi one?

Totally. Denim with the red stripe straps, and there was a decal on it. And I told you I still have the "Don't bother me I can't cope" t-shirt, and it has the store logo on there, with Frank around it. You had to have your t-shirt personalized, too, if you don't remember.

Well, I literally would forget my name – so that was important.

Was there anything else about the decals that would be good to put in? I wish I could remember the name of that one company...

Roach?

Yeah, that was it! Roach! Is he still around?

No.

Is he dead or something? Out of business? Does he do anything anymore?

No, a lot of the people *from* Roach...they're still in the industry.

I thought he might still be in the business.

He made a lot of money, bought all those fancy cars and drag racers...

I remember they had those posters up. That very retro poster with the girl and the boy and he's covering her naked butt with his hand. They had that on the wall; why I remember that, I don't know.

Yeah, I always thought that that was a terrible thing.

What were some of the really scummy stuff that they'd try to sell you? Decals that you wouldn't put in?

We never had any in the store, the only ones we had was the Minnie and Mickey one, and it was a joke.

Remember the one with the water faucets on the boobs?... the eggs on the boobs... the wet paint.

That was Instograph. The wet paint, the ice cream.

Yeah, see when you're a kid, those were totally sexual.

I didn't even understand it.

You didn't understand the eggs on the boobs? They always had everything landing on the boobs.

Well, we had those but I don't think we carried any of the *real* disgusting ones, and if they were even close, we kept them under the counter. And they were just for like, jokes for a party.

Prank stuff was really big then. That kind of humor. Out-house humor. I guess it would be that joke place that they have in the mall... the soap on a rope kind of humor. Gags.

Most of it was really tasteless but we didn't carry that stuff. I don't remember ever carrying anything really tasteless.

You had the Pollack ones, the firing squad. The only reason I remember any of these is I can see the walls – Elton John was over the door and the Pollack was over on this side....

Is that the one where he misspelled Pollack like three times and kept on crossing it out?

Yeah, there were a couple different Pollack ones. There was one with the firing squad that said...

When the firing squad was in the circle?

Yeah, and the guy in the center sweating with the cigarette in his mouth.

I can believe that. But I don't think that was totally tasteless. I'm talking if you went into an average t-shirt shop they would have the really disgusting stuff.

No, I understand what you consider really disgusting and I know you didn't have any of the sex stuff, but you were in Encino in a nice little mall.

I was also in Compton and we didn't have it there either. And I was in Thousand Oaks and in Fallbrook Square and I never had it in any of them. I could understand having a birthday party, funny joke type thing, that was in real poor taste. Like I said, we kept it behind the counter and it was only for adults. We only had very little of that. Did I repeat that statement three times?

Like four.

God damn.

"Remember you're only repeating yourself, you're only repeating yourself, that's what I'm doing right now." [quote from dad in previous issue] **Ha. I wonder if Kim (dad's friend who owns one of the few remaining t-shirt stores, Chicken Shirt, in the valley) has any of the old stuff?**

She might. But even in her store half the stuff is now preprinted.

She was very froofy and aimed more toward kids and suburban mommy types.

Well, the original Chicken Shirt was that way, but that was because he came out of the swap meet, the Rose Bowl Swap Meet. That's where he started from and he opened pretty much the same time I did.

A lot of t-shirt people hung out at swap meets?

Well, they were not exactly wealthy people. I personally was working them and the person I was working with, we decided to open up a store for our wives.

To give them something to do? That's a very '70's thing?

That was, it absolutely was, and the reason it was...it got to the point, especially in the '70s, inflation was out of hand, taxes were very high, and you really couldn't make any money, which is the way it is now except for the inflation. Which will come one of these days, and then you'll know what I'm talking about. The only way you could make any money was to have a store and write off a lot of your expenses through the store. And to get things by using the store. And a lot of people did that, they would use the store as a write-off, and they didn't really care if they made money or lost money because the husband had a job. In fact if the wife lost money on the books it wasn't reality, it was just depreciation, that type of write off. You buy a truck for deliveries and you have the truck, and write it off. That was the reasoning in the '70s. Towards the end of the '70s it got unbelievably worse because when Carter became president people were going crazy, literally crazy, because of inflation.

I guess I ran out of room, so dad will talk about Carter and misc. retro in the next issue. Towards the end of our t-shirt talk I tried to explain to him that all the horribly ugly t-shirt material clothes that I used to make fun of him for designing are back in style (he had a clothing company after the transfer scene went belly-up). He says of course that the small clothing company has no chance anymore and yet another political detour ensues. 'Til next time. Send all correspondence to dad c/o Ben Is Dead – he just lives for it, let me tell you.

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Things We Ate

by jen garber and darby

Remember the day when anything in the world was a possible food? Watching your diet at that age was to see if it moved or not. Some people were a lot more lenient about what they stuck in their mouth, and what they tried to digest. Perhaps it partly has to do with one's upbringing – and how food was used to control them. Breaking out and eating whatever you wanted was an empowering maneuver. Considering Jen's entries she was a true fucking rebel.

BOOGERS – Okay, Jen ate her boogers too. But after all the other shit she's eaten in her day she was actually too timid to print the obvious. Well, I don't want to get too obvious here either but the big green ones were the tastiest and we all know it. When I had extra I liked to stick them on the wall next to my bed and save them for later. (darby)

CRAYONS/WAX – Yes, every color in the Crayola big box does taste the same: yucky. I didn't care. I was hungry between snack break and lunch and somehow, this crucial period is when we had art (could be why I ate paste too) Sometimes I wouldn't even take off the paper first. (jen)

FINGER/TOE NAILS – Darby says eating finger nails causes you to grow potatoes in your belly but if this is true I've been carrying around a sack of them for years. Another delicacy not to be missed is the crud that accumulates underneath finger and toe nails, ummmm hmmmm. (jen)

PLASTIC STRAWS – I think I'm still teething. I still like chewing on plastic straws, toothpicks, the small soft plastic butt plugs off the bic pens (removed from the pen).... But the habit took form when I was younger and I did it constantly. I liked to gnaw on these things, somehow get them to my gums, either by chewing on them in the back of my mouth where the wisdom teeth end up or just shoving them between my teeth 'til it hurt and made my gums bleed. I like when it hurts. I like when my gums bleed. I like the way it tastes in my mouth. (darby)

GUM – Since my parents dispelled any gum-swallowing horror stories early on by letting me in on the little secret that "it'll just pass," I was an avid gum-swallower at a young age. In fact, I still swallow gum unconsciously. The best gum to swallow was (and still is) Fruit Stripe because each pack comes in a variety of fruity flavors that don't last for even five minutes so they are meant to be swallowed. I could go through a whole super-value pack in about a half-hour. I know for a fact that gum "just passes" because when you swallow the quantity I did it inevitably shows up on the other end as proof. There is no way gum will stay in your system for seven years even if it does take that long to digest. (jen)

PASTE/GLUE – Elmer's is definitely the connoisseur's choice. The big tubs of paste came with wands attached to the inside of the lid – a built in spoon. The fresh, wet paste was a tad bitter but the stuff that started to harden was lumpy and sweet. White glue was best if it was dry. Runny glue is too sour and toxic tasting. In the 4th grade I got in trouble for chewing on the orange twist-tops on the Elmer's white glue squeeze bottles. I was snacking on all the crusty, hardened glue that formed on the tops and I made the glue holes bigger so that too much glue poured out when the class went to use them. (jen)

SKIN SUCKING – I know some of mine don't really qualify as eating, but I was truly more the sucking, chewing type. I didn't swallow. I don't swallow, let's get that straight right now. Anyway, I sucked my thumb until I was like 12 years old. My front teeth stood so far out I could stick my thumb in my mouth without opening it (I thought that was so cool.) My parents probably heard some '70s psychology about it stunting my growth or something because at one point they were on some mission to get me to stop. It was horrible, I mean truly detrimental to my existence. They put soap on my thumb, they used pepper... and would punish me if I washed it off. Can you imagine! I just learned to suck my left thumb even though it wasn't half as good. Today I still like sucking my thumb when necessary, and I like sucking my skin (on my arms especially) as well. (darby)

RAW HOT DOGS – Contrary to common belief, it is impossible to get worms from eating raw hot dogs because they are pre-cooked. There is nothing quite like a raw Oscar Meyer Wiener fresh out of the snack drawer of the fridge. It is the perfect no-cook snack for a hungry gal just home from school. What better way to enjoy an afternoon of Scooby Doo on Channel 2. Raw hot dogs are just balogna that was poured into a different form. I swear. (jen)

SALT – On the walks home from elementary school my best friend would pull out these mini-sized Morton's salt containers and she'd pour some in the palm of our hands and we'd eat it slowly, a dab at a time. I recall thinking it odd, but decadent in some asinine way. (darby)

SCOTCH TAPE – If you chew on scotch tape for a while the plastic disintegrates and you are left only with the sticky coating that reduces when mixed with saliva into gum (sort of.) The key to this trick is starting with a long enough piece of tape so you get enough of the sticky coating to have a wad to chew on for a while. (jen)

SPRINKLES – I was a sugar fiend. I was brought up to be one and succeeded. So there's nothing weird about sprinkle eating, it's just that I had certain techniques that added a twist to the ritual (see "food quirks" in upcoming issue.) I'd wake up very early morning – before eating breakfast of some sugary cereal like Lucky Charms, my fave – and sneak into the cabinet, get out the rainbow sprinkles, and randomly scatter them about the kitchen floor. Then I'd get on my hands and knees and crawl across the floor and lick them up with my tongue. My mom kept a pretty clean house but it was still exciting to lick them up from the dirty crevices. Does that turn you on? (darby)

SOUR GRASS – Yummy. The best after-school on-the-way-home snack. Long, fleshy stalks topped with beautiful yellow flowers. A big bundle would spell stomach ache but a few stems were a great appetizer for a meal of raw hot dogs. And no, sour grass isn't sour because dogs pee on it. (jen)

STAMPS – I used to eat stamps. My mom would get bummed though, 'cause that gets expensive. (jen)

TISSUES – What's so weird about eating tissues, I wonder? I remember, as if it were only yesterday (I do!), when I was in nursery school, and me and a small group of my friends would bring our own tissues and when it was nap time we'd eat them – and actually do tissue trades and eat the other kids' tissues too. Wonder which brand tasted the best, which color...? This is not a false memory. Tissues. Try 'em. (darby)

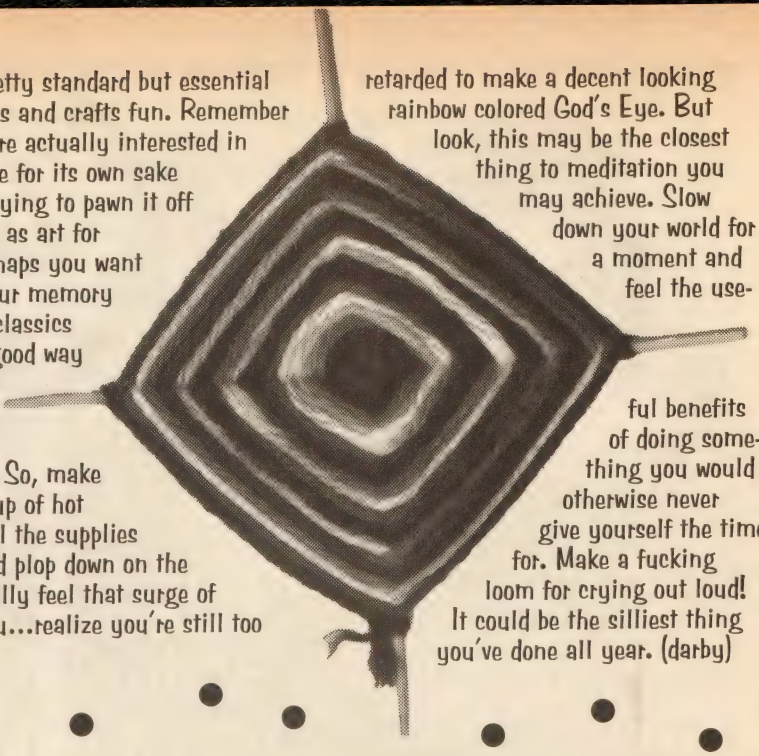
Other stuff Jen ate: Plastic pen caps, pink erasers of all sizes, silly putty, play-doh, band-aids, binder paper, ear wax, coctail straws, styrofoam....

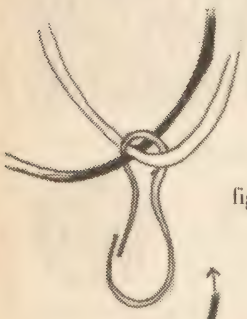
When they were younger, boys had to stick everything in their mouth to make sure it was real; today they have to fuck it.

HOT STUFF

by lisa aa

These are pretty standard but essential childhood arts and crafts fun. Remember when you were actually interested in being creative for its own sake (instead of trying to pawn it off on some fool as art for money.) Perhaps you want to refresh your memory – these old classics might be a good way to jolt yourself back into that world again. So, make yourself a cup of hot cocoa, get all the supplies together, and plop down on the floor and really feel that surge of youth as you...realize you're still too retarded to make a decent looking rainbow colored God's Eye. But look, this may be the closest thing to meditation you may achieve. Slow down your world for a moment and feel the useful benefits of doing something you would otherwise never give yourself the time for. Make a fucking loom for crying out loud! It could be the silliest thing you've done all year. (darby)





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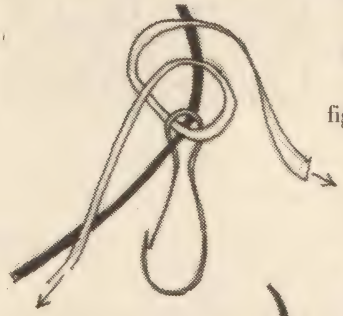

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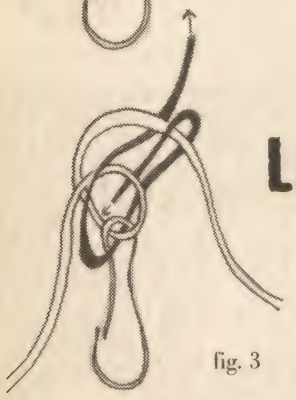

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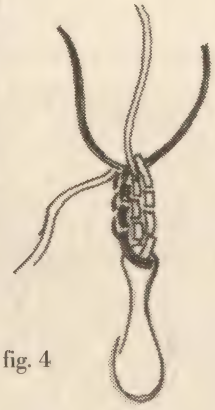
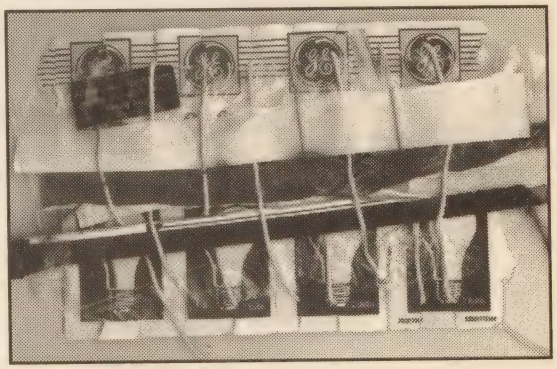


fig. 4

LANYARDS!

First, get two colors of that special flat plastic craft string. It is available in a rainbow of hues. Choose carefully, as you will be staring at these two colors intensely for hours and days, and if you get ugly ones, you will pay dearly in headaches and nausea. OK, then, you also need some sort of anchor, like a small hook or some sort of metal item that can attach to a key ring. The hard part is starting. Measure out equal lengths of each color craft string. The length depends upon your fancy. The longer the string, the larger the finished lanyard will be. Cross these two colored strings, as if you were starting a god's eye and thread them through your anchoring metal piece (see Fig. 1.) Then, holding color A, bring each end up and over the anchor, forming two loops. (Fig. 2) Tightly grasp these loops with thumb and forefinger and weave your second color over then under one side, and under then over the other. (Fig. 3) Pull tightly. To work in the "box stitch," repeat this weave. (Fig. 4) When you are finished with your lanyard, weave the ends into your handiwork. You can also melt them with a ligther, but this smells bad and is part of the pollution problem, not the solution.

GOD'S EYE – You need two popscicle sticks or twigs and different colored yarn (or the multicolored rainbow yarn.) Tie and knot the twigs together at the center in a cross shape. Then wrap the yarn around one stick and then move onto the next, radiating outward until you get to the ends of your sticks (or bored – whichever comes first), ending with a good luck charm or silly mobile –, give it to mom to prove that you've actually been accomplishing things in your life. She'll love it and hang it in the kitchen.



MAKE A LOOM out of stiff cardboard (like the kind in daddy's shirts that he gets back from the cleaners). Cut slits about every half inch all around the cardboard. Get a lot of yarn or string and thread the loom from top to bottom. Then with all the different colors, go crazy on the side to side stuff by weaving all kinds of stuff into it. Check out lisa aa's sample loom above – made on the spot with a bunch of darby's trash. (See also Trash as Art in A-Z in R3)

Does anyone remember how to make a ring out of a dollar bill?

Steven Caney was my hero! –Lisa AA

evil thoughts

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The official *Ben Is Dead* interview with...

"WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC

by wendy and darby

Late last year, after witnessing Weird Al live at the House of Blues, my dear companion Wendy, entranced by the event, spoke her dream of taking Al out for a night to a Karaoke Bar. Of course, it was a lovely reverie, but rationally speaking we had no chance of such a feat. Still, I told her her dream was one to hold on to. That some day, some how, in some form or another we were going to take Al to that Karaoke Bar. We were going to sing "Eat It" and "I Love Rocky Road" together. We were going to bond with a man who was such a major part of our youth, and share with him a little of what he helped to create in us; a true ambition to subvert and destroy and recreate and destroy again. To not be afraid to be the true geeks we were destined to be. To push the limits of what you want to bring about and what others want to experience. To inspire a nation to believe that, hey, they can do it too...well, maybe not. But after a few weeks of heavy organizing, that small window of opportunity opened itself to us (with lots of help from Sheryl and Stacey at Scottie Brothers) and little Wendy's dream came true. At least the main part. We were meeting Weird Al at a scary Karaoke Bar in the Valley. Al doesn't drink and he didn't want to sing but that didn't stop us from trying to get him to. As it was just near Chanukah we brought him some presents to celebrate. A Lawrence Welk key chain, some ginger candy, and a fantastic "Hating Brenda" CD (I thought *he* might appreciate the humor of it.)

After completing this interview, Wendy spent the following two months trying to transcribe it. Finally reading it back, so far from its inception, I realize I barely recollect much of what transpired (Al was too quick for us.) Which is especially unfortunate as 30 minutes of our conversation disappeared (tears) from recorded history. Yet another of life's tragedies. Luckily the other hour and half makes up for it. Hope you enjoy sharing little Wendy's dream....

Darby: Since this is our retro issue, I really want a picture of this. I want this picture so I can print it. It's the best, it has a crazy straw.

Weird Al: Uh-huh. A wacky sipping device for kids.

D: It's so awesome. You look so cute, you look like Buddy Holly, and I have an eyelash in my eye. Did people used to kid you for looking like Buddy Holly?

I didn't get much of Buddy Holly, mostly just Poindexter.

D: Did that bug you?

Oh, no I enjoyed being a nerd. It was a big part of my self-image.

D: Really? Everyone thought I was like a boy for most of my youth and I joke about it now, "yeah, that made me what I am today," but not then. Then I was tormented.

My whole childhood had kind of...It's become kind of a giant mental block for me. You know, I was always kind of an outsider, I was kind of thought of as a rocket scientist, I was a smart kid that kids didn't really associate with too much. I was probably rated the high school valedictorian or one of those straight A kids that, you know... I kept to myself a lot, I was a serial killer in training.

D: A lot of those people look like serial killers, the ones that were all shy and smart. And a lot of them when they grow up they look like child molesters, but I don't know why. You don't look much like a child molester.

Well thank you, that's very nice of you.

D: I want to ask – this is also pertaining to the struggles of growing up – I had totally curly hair when I was growing up too. How did you deal with having it – was it traumatic? The frizzies, did you ever try the pomades?

Yeah, you never like what you have. I always wanted straight hair when I was growing up. And I mean you can see as you leaf through [the Weird Al Song Book], I parted my hair twenty different ways in high school alone. I couldn't figure out what to do with my hair. I've had it straightened on occasion in the last decade for various videos and such. For "Headline News" they used something called Bone Straight.

D: Didn't it feel weird after it was straight – where you kind of missed that fullness or something?

Well, when they straighten my hair it also gets really hard. So it doesn't feel natural, it feels like a wig. I'm just not used to it.

D: It looked good though. Where is that picture that really looked good?

The times spat at me. I spit back at the times. –Andrei Noznesensky

The first time I had my hair straightened was when I did that thing with Sting. That's not a good picture, but that was the first time my hair was straightened. They straightened it and dyed it blonde.

D: They dyed your hair blonde just for that thing?

Streaks. Streaked and tipped it.

D: That's pretty heavy.

Hey, any sacrifice for art, you know.

D: You've made a few.

I actually did dye my eyebrows and mustache when I did Kurt Cobain.

D: But you never shaved the mustache?

Didn't shave it, I just dyed it. So I'm not even sure if this is my right color eyebrows anymore 'cause I had to dye it back to this color.

D: It said in your booklet that you didn't have any terribly traumatic things that happened to you as a child.

Yeah.

D: And I thought there was no way...

Just denial, huh? I guess I couldn't think of anything...

D: Lying! Lying! I wanna know *really*.

Probably the most dysfunctional part of my childhood was the fact that my parents were extremely overprotective. I'm, so far, an only child.

D: So far?

And, uh, my mom especially was just, like, insanely protective. As one example, this is in high school, and my house is directly across the street from the high school. And my mother would watch me with binoculars during P.E. class, to make sure the boys weren't playing with me too roughly.

Wendy: How did that make you feel?

D: When did you find this out!?

Oh this was kind of like an ongoing thing. That's just one example that comes to mind.

D: Did you know that she was watching you? Didn't that give you the heebie jeebies?

Well, yeah.

D: Didn't you act different?

It's like, I learned real early on if somebody was giving me trouble at school, don't tell Mom 'cause she would...

D: She'd come out with her uh, what is it...

W: Hatchet?

D: Rolling Pin. "Stay away from my little Al!!"

Yeah, which was worse than death, you know, you'd rather get beat up than have that happen.

D: "Oh my god, it's Al's Mom, run!!"

I couldn't ever visit my friends, if I wanted to hang out with my friends they had to come to my house, 'cause my mom was afraid that they would poison me or tie me up or something.

D: So you couldn't go to their houses?

No.

D: You weren't allowed? 'Til what age?

Um, well it was weird, like the year before I went college I remember...

D: No, really?

They were still pulling that kind of stuff on me...I finally said something defiant like, "Well, okay, I'll put up with this for one more year 'cause when I go to college I can do anything I want to!" Then it kind of sank in with them like, "Oh, okay..."

D: Did that make you break out in a big way when you were finally able to?

In college? Yeah...College was very transitional for me. If anything I was just getting away from home for awhile to kind of live like a teenager, you know, like a normal teenager. 'Cause I was sixteen when I went to college.

D: You went early.

I graduated early and I'm glad 'cause I was able to be real for awhile. And stay out 'til *three* in the morning if I wanted to!

D: Were you upper middle class?

I wouldn't say upper, no. Like, middle, middle, middle.

D: My friend recently told me he realized just recently that his mom was watching him shower 'til he was a certain age. I guess he blocked it out. But she would go in the bathroom and watch him and like, it seemed normal when you're young and then you forget and then you go, like, "Woah, now I know that that shouldn't have happened... she was watching me shower!"

That's not one of those memories during hypnosis is it?

D: No, it just came back to him. You know... and he was telling me how he would masturbate in the shower and his mom would go, "Now, don't do that!!" 'Til he was like thirteen. That's a weird thing to all of a sudden remember and realize "*Woah*, my family's really..."

Why would he do it in front of his mom anyway?

Well, he would think maybe she was busy in the bathroom, not watching, or you know, she...

"La, la, la, la, la!"

D: ...She'd walk out for a minute and then come back and...it's so strange to me and it's like total middle class family, freak scene. The weirdest stuff goes on in those. You know, you just get a little camera into some of the lives of some of these nice, conservative households and they're more hardcore scary and incestuous and weird. I don't know, this whole retro issue is making me fascinated with people's childhoods and the way they remember things: *what* they decide to remember, how they decide to remember it, how they change it so it could be worse or better than it was.... Do you make your childhood a really nice, good thing in your head?

No, it was a good childhood. I mean they were great parents and they loved me a lot. If I had one complaint it was that I was on a very short leash all the time.

D: I think that you did very well for a guy who was [brought up that way] 'cause I know people that are really just so self-conscious about everything they do because they were babied when they were younger, they can't really function. They need a comfort zone. Do you find you need a comfort zone in some way, do you create that for yourself?

What do you mean exactly?

D: Well, you know, a lot of people make sure that they have friends around them all the time or they make sure that the TV is on...

I don't know, if it is it's something I do without even thinking about it, I mean I feel very comfortable being alone. You know I grew up as an only child so I was alone a lot. So, I don't know what I do to make me feel... I do have the television on most of the time, like wallpaper, you know, I like to have some kind of visual stimulation happening even if it's in the background. I don't know about comfort zones though, I probably do something that I'm not even aware of.

D: I used to have a problem with talk radio. Putting it on so people were always talking in my house cause I lived alone. I don't know. I got over it. I realized that it was starting to get really insane. But the TV is the big one for a lot of people. Did you have any weird nicknames when you were growing up, like perhaps with your last name?

Well, yeah, just guess.

D: What? C'mon! Say it!

I'm not gonna say it. I think it's obvious enough.

D: "YankOnIt"?

Yeah.

D: What else?

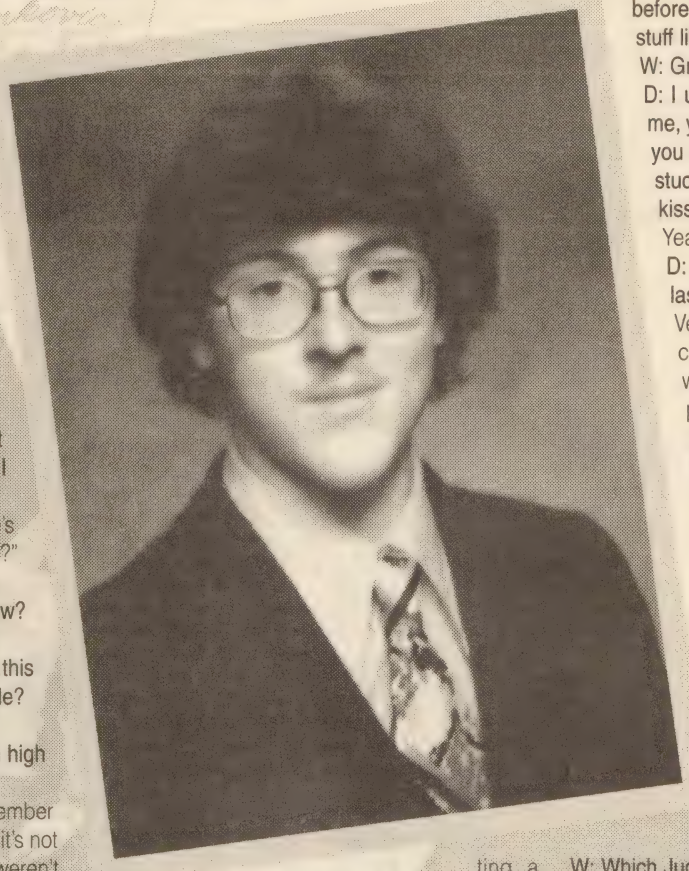
Just imagine all the many things you could yank in your life.

D: God...Did you go to prom? That was someone's question.

No, no I did not. Although I've been invited on several proms in the years since then. But I never went to my high school prom or anybody else's.

Scientists usually refer to Sea Monkeys. or brine shrimp, as plankton.

W: You were sixteen at the time.
Yeah, yeah. I didn nott date at all in high school really.
D: Why?
It would just be...Never mind. I don't know, I'm opening up too much.
D: Give him some more ginger candy!
No, no, my parents don't read your magazine, I'm sure. Anyways no, to this day I still have not told my parents about any woman I've ever gone out with.
D: Really?
They've never met any of my girlfriends...
D: They don't want to hear, you think?
They don't ask, I don't tell.
D: They don't go, "So, Al, when are you gonna get married and settle down?"
Every once and a while my dad will say, "So, Al, ya married yet? Ho! Ho! Ho!", and my mom will say, "Oh, Nick! Leave him alone!" I don't know. It's kind of odd.
D: Do you think your mother has sexual feelings towards you?
(Al laughs. Dirty looks from his publicist.)
D: No comment. For the record? Well, I just wondered. Since she's so protective, I mean...
I went out with a woman for years and she's like, "When am I going to meet your parents?" It's like, 'Ohhh... someday.'"
D: Really? So, are you seeing someone now?
Yeah.
D: You are? And, you've been seeing her...this is the woman you've been seeing for a while?
Mmmm, about a year.
D: Were you scared to ask girls on dates in high school?
Oh, what was my excuse? Um, I was, remember I was like, a complete geek in high school, it's not like, ya know, it was... girls in general weren't attracted to me.
D: Were you attracted to them or you weren't even into them?
Sure! Sure I would like, you know, open up my high school yearbook and fantasize over women like, "Oh, she's really cute, she'd never go out with me! Or *her* either!"
D: I kind of had the same thing. We needed like a *Weird Science* kind of... did you see that movie?
Uh-huh.
That's like, the total geek fantasy movie.
W: Like science wins over hormones. They just made science sort of win over any normal attraction.
Karaoke Hostess: Do you guys wanna sing?
We were thinking of it.
K.H.: *(Looking at Al)* I'll betcha know some songs. You could do on the spot improvisations.
Ooooh.
D: Have you ever been to a karaoke bar before?
I tend to stay away from them. I feel kind of defensive when I get to karaoke bars because, like my detractors would say that I'm kind of a glorified karaoke act myself, so I feel a little put off by the whole situation.
D: Really? My friend was pointing out that it was around the time that you started getting big that karaoke got big. You also help people feel comfortable in trying things themselves, because you seemed more of a guy, like a regular guy.
Like an every man..."If *he* can do it..."
D: Well, in a sense, because you were singing the songs of other people and karaoke is that.
And I'm not even getting a cut of the royalties, ya know?



W: How does that work out, do you get any compensation? I'm just curious about the rights situation.
For the parodies, yeah, I always get a percentage, it's a different deal for every single parody.
W: So you have to negotiate...
Yeah.
D: You end up, making a lot less than most people would on their records in a sense, because you have to pay people for the publishing.
Well, yeah, I mean... I would make less than somebody who wrote all their own material but, again, I mean half of my albums consist of original material, and then, you know, I get paid for that.
D: Wait a minute, wait a minute. I forgot to ask you if your mom dressed you. That's kind of important.
Oh, I don't remember, but I think so.
D: Do you remember what the scariest thing that she made you wear was? Was there ever an outfit that you had to wear...?
Well look, this is something that... just looking at this picture brings back many memories. How short could these pants be? I wore pants like this every day of my life and I was wondering why people were saying, "Where's the flood, huh? Where's the flood?" This was like a normal pair of pants for me.
W: You didn't understand the flood joke?
I didn't understand the concept of pants reaching down to your shoes I guess.
D: That's a good one. People always said, "Flat as a board" for I don't know how long before I realized what it meant... they'd say stuff like, "Carpenter's dream."
W: Grand Canyon.
D: I understood they were making fun of me, you know. But then you don't get it so you can't say anything back. You're just stuck... Do you remember your first kiss?
Yeah, Marilyn Wanitavokalich.
D: Oh, that would have been a great last name match-up. What was it like?
Very exciting. She was kind of psycho, I think she was fourteen and I was sixteen at the time... she was psycho, she came from a psycho family and the next time I tried to call her, her mom got on the phone and threatened to kill me.
D: If she only knew. Was it...tongue?
Yeah, that was the first time.
D: The first kiss was the first tongue kiss? Or that was the first tongue kiss?
First tongue kiss.
D: So did you know what to do, did you practice on your pillow?
Al laughs really loud.
W: I think only girls did that.
D: Yeah, Judy Blume.
W: Which Judy Blume?
D: It was in one of them, about practicing on your pillow. I think it was either *Sheila*... no, *Are You There God? It's Me Margaret.* I think.
W: No.
I practiced on the inside of my arm.
D: You? Llike this? *(Stuffs arm into her mouth)*
Uh-huh.
D: Oh, you were supposed to practice on the back of your hand.
Really?
W: Like fingers.
D: Uhhhhllllhhh. *(Darby shows him how it's done)*
What was your first concert? These are your firsts.
Elton John. Oh, this is a... I practically had to run away from home to get the Elton John tickets, I remember. It was really pathetic.
D: You had to get away from your mom?
You're bringing back these really stupid memories.
How old was I? I had to be like, fourteen or fifteen and I had to... It was Zody's or Montgomery Ward or someplace like that... I wasn't allowed to leave the house basically and I got on my bike and I like, rode my bike all the way to Montgomery

The first TV dinner, shipped in 1952, contained turkey with cornbread stuffing and gravy, peas, and sweet potatoes in butter and orange sauce.

Ward. It was like I was leaving the country.

D: How did you get to go to the concert though, if you couldn't even go to Montgomery Ward?

Yeah, that was... It took a lot of cajoling, but I was like, this huge Elton John fan when I was in my mid-teens and I guess my mom realized this, so she actually let me go to a concert without her being there. It was a major deal.

W: Was he dressed really fancy, Elton?

Yeah, this was during his really flamboyant stage, yeah.

D: After he told everyone he was gay?

Then? It probably was before, a little before.

D: What were you most attracted to about Elton?

Just loved the music. Liked it a lot. I guess he also struck me as a geek made good.

D: Yeah, he definitely had that geek quality.

(Drunk male Karaoke Star guy asks Wendy if she'd like to dance if she's under 5'6". W laments that she is 5'8". Karaoke Star says it doesn't matter. She declines. Karaoke Star stumbles away, dancing on the rebound with some short chick for the rest of the night. Fuckin' jerk. A sultry Vegas lounge rendition of James Taylor's "Fire and Rain" is being sung in the background.)

D: You're missing an opportunity, he sings really well.

W: He does, actually.

D: He could have a career in singing, Wendy. He could sing with Steely Dan.

W: I should've said yes.

S: Why don't you tell him to join us?

D: Wendy, go dance. C'mon!

S: He was a nice guy. He sang well.

D: He sang well, Wendy.

W: I don't know. Maybe I'll go talk to him after the show, a little later.

D: That would be nice.

W: I feel so honored, because he was totally the best one. "I loooo-oove you-hoo."

That was his big move the whole night. He comes here, hoping to meet somebody like you...

S: You're making her feel so guilty.

Yeah, this is it. This was his big move for the whole night and now he's gonna sit down and think, "Maybe next week I will find the love of my life."

D: Her nickname is Guilty. She's gonna be saying "sorry" for the next week without even knowing why.

He's crying! Look at him, he's crying.

D: Wendy!

Wendy!

W: I don't know, he's kinda geeky.

D: See! You're the geek fucking club president...

W: That's why I feel bad.

D: Did you sign up to sing?

W: No. I will.

D: Yeah, you should. This was all her idea, actually. At your show while we were watching you the dream just came to her while you were playing.

You were inspired. These are my people!

(Wendy walks over to the dance floor)

What's she doing? Is she dancing?

D: No, she's signing up. She's gonna sing.

Is she? Oh, cool.

D: I have this feeling that she can sing, too. I can't. I would do it and I would hurt people, but I think she can sing. Ms. Karaoke Hostess reminds me of Stevie Nicks. Someone requested this? Do you like country music?

Not a big fan.

D: Oh, god, that Achy Breaky! [Your version] sounds like... it annoys me just like the real song does. That's the sign that it's a good cover. Achy Breaky... It doesn't matter what you did to make it funny; it's just so god-awfully annoying, the whole thing.

Yeah, that's the whole reason I did that.

D: Which leads me to ask, which things did you cover because you really liked them, and which things did you really hate and you covered because they really annoyed you. Let's not say hate because...

Yeah, I don't really hate anything, you know, but let me say offhand that I like Nirvana and the Chili Peppers more than say, Tiffany or New Kids on the Block.

D: Which people have you met that you've covered? Did you meet Joan Jett?

Yeah, she was nice. She liked the song. In fact, I was just hanging out with her bass player in Orlando a couple weeks ago. I've actually met most of the people I've done parodies of at one point or another. Mostly after the fact.

D: Who do you still talk to? Who would you call on the phone and chat with?

Oh boy, I don't know. Gerardo calls me every now and then.

D: Who?

Gerardo. Rico Suave.

W: Wow!!

He keeps calling me up, "Al! Let's go out! Let's go party, c'mon!" I'm like, "Well, okay, sure...I guess..."

D: Do you?

Sometimes.

D: Where do you go?

Oh man. Where did he take me? Tramps, I guess, is it? Century City. I don't know, we've only gone out a couple times.

W: Gerardo lives in L.A.?

Yeah

W: *(singing)* Ricooo...Suaveee.

He's the only guy that I've actually... I've been friendly with a couple but, nobody calls me up to go bowling or anything like that.

D: Too bad. A big portion of bowling alleys have karaoke in them.

Really?

W: They do. It's such a natural combination.

That bowling/karaoke connection.

D: I have to go to the bathroom, if you don't mind.

Oh, actually I do mind.

D: Do you want to come or...

Could you just hold it in please?

(Karaoke Star guy goes up and sings "Along Came Joe." Very loud and hammy.)

S: I thought he was gonna do "Heartbreak Hotel."

Weird Al on Fame: "The thing is you also start thinking after a while that everybody notices you. Like uh, one time about a year ago I was driving up La Cienega and somebody was honking their horn at me and I'm thinking, 'Oh great, a fan.' I turned around and waved like, "Hi. How're ya doing" and he's like, 'Stay in your own lane you idiot!'"

W: No!

S: He's trying to impress you.

W: He hates me. I'm sure.

D: What'd you sign up for?

W: Piña Colada

D: Find out when you're gonna go up. I'm very glad I went to the bathroom.

Me too.

D: I realized that I was nervous because I hadn't gone. But do you know, sometimes when you're nervous you really just have to go to the bathroom. Someone wanted to know about your recreating the Eddie Van Halen guitar solo in "Eat It." He made a very big deal about this guitar solo. Do you want to tell me about it?

Yeah, that was done by Rick Derringer, back when he was doing a lot of the guitar work on the

You're never too old to become younger. –Mae West

albums. And I believe we actually slowed the tape down so he could play along with it and then, when we put it back to normal speed, it sounded even faster obviously.

D: See, now that's stuff that would be really important to the person who asked me that question.

Oh. Rick's a pretty intense guy. He's really laid back, but when he plays guitar he puts everything into it. It was amazing because it's like a ten second solo or whatever and he was completely dry when he started and he was soaked when he finished. It was amazing. It was amazing to watch.

D: Rick Derringer, you said he did "Rock 'n Roll Hoochie Coo."

Right. And he was also in the band The McCoys, they did, *(singing)* "Haaang on Slooppy, Sloopy hang on...."

D: How did "Rock and Roll Hoochie Coo" go?

(singing) Rockan' Roll! Hoochie Coo! Rock and Roll-Hoochie Coo. Lordy Momma.... Big seventies hit.

D: How come it's not now then?

I don't know. It was pretty... You know "Rock and Roll Hoochie Coo" don't you?

W: No.

No? Really? You kids today! RockandRoll... *Hoochie Coo.* Rooock and Roll... *Hoochie Coo.* Lordy Momma light my fuse. Lordy Momma!

D: Are you singing it right?

Kind of. Well... *(sings the guitar riff). You* know the song don't you?

S: No.

You don't... you don't know "Rock and Roll Hoochie Coo"? Unbelievable.

S: Maybe you're not singing it right.

Well, maybe. It was *huge*, it was huge in the mid-seventies.

S: I knew everything else in the mid-seventies.

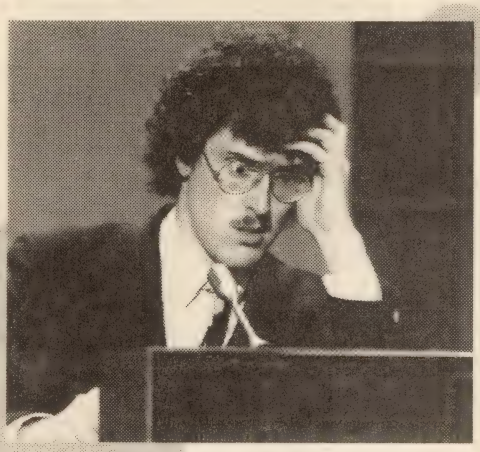
D: I knew everything else.

W: I just remembered another question. You were on the *Wheel of Fortune* with Little Richard and James Brown. And you pretty much blew them away at *Wheel of Fortune*, like James Brown kept choosing the same letters....

I gotta tell you my James Brown story, I love this story. The whole reason I did *Wheel of Fortune*, I thought, "*Wheel of Fortune*, I don't know, it's kind of cheesy," but I heard James Brown was gonna be there so I figured, "Well, hey, can't ask for more than that." And we did it at Disney World at Disney Studios, so it was like a free trip to Orlando and the whole bit. We all showed up on time and rehearsed on the set, on camera, to get the feel, to make sure we knew how to play the game and all that. And James Brown showed up late. So we're all in the green room watching James Brown on the monitor and he's just kind of practicing by himself. And he spins the wheel and then it lands on a number and they say, "Okay James, pick a letter," and he says, "Uhhhh... Gimme a... Gimme a.." It took him like half a minute and they're going, "Just pick a letter James." "Uhhh... Gimme a... Gimme a... 'A.'"

S: It's true. I saw that.

Then they said, "No, James. When you spin the wheel you have to pick a consonant," and he goes, "Uhhh... Europe."



S: It's true! He did that on television.

W: How was Little Richard?

Oh, he was great. He is so funny. He was having a great time with the fact that he couldn't figure out what to do. I mean, he just seemed to do everything wrong and he was exasperated the whole time. He was just hilarious. After a while he just kind of gave up and he was picking 'X'.

D: Did you feel weird? Was it just 'cause they were old? Were they just really out of it? Did they not understand the game?

I'm not sure, I'm not sure.

D: They're such important people in this world.

It was completely surrealistic. I mean I can't imagine that James Brown spends that much time watching *Wheel of Fortune* so maybe he just wasn't familiar with the game.

D: But that's like Candyland, okay?

Well, yeah. It was just so surrealistic to be like playing *Wheel of Fortune*, I look to my right, there's like James Brown and Little Richard. It's like a dream. I also had fun playing with Pat Sajak's mind. I kept saying things like, "Can I buy an umlaut, Pat?" and he'd be like, "No, Al!"

D: Oh, poor Pat.

Then at the end of the first night that I won, I just completely leapt in Pat Sajak's arms and gave him a big bear hug. He was taken aback, but he recovered pretty well.

D: So, how was Vanna?

Oh, she's cool. I did *Naked Gun 33 1/3* with her. Did you see that movie?

D: Uh-uh.

Vanna and I are a major plot point at the third act of that movie. She's my date for the Academy Awards supposedly, and Leslie Neilsen knocks us out and steals our clothes. In our underwear.

D: Naked?

Naked in our underwear.

D: Naked in your underwear? And Vanna's in her underwear?

Uh-huh. I got to spend an evening with Vanna Wh..e in her underwear.

W: Damn!

D: Did she look okay up close, or was she aging?

No! She was looking good.

D: Looking good in her underwear?

Yeah.

D: This is like such a clichéd question for interviewers and I wouldn't ask it, it's just 'cause you mentioned underwear: Do you wear boxers or briefs? It's such a *Details* question.

Usually briefs.

D: Briefs? Why?

'Cause that's mostly what I have.

W: Did your mom buy them for you?

D: Ha. Did your mom dress you in briefs?

Yeah, she did actually, she did.

D: So your mom likes you better in briefs, huh?

I got a lot of white underwear for Christmas last year which I washed with a red shirt, so now I wear a lot of pink underwear.

D: Pink underwear! Weird Al wears pink undies! I like the white briefs. I wear them.

W: They're comfortable.

D: I like the little penis holes.

Is that the official name?

D: The white briefs with the penis holes? Yeah 'cause there are the other kind that are bikini briefs that you get in tubes.

Oh yeah.

W: There's always like two normal colors and one really kind of bad one.

D: A really gross one that you have to buy because they're all set in a package.

I like the animal print bikini briefs that you get at Kmart.

D: I was thinking for Retro, we have an A-Z section, that's in one of them, when you used to buy your dad like the underwear with the hearts on it for Valentine's Day and all that scary dad underwear. I just remember buying them when there was nothing to buy. It was really big in the seventies. Scary stuff. Anyway, it moved on to things like, with a tongue, what was the other kind of... they had like faces down there. Then they had edible underwear and it matured into more disgusting things. I remember buying my dad things that he would never... That's what you bought dads, right? Things he would never use.

Edible underwear? Here dad, have some edible underwear. Happy Father's Day.

D: My dad would never in a million years wear underwear with hearts on it. Are you next?

W: I didn't sign up because she was talking to the guy.

D: Oh, Wen!

W: "99 Luftballoons." Will you guys sing it with me?

No!

D: "99 Luftballoons"? You have to sing it in German.

In German.

(Al starts singing some random song entirely in

Pat, I'd like to buy an umlaut.

All the better to wire you with, my dear.

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German.)

D: Is that the one you want to sing?

W: No, I want to sing "Piña Colada."

D: If you sing "Piña Colada" that would be better.

(Al begins humming "The Lady is a Tramp" along with the guy on stage. It's pretty obvious he wants to go up there.)

Karaoke Queen (to Al): Are you gonna lip-synch something?

No, not tonight.

KQ: You're really good at that kind of thing.

(Poor Al)

D: You should do one with Wendy. No? I wouldn't either. If you weren't famous, would you go up there and sing?

Uhh, maybe. Maybe. I don't know. It does look kinda fun, but I'd feel really weird about doing it now.

D: Why? Right now this very second or just now this part of your life?

I guess now this part of my life. And this second as well.

D: How has fame affected your life? In weird ways that you have a problem dealing with?

Oh, well, I kind of like being famous. It would be nice to be able to turn it on and off like a light switch you know. The thing is you start thinking after a while that everybody notices you. Like uh, one time about a year ago I was driving up La Cienega and somebody was honking their horn at me and I'm thinking, "Oh great, a fan." I turned around and waved like, "Hi. How're ya doing" and he's like, "Stay in your own lane you idiot!"

D: That's like an example of the times when you think you're really being cool and people are looking at you, but really you have toilet paper on your shoe.

I get that all the time. I also get, "You know who you look like? Oh, don't take this as an insult...."

D: So people really think you're not you?

Sometimes, yeah. "You look just like that guy!" And every once in a while I get somebody going, "Are you Kenny G.?" "No..." "Oh, Sorry."

D: That's kind of a bad one. Kenny G. is just kind of nausea.

Emo Phillips just told me a Kenny G. joke. What's the difference between a machine gun and Kenny G?

D: I give up.

A machine gun only repeats itself thirty times.

D: That's a good one. My dad's wife really likes Kenny G. Things like that make me understand that the gap between us is irreversibly large. Kenny G. Can not relate.

S: Me either.

(Referring to the woman on stage singing "Fever") Pick a key. Stick with it.

D: You've had the same band members the whole time - I read that in the car on the way here, that's crazy. Can I tell you a really bad story really quickly?

Yeah.

D: My friend is so crazy and so retarded...

That's a dangerous combination.

D: *After* watching your band she went around trying to get our ticket validated for the parking, and she ended up asking one of the guys in the band.

In my band?

D: Yeah, it was really bad. "Can I get this validated?" and he signed it. And I was like, "Duh! Hello?"

D: She thought he was a club employee.

S: My question is, did they accept it when you went to get your car?

D: No. But he was so nice about it. The blonde–haired guy. The guy with the long blonde hair.

Steve? The bass player.

Top: Geeks looking normal.

Bottom: Wendy looks like she's on drugs but she's just high on Al, as Al tries on Darby's hair.

D: He was very nice about it. I mean, it's like after a show and you know, people are talking to him, asking for autographs.

Yeah, after you've been hanging around with my band for a while you don't really question anything. It's like, yeah sure, whatever. "Will you sign my butt?" "Yeah, no problem."

(Our conversation is overwhelmed by "Copacabana" at this point, and the tape ends. I think we discuss what he was going to be when he grew up – and of course we miss some of the Dr. Demento gabble which is immensely pertinent to our retro hell, oh well.)

D: Dr. Demento. Who knows, you could have been an architect without him.

Right. Yeah, that's what I say – how he changed my life.

D: You probably would have been a pretty decent architect.

Actually, I probably would have been a miserable architect. I was like this straight A high school student and when I went to college I went crazy. Partly I guess, well I could blame it on the fact that I was alone for the first time away from my parents – but I really didn't go that crazy. I was still very studious, and yet I got average grades, which was a blow for me. Like to get a C in something was, just, I couldn't believe it. And shortly after I knew I wasn't gonna have a perfect college record my grade point average kind of took a parabolic curve downward, and by the time I graduated I just *barely* graduated. I didn't even pick up my last report card. It was like, "Yeah, I guess I passed."

D: I can understand that. But that happened for me when I started doing drugs. Did you ever do any drugs?

I've never done drugs. Ever.

D: Ever, ever, ever, ever?

Ever, ever, ever.

D: So really Dr. Demento was enough?

That was it for me.

D: It wasn't enough for me. That's good. I think more people should try to utilize the weirdities.

Yeah, drugs would just make me normal, I couldn't handle it.

(More fab singing from Karaoke Star with "Makin' Whoopie.")

D: What are the visuals they're watching? My friend makes some of the videos to go with karaoke and has all these people from Echo Park in them. They just make up whatever... love scenes.

W: Walking on beaches...

D: I never understood them. I didn't know what they were doing. I can't grasp the concept.

W: They're so good. They're so surreal, like strange cartoon characters running around.

D: So you have to watch a lot of *MTV* and things like that, or do you like *MTV*?

Well yeah, I do. I probably have *MTV* and *Comedy Central* on most of the time. Like I said, just to have it on. If I hear something that sounds interesting I'll look up from whatever I'm doing.

W: It's kind of research for you.

Yeah, I mean, again, I would watch it even if it wasn't a part of what I do for a living. I can kind of rationalize it when I'm sitting around in my underwear watching *MTV* that I'm working, I'm doing my job.

D: I wanted to ask you, I swear the best thing in the show, I really liked your show, one of my favorite things was the U2 song, where you sing the lyrics for "Numb" out of a Dr. Seuss book. I thought it was so hardcore.

I would have put that on an album but Dr. Seuss' widow turned us down.

D: Oh really?

We thought we'd have a problem with U2, but we went to the Seuss estate first and it was like, she didn't want to hear about it. It was like, "Dr. Seuss is for educational purposes only and we don't want anything to do with the rock 'n roll world, I don't care what you're doing, we're not interested".

D: Was it *Green Eggs and Ham*? That's a shame. So you didn't even get to ask U2?

No, I didn't even get around to it.

I would think U2 would say no – they sue people for breathing or thinking about them the wrong way.

Yeah, I was thinking about doing the "Rattle and Hum" Polka at one point but I kind of gave it up.

D: Anyway, I thought that was really fun. Have they said anything to you about it?

Well you know... This is one of my favorite quotes in the world; you know Stuttering John from the Howard Stern show? He was backstage at the Grammy's a couple years ago, back when *Joshua Tree* was like Album of the Year. And Bono goes backstage to the big press gauntlet and Stuttering John says, "Bono, is it true that Weird Al Yankovic is your biggest musical influence?" and Bono was playing along going, "Oh, yeah, yeah sure," and the next day in the paper, he was quoted straight. "Bono says Weird Al Yankovic is his biggest musical influence." All these clippings saying that like I completely inspired him to do *Joshua Tree*.

D: He didn't try to retract it or anything?

No.

D: 'Cause you never know, maybe he really vented. Um, I know you're not going to answer this, but maybe if I phrase it properly it will help.

Mom?

D: It's not dirty. No more dirty. I'm *not* going to ask you what you're working on, but I'm maybe going to ask you what your favorite videos are right now. Or your favorite songs right now, or your favorite artists right now. I'm not going to ask you about what you're working on with your record, even though this'll probably come out by the time your record's coming out, so...

My favorite videos right now, for a while I really liked "Black Hole Sun" from Soundgarden, and "Closer" by Nine Inch Nails I think they're both really cool, creepy, funny videos. Right now, at this exact moment, I don't know. Every time I turn on *MTV* it's been *Beavis and Butthead* lately.

D: Is there a certain mood that you're in with what you're recording now?

Well, it's kind of more of the same stupidness although I think I must be getting sicker in my old age because I have a small circle of friends that I run ideas by to see if it's funny or not. So far I've gotten reactions like, "Oooh, you might want to tone that down just a little bit." Yeah, some of them are kinda on the verge of bad taste.

D: In what sense?

In the sick, cartoon violence sence.

D: Cartoon violence?

Well, yeah, I can't really explain it without telling you what it's all about. It's just like... are you familiar with some of my stuff like "Melanie" or "Good Old Days"? "Good Old Days" is an example, it's a song that's written by James Taylor and Charlie Madison. It's like this seventies folk song except it's got lyrics about a guy who's reminiscing about when he used to bash in the head of the guy who used to own the corner drug store. Stuff like that. It's kind of sick humor, which I guess is what I'm into this year. It's always kind of a weird area for me to be in because a lot of parents like to buy my records for their kids because my humor is pretty clean for the most part, I don't use dirty words, and it's not sexually oriented, or explicit. But, some of my humor does tend to get a little sick.

D: Would your mom like your new record, the stuff you're working on?

Well, they like anything that I do. They're real easy to please although sometimes...

D: Did they have a problem with anything in there?

Well my dad, I don't know if he was offended, but my dad I think was a little put off that I made a wiener joke in Headline News. I don't know.

D: Do you feel weird imitating Kurt Cobain now?

Yeah, a little bit, I mean, I really had to wrestle with my conscience to figure out if I wanted to keep doing the song live. 'Cause I did, I mean I performed it in Seattle the same month that he died. That was really a tough call and I asked probably a hundred people in the city whether I should do it or not and overall people seemed to think that acceptable, because Kurt was a big fan and he liked the song. And you know, the song isn't putting down Kurt or Nirvana. I certainly meant it to be a tribute and a celebration of their work. And when we do the song now live, I do a very somber dedication to Kurt before we play the song, which I think helps. But still, you know, you can't help but feel a little weird about it. The song will never be as funny as it once was.

D: Yeah, and also you seemed to really grasp on to what you're parodying, or imitating. Do you get kind of a morbid feeling being him?

Kinda, yeah. I mean when I put the blonde wig on and hunch over...

D: You looked just like him.

Yeah, when I get into character...

D: Are there bands now that you... do you like Ween?

Yeah, I do. I haven't heard much of their stuff. I mean I like that "Push the Little Daisies." I like They Might Be Giants a lot. I just saw them at the Pantages a couple weeks ago. Oh, who else?

D: There's so many more acts that parody music now and, I mean Ween isn't really like that – they parody *types* of music. But there's lots of cover bands now, I mean insane amounts. It's very much a thing right now where people are just dredging up stuff where they have tribute albums like crazy and everyone's doing covers of everything and...

I wanna do a Ween tribute album.

D: There *is* a Ween tribute album.

No, get outta here!

D: That's how bad it is.

You're kidding me.

D: This band called the Cogs did a Ween tribute album. It's so weird. It's ridiculous.

(Al guffaws.) Where's my tribute album? I demand a tribute album!

D: The space between now and the past is... It's just...

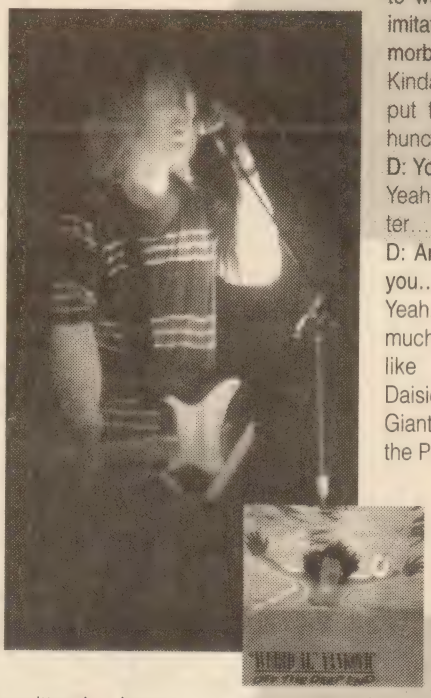
W: There isn't any.

D: It's like Retro-Right Now. Right after. It's everything and the space time continuum and it's going so fast and you can't stop it and it's all gonna explode. That's what they say, by the year 2000 it's just gonna be one wild fireball of everything! So, Al, are you ready for that?

I'm ready! I'm ready for the fireball of everything! I'm gonna mark my calendar.

D: Because you're gonna be in it!

I'm there! I'm there for the long ride.



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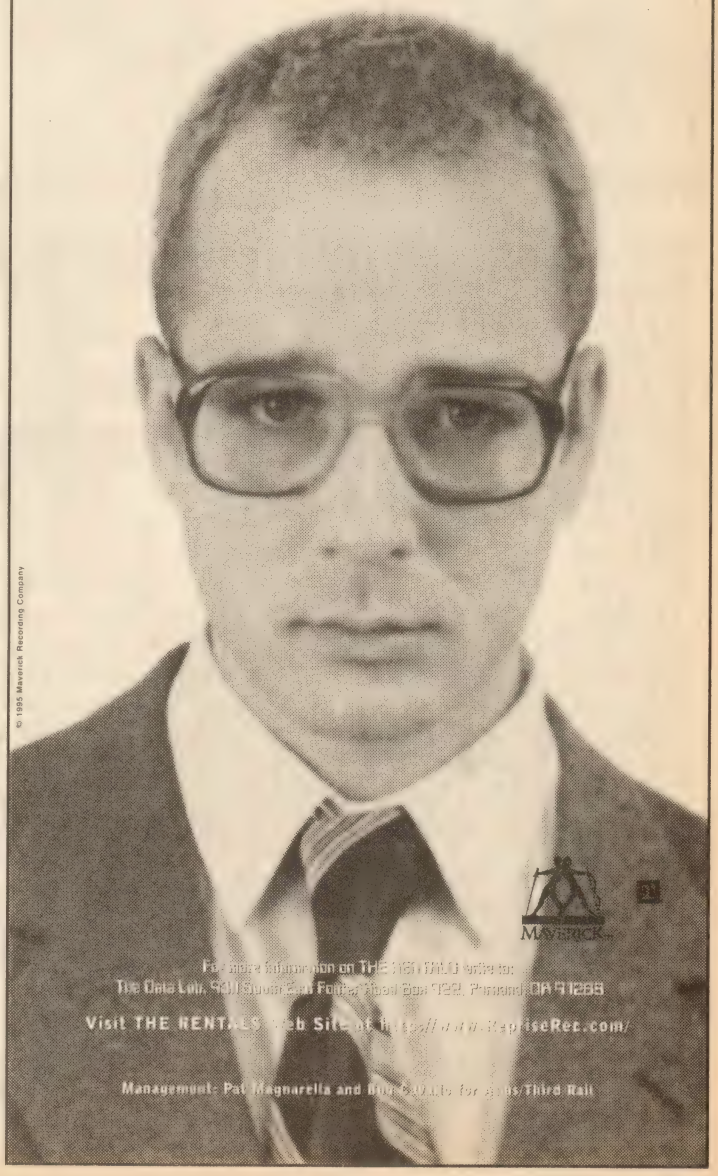
return of

THE RENTALS

FEATURING

"Friends of P."

ДРУЗЬЯ П.



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For more information on THE RENTALS write to:
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Visit THE RENTALS Web Site at http://www.RepriseRec.com/

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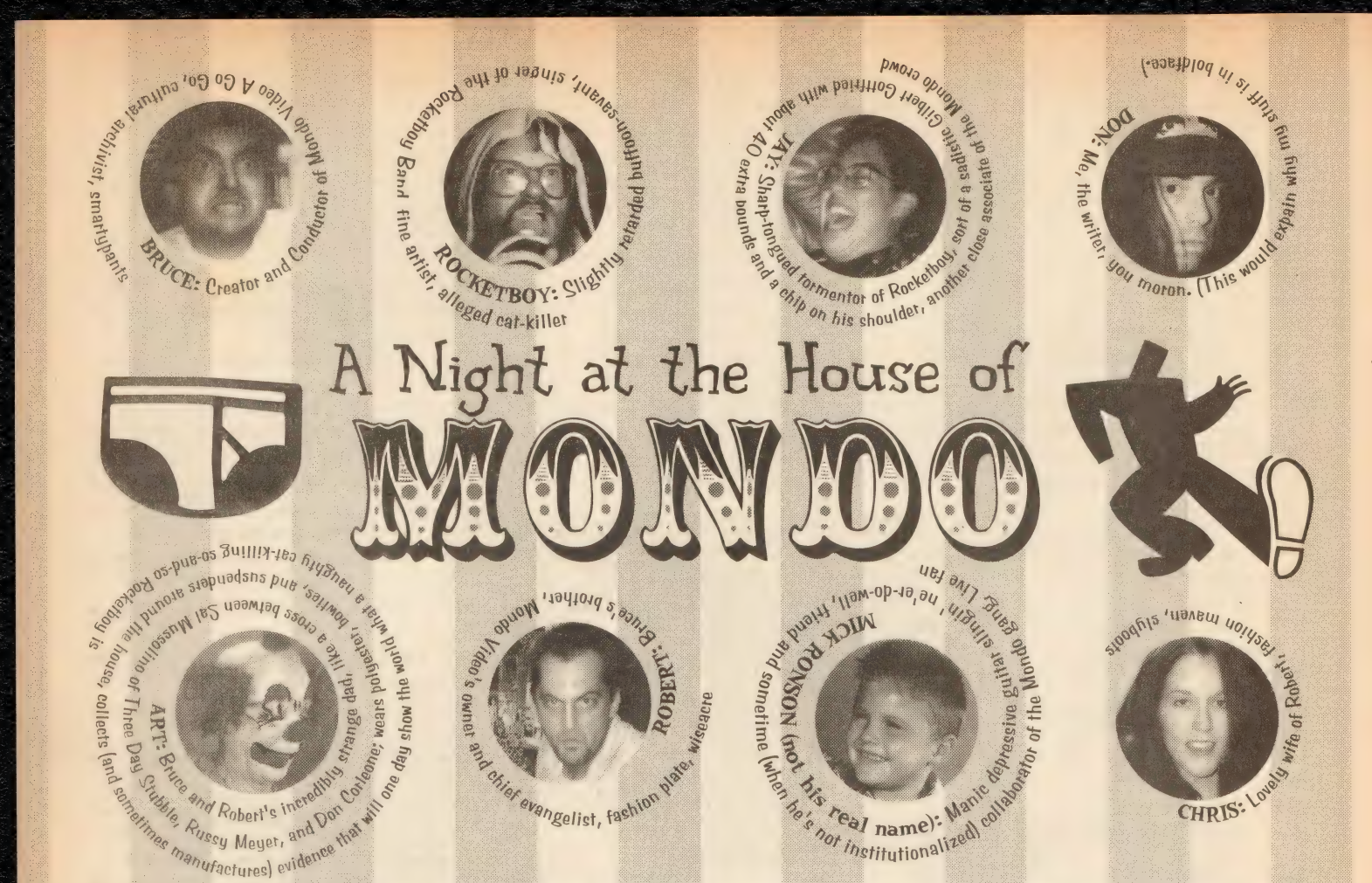


In the last issue, I promised to make with the lowdown on everything from Hanna Barbara records to "Diaper Gym" and the rest of the infant exercise records. Well, as usual, everything just exploded into incredible luminous shards of chaos and Skittles; the air began to be filled with rainbows; the very atmosphere seemed to be a moving current of multicolored particles which came streaming down around me. When I listened to the stereo, I saw colored particles floating out from the speakers. The walls seemed to be melting; pictures on the walls became liquified, with colors running down like waterfalls. When I looked at the speakers, I saw colored particles streaming out of them. It was sensational! Then, something horrible happened... I got this brilliant idea that it would be a good thing to go forth and talk to some of the other Kiddie Record hoarders I know, and get their perspectives on this fascinating subject. Little did I know that this stuff would actually end up usurping the piece that it was supposed to supplement. My first stop was with the zany gang at Mondo Video a Go Go, and this transcription is of this incredibly bizarre, yet factual account of that evening.

The Mondo Video a Go Go/Archaic Idiot Records Mega Store has become as necessary a fixture of the Los Angeles underground "scene" as the Porta Potties at an Oktoberfest bacchanal. The Mondo Family (Robert, Chris, Ana and Bruce) will not only rent or sell you anything you wish you could never imagine on video, LP, CD, cassette, etc., but will entertain and/or amaze you while you shop, browse or run away in abject terror. As if this wasn't enough, these good Christians also have put on some of the most... uh... *unique* events that this jaded old burg has ever had the oft missed opportunity to experience: Concerts featuring the likes of Harvey Sid Fisher, The Goddess Bunny, and the Kids of Widney High; The Annual Transvestite BBQ (formerly hosted by the recently deceased Cosmic Daniel), various cult film Drive-In Movie nights, and the sadly short lived "Mondo Mania," with fully costumed "Lucha Libre," and American wrestling. When not serving the community behind the Mondo counter, Bruce also collects fucked-up children's records. When he graciously invited me to the infamous House of Mondo for a little kiddie record show and tell, I was pretty thrilled. What ended up really happening when I went there, however, not only had very little to do with children's records but was way beyond any rational person's silliest imaginings... I don't want to spoil it for you, but let's just say that as I left late that night all I could think of was a tired but succinct quote from a certain Col. Kurtz: "The horror... the horror!"

Keep in mind, while you read this, that these are all (except, of course, for the lovely Miss Chris) *full-grown adult men*, most actually middle-aged! Oh, lest we forget, the all important disclaimer: If you're for some reason offended by things that are offensive beyond belief, then reading this interview is probably not a good idea... *Interview by Sir Don Bolles*

When I think of the number of disagreeable people that I know who have gone to a better world, I am sure hell won't be so bad at all. *Mark Twain*

Sound effects: "1812 Overture" from TV, with cannons: da da da da da da da da da daa (Boom!) da da da da da da da da da daa (Boom!)

Mick Ronson: Rocketboy was masturbating to this earlier! He was putting firecrackers in his asshole and lightin' 'em off!

Bruce: What's your little saying that you always say?

MR: Live is the best band!

Don: That's his little saying?

Robert: We've been discussing Live for about a half hour here…

Jay: And Rocketboy's still a faggot!

Robert: *(In exaggerated Japanese accent, a subtle reference to Jay's 1/2 Japanese lineage.)* Aaah Jay, aaah… You got aaah, a beer Jay aaah…

MR: We're just talkin' about Live.

D: Live is a fine Christian band!

MR: He doesn't know that they're a Christian band!

B: They're like the Alarm?

D: They're like U2.

B: U2 was Catholic; the Alarm were Christian. What about Kajagoogoo?

D: They were Satanists.

R: And what about Hayzee Fantayzee? Yep, those were the real punk bands.

(R., B., and MR. join in the singing of "Shiny Shiny, shine up my hiney…")

MR: Live is great! I'm serious!

B: I like Styx better though! "Secret secret, I've got a secret!"

D: "I'm Kilroy!"

B: Yeah! That was hot! *That's* music!

MR: You've gotta give 'em half a chance! They're great!

B: Live dresses up like a bunch of surfer bums. They're no good.

MR: They play sand nigger music, and sing Christian lyrics!

R: They sing Christian lyrics?

D: They sing about Christian placentas.

MR: They sing about placenta! Any song with a placenta in it is, to me, a song worth listening to! *(There's a moment of near silence as everyone either is engrossed in the TV or ponders this last point. Then…)*

J: But Rocketboy's still a buttfucker!

R: That's true.

J: That'll never change.

B: When are we gonna perform the *Helen Keller Story* behind the store?

J: How come Mick didn't go to the fuckin'…

MR: *(Shouting.)* I was in the hospital!!

J: Why'd you go to the hospital?

MR: 'Cause of they fuckin' locked me up, I didn't wanna go! They forced me in. Kaiser's playing mind games with me…

D: The Kaiser?

B: Mick! We're gonna do the Ann Frank story – you're gonna be Ann Frank! We'll base it in the future, when the Nazis have microwave ovens!

MR: I'm going to Salvation Army and becoming a minister!

B: But you were Helen Keller in a past life.

MR: I'll be more than a manic depressive! I'll be a manic depressive missionary!

B: But did you also know that in your past life you were Anne Frank?

MR: I'm also a "Jew for the Juice!"

J: So how did they force you to go?

MR: I went to go see my doctor, my psychiatrist, and he said, "Basically, we'll have security come in and restrain you and take you to the hospital, or you can get your things together, come in in two days and check yourself into the hospital." So, two days later I got my things and went to the hospital, and they said, "Your doctor didn't say you were supposed to come in."

B: You're going in on the Fourth of July?

MR: I got a call from my doctor, he said to go in Tuesday, on the Fourth of July; they're closed!

D: I think they're out to get you.

(Art, the Dad guy, emerges from his room.)

Art: You're gonna have to move that truck…

Chris: I can get out of there, no problem!

A: Alright, but there's no parking…

C: Look, there's plenty of room in front of my car anyway. It's no problem!

A: *(Starting to yell.)* But he put his truck out there!

B: I just think he loves Rocketboy!

J: Yep, he loves Rocketboy!

B: Art's in love with Rocketboy!

A: FUCK THAT FAGGOT!!! *(Slams door.)*

C: Whew! What's wrong with him? *(Rolls eyes, returns to kitchen.)*

J: Last night on *Family Feud* it was "Beauty vs. Brawn" night! They had all these former Miss Americas and shit on one side, and on the other side [were] all these musclemen, including Lou Ferrigno!

R: Lou Ferrigno? No fuckin' way! Lou Ferrigno was on *Family Feud*?

J: And they might have part two on tonight!

R: Did he ever hit the buzzer and just go, "Uh, duh duuh…"

J: He said, "Uh, I'm in this movie, *The Cage Two*, sequel to *The Cage One*."

R: We've gotta watch that tonight!

J: He went up against this girl and he lost every time!

R: And of course the world famous… Captain Hook!

MR: I'm going to become a soldier in the Salvation Army.

B: Where are those Captain Hook records, anyway?

MR: I will be a soldier! I'm going to get the outfit…

R: He's going to become a soldier!

B: Happens every night.

MR: I'm serious! I'm going to the Salvation Army and they have to make me a minister!

J: Rocketboy's a dirty fucking faggot.

R: The abomination!

MR: Swear to god, I'm gonna be fire and brimstone; I'm serious about becoming a minister! It's the only way to make money!

B: And then he'll show you Jay-sus!

R: Jay-ee-suh-uss!

J: Rocketboy's a fucking faggot. Fuck him!

MR: Put on *MTV* so we can watch Live!

B: *(Displaying Captain Hook LP.)* Look at that! Heh heh!

D: Wow! This is amazing!

R: Is he still around?

D: How could he die? He's a cyborg!

B: The story is that he lost his leg…

D: As part of a gambling debt…

B: He was a biker, and he lost his leg in a motorcycle accident. And then he turned to Jay-sus, and became strange bedfellows with a peg-legged dummy with an eye-patch over one eye, and his good Christian wife, Mrs. Hook.

D: So is that a real hook or a fake hook?

B: We'll have to yank on it someday and find out! Here's the liner notes: "Ahoy shipmates, parents; come on board! I want to introduce you to an exciting album entitled *Captain Hook*

Over 30 companies make yo-yos in the United States today.

Alive in Texas. This album was recorded live at Faith Temple, a growing, glowing super-church in the city of Killeen, Texas…"

D: That's where Luby's was, where that guy went nuts and shot everyone!

B: "…and where Rev. R. J. Miller is the pastor. This album contains very positive, faith building confessions, Bible teaching, and singing. It will minister to children and moms and dads. I dedicate this album to my mother and father whose lives influenced me to live for God and help train up children in a way they should go. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Saum have gone on to heaven, but their love and dedication still live on. My entire inheritance from their estate is invested in this album, that their ministry might continue to bear seed. May I challenge you to pray and believe with me and my crew to win one million children to the lord Jesus Christ."

D: He should sell 'em to Jesus, and make back some of that investment.

R: One million children!!

J: Hear that, Rocketboy?

B: "I'm going to do it through gospel albums, TV ministry, personal appearances or whatever the opportunity that presents itself. Smooth sailing!" Signed, Captain Hook.

J: *(Singing at Rocketboy.)* He's a child watcher; he's a child watcher; watchin' kids go by…

R: My oh my!

J: He's a child fucker; he's a child fucker; here comes one now!

D: Oh, it's on Get Hooked records!

B: Yeah. And then, we have the second album, called *Shiver me Timbers*. This one has the song "Beware of Christian Pirates" on it. The "Hot Dog Song" is pretty good, too. Oh, on this Captain Hook record, he does "The Three Little Pigs" Christian style, about how the little pigs build their faith, and how it's not good to build your faith on weak foundations. If you build your faith on straw, as compared to bricks, well that's a bad thing. They redo the whole "Three Little Pigs" story, and really screw it up!

R: I think Don's bored! It's time, aaah, to give him the She-Ra pillow-aaah, Jay-aaah! *(Tosses said pillow in my direction.)* Here Don, enjoy!

J: Mmm! Smell it! It smells good!

R: Don't give her any diseases!

MR: Lookit the stains!

B: Watch out what she might give *you!*

R: She's been known to carry a few diseases herself, hasn't she?

MR: Give her a big kiss, Don! Be brave!

D: No, I'm definitely not that brave! Who knows where this has been!

B: Rocketboy fucked that thing! That's Rocketboy's She-Ra pillow. He fucked her one time over at our friend Splat's house, and he came all over her!

R: Remember Splat Winger from KXLU? The one that's getting a sex change? Rocketboy – you fucked She-Ra right there on Splat's floor, right?

D: It's a good thing that Splat Winger picked a name that's indeterminate of gender.

MR: One of these days I'm gonna come over and jack off all over She-Ra!

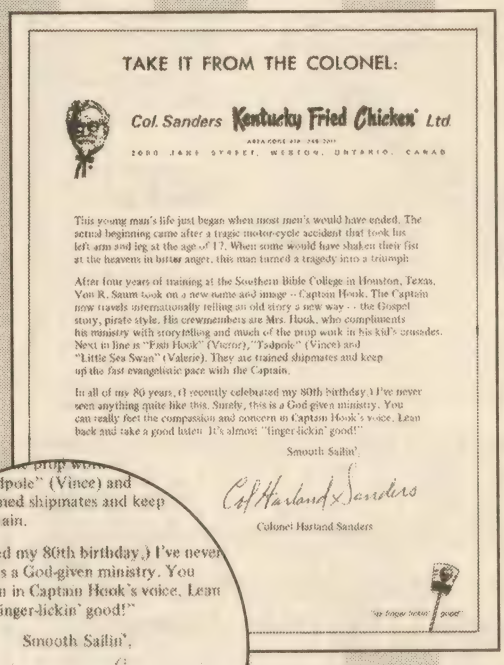
D: Oh, this is fucked! How dare these things exist! Where's the treasure map?

B: It's a treasure map to Jesus!

MR: Remember when Rocketboy was going to kill me for trying to have sex with her? He was going to kill me for humping her on the floor one night. Jay! Can you hear me?

J: Hmm?

MR: He was getting really fuckin' psychotic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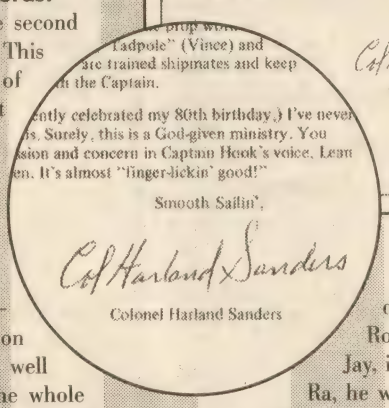
After four years of training at the Southern Bible College in Houston, Texas, Von R. Saum took on a new name and image – Captain Hook. The Captain now travels internationally telling an old story a new way – the Gospel story, pirate style. His crewmembers are Mrs. Hook, who compliments his ministry with storytelling and much of the prop work in his Kid's crusades. Next in line is "Fish Hook" (Victor), "Tadpole" (Vince) and "Little Sea Swan" (Valerie). They are trained shipmates and keep up the fast evangelistic pace with the Captain.

In all of my 80 years, (I recently celebrated my 80th birthday.) I've never seen anything quite like this. Surely, this is a God-given ministry. You can really feel the compassion and concern in Captain Hook's voice. Lean back and take a good listen. It's almost "finger-lickin' good!"

Smooth Sailin',

Col Harland Sanders

Colonel Harland Sanders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Smooth Sailin',
Col Harland Sanders
Colonel Harland Sanders

'cause I was humpin' on her! Whatever you do, don't fuck her! Rocketboy'll go psychotic! Jay, if you ever fucked She-Ra, he would lose it! He would completely go insane! Swear to god! I might just rape She-Ra myself… cut her fucking throat!

(On TV there's a commercial for a '90s retro compilation CD. Sound: "When I think about you, I touch myself…")

D: Aargh! There's already '90s nostalgia! Oh, look, there's C.C. Peniston!

MR: Hey, it's those twin guys…

B: *(Sings.)* "And I will walk 800 centimeters…"

MR: Whatever you do, don't rape She-Ra, Jay! You will make Rocketboy go off!

B: This album comes with a pirate eye patch!

D: Whoah!

B: Too bad it doesn't come with a wooden leg!

D: Wow, they went all out on this one! Lookit that – real staples!

B: "Sharkey's Prayer" is a good one – that's the dummy Sharkey. (Now Bruce notices that the television is tuned to MTV.) Hey, what the fuck is this on for?

R: We're watchin' the bad videos!

B: Jesus, you fucking morons!

R: I know you've never seen bad videos, so…

B: Yeah, like I haven't seen a few too many of 'em already… are you waitin' for Live?

MR: Yeah, exactly!

B: Put it on TBN! Here's a beautiful picture of Captain Hook! It's at some carnival or something… This one has the lamest record cover.

D: But it has the best kudos from the Colonel of Kentucky Fried Chicken!

B: The best music, and the letter, this is a great letter: "Take it from the Colonel," it says, "You know, Captain Hook is pretty *(I can't figure out what he says here, because he's drowned out by Mick bellowing, "Jay is a wussy! Jay is a wuss!")* "This young man's life just began when most men's would have ended. The actual beginning came after a tragic motorcycle accident that took his left arm and left leg at the age of 17…"

D: So it must be a real hook!

B: So it's a hook, there's your answer; anyway: "When some would have shaken their fist at the heavens in bitter anger…"

D: Their only remaining fist…

B: "…this man turned the tragedy into a triumph."

D: Actually, he turned a Triumph into a tragedy!

B: "After years of training at the Southern Bible College in Houston, Texas…"

MR: Jay's gonna fuck She-Ra! Jay's gonna fuck She-Ra! Hey, Robbie, Jay says he's gonna fuck She-Ra!

B: "…Von R. Saum took on a new name and image: Captain Hook. The Captain now travels internationally telling an old story a new way…"

J: Rocketboy's a fuckin' fag! He doesn't like women anyway!

B: "…the Gospel story Pirate style! His crew members are Mrs. Hook, who compliments his ministry with storytelling and much of the props used in his Kid's Crusade, next in line is Fish Hook (Victor), Tadpole (Vince), and Little Sea Swan (Valerie). They are trained shipmates, and keep up the fast evangelistic pace with the Captain. In all of my 80 years (I recently celebrated my 80th birthday) I've never seen anything quite like this. Surely this is a God-given ministry. You can really feel the compassion and concern in Captain Hook's voice. Lean back and take a listen. It's almost finger-lickin' good!"

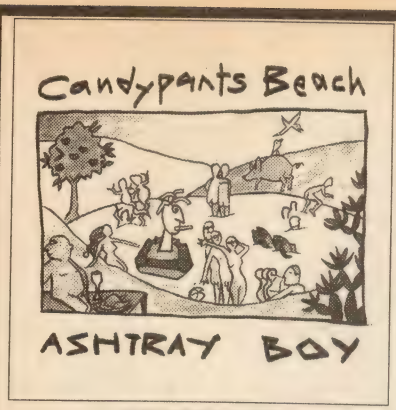
D: No!!

B: "Smooth sailin'!" Signed, Colonel Harland Sanders.

D: It doesn't say it's almost finger-lickin' good!

B: I'm afraid it does.

The clichés of a culture sometimes tell the deepest truths. –Faith Popcorn



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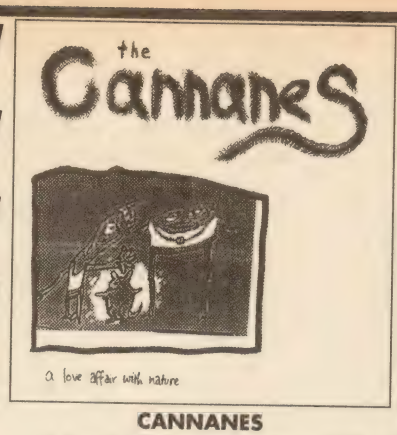

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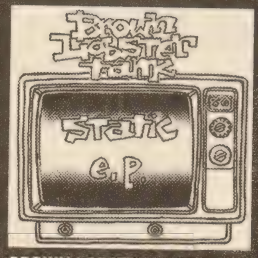

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MR: Jay's gonna fuck She-Ra! Jay's gonna fuck She-Ra! Hey, Robbie – Jay says he's gonna fuck She-Ra!

(Jay starts throwing stuff at Rocketboy, who is trying to eat his dinner.)

Rocketboy: AAAH! YAAAH! YOU GOT MY FOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE!

MR: Hey, wait 'til he's done !

J: Don't spill your food, Rocketboy!

R: It's time for Rocketboy to tell Art that his dinner's ready.

B: *(Singing.)* Time for Rocketboy to tell Art that dinner's ready, dinner's ready…

MR: You have to go knock on his door!

B: I'm gonna eat, wait – just wait a fuckin' minute! Can't you wait? Jesus Christ… don't do that, he's trying to eat!

R: Don't throw that at him while he's eating!

J: I'm not gonna throw it at him…

R: Whatever you do, don't rape She-Ra, goddamnit! Don't rape She-Ra!

J: Hey Mick, don't you owe Rocketboy a good slap for hittin' you in the eye with the broom?

MR: Didn't I hit him back already?

J: No!

MR: Rocketboy, did I already hit you back for when you hit me in the eye with the broom?

(Rocketboy nods in the affirmative.)

MR: No, I didn't! When? When? See? He's lying again!

RB: *(Starting to yell.)* When you was out fuckin' around, to whu… I… and… yeee…

J: You're lying!

RB: Instead of you I… Not many of us had to turn around and step on the lids and then you tell me I'm his fault and that's makin' me MORE FUCKIN' MAD…

J: Shut the fuck up, you're lying out of your ass!

RB: You wanna be my friend or you wanna be my emeny? That's how it's gonna get…

B: Emeny?

R: Enema?

J: You want an enema?

MR: I'm not tryin' to be your enemy; I'm just askin' you, I mean, you hit me in the eye with the broom…

RB: I KNOW, I KNOW, I KNOW! *(Starts to stand up, looks pretty frantic.)* I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT?

J: DON'T TELL ME, TELL *HIM*!

RB: BUT HE WON'T LISTEN!

J: HE'S BRINGIN' IT UP, TELL HIM!

RB: THAT'S WHY HE'S ARGUIN' WITH BOTH OF US TO GET ME TO YELL AND NOW I AM, GODDAMNIT!

J: Hey, slave boy!

RB: EVERY TIME HE COMES OVER HE DOES THE SAME FUCKIN' THING!

J: Shut up, slave boy!

MR: Now listen…

RB: GOD DAMN IT!!!

J: When did he hit you? He didn't, and you're just a chickenshit, that's all.

MR: I won't hurt ya…

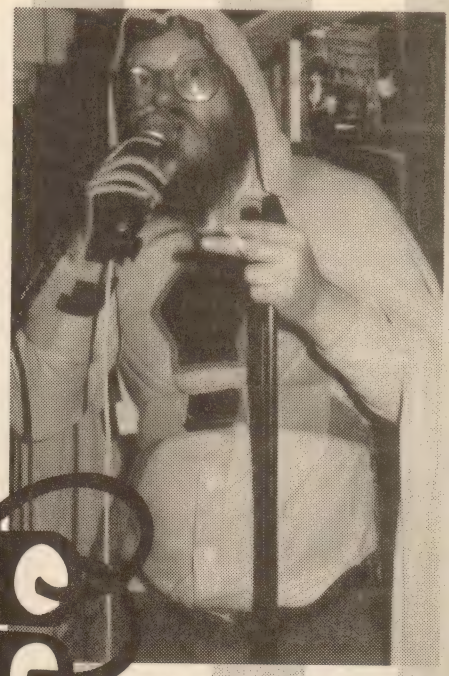
B: No fighting here! It doesn't feel good… it hurts people!

J: Rocketboy, you have to stand there while Mick punches you one!

B: You gotta let him do anything he wants!

J: He might just decide to fuckin' kick you in the nuts!

MR: I won't kick you in the nuts! I'll punch you where you can take it! I mean, I'll hit you so you feel it, but I won't hurt ya.



J: He can punch you right in the eye as hard as he wants!

MR: I'm not gonna do that! I'll hit him in the chest! I'll hit him hard, but…

J: Slaveboy! He's gonna get to hit you wherever he wants, and you just have to stand there and take it, O.K.?

RB: I wouldn't be able to take it, I know I wouldn't.

R: Rocketboy, tell Art his food's ready!

RB: I'd probably fall down and hurt, and all you guys would be yellin' "Crybaby, crybaby."

MR: No! I wouldn't hit you in the stomach!

J: Would you cry?

MR: I'm gonna hit you somewhere you can take it.

J: You would cry! You're a crybaby! Waah, waah waah!

RB: Water would be comin' out of my fuckin eyes, but I'd be hurt.

J: Pussy!

RB: *(In the direction of Art's room.)* DINNER! There; now I told him, okay?

J: Faggot! You dirty fuckin' child molester!

R: Hey Art, Jay's here!

J: See, I told him that he's my slave, and to go tell Art, and he did!

MR: Jay's here!

J: *(Singing punk-rock style.)* 'Cause Rocketboy's my slave, Rocketboy's my slave! He is my slave!

R: Here's the national anthem on channel 40!

RB: Fuck you!

MR: That's not very Christian of you!

D: I don't remember this part of the national anthem! ***(Some verse about Christian family values that the nice people at TBN respectfully added to the national anthem.)***

J: Slave! Slave!

RB: Bruce and his brother have been doin' the same fuckin' thing to me all my fuckin' life. I'm not your slave.

J: Fucking pussy!

RB: How 'bout if I come in here with a fuckin' gun and blow your fuckin' head off!

J: Where you gonna get a fucking gun, huh?

RB: I can get one.

J: Yeah, you can! You can't even get a pack of cigarettes, so how do you think you're gonna get a fucking gun?

MR: What if you live in an aluminum house? You can still pray to god!

B: We got aluminum siding! Thank you, Jesus!

RB: I'm not gonna tell you where. Why should I?

B: Praise God, we got aluminum siding! Praise the Lord!

J: He ain't gonna get no fucking gun! He's a fucking liar!

D: You can only get aluminum siding here in this great free land of America!

J: He'll probably steal Rob's gun.

RB: I ain't his fuckin' slave!

J: Rocketboy, you are my slave and that's that!

RB: If I get me a fuckin' gun… I'll blow your fuckin' heads off!

J: You won't do that, you're a fucking chickenshit!

R: That's not much of a defense for court…

RB: I don't care…

J: He's scared of Mick punchin' him back! No honor! NO HONOR!! NO WARRIOR SPIRIT!!

RB: All I did was turn around with the broom, and you guys give me fuckin' hell!

J: No warrior spirit, no honor, no nothin'!

MR: No warrior fuckin' spirit.

J: You ain't got shit, you won't let Mick hit you back… Chicken! Look at that – Waah waah waah! Somebody get the diapers out! WAAH WAAH WAAH! WAAH WAAH WAAH!

RB: Even when I work all fuckin' day he doesn't fuckin' stop!

J: One day's worth of work in 30 years, Jesus Christ!

MR: Jay! You wanna go vandalize somethin'?

J: Whaddaya want, a fucking medal of honor for that?

RB: *(Losing it completely.)* I DON'T WANNA BE BAWLED OUT FOR IT YOU SONOVABITCH! MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I SHOULD-

It takes a long time to become young. –Picasso

N'T DO IT AT ALL! I DON'T WANT YOUR ANYTHING OR ANYBODY ELSE'S ANYTHING, ALRIGHT?!!

J: Oh, now he doesn't need *anything*. Somebody get him some diapers. Waah waah waah!

MR: I think we oughta forgive him if he breaks out the front windows over at "The Healing Bean" (local coffee hang-out). We should forgive him if he does that.

RB: I don't wanna do that! Why should I?

J: It would be forgiveness...

MR: Yeah, we would forgive you.

J: Chickenshit! One days worth of work and Rocketboy expects a goddamn beer and forty acres! What the fuck do you want? A medal? A trophy? A million goddamned dollars?

MR: Then we'll find a great big rock...

RB: I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR FUCKING MONEY! I WANT YOUR FUCKING FRIENDSHIP! YOU WON'T GIVE ME YOUR FRIENDSHIP.

J: I ain't gay, okay?

MR: Jay! We'll find a big rock...

RB: I DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING BUTTHOLE! I'M NOT TALKIN' ABOUT...

R: He said "butthole"!

J: Fucking faggot!

MR: He said "ripe butthole"!

J: What the fuck do you expect for doin' a day's worth of sweat...

MR: Pickin' up some dog turds...

J: He won't even take a goddamned bath unless we razz him. Hey, what the fuck do you expect, Rocketboy? Do you want them to name this peninsula after you?

R: Rocketboy Peninsula...

MR: Let's get a big rock...

J: How about your face on a fucking coin? One day's worth of work the first time in his goddamned life, where he couldn't sit there and smoke cigarettes!

MR: So he made a nickel!

J: How about he pays us from now on for working, and there'll be compound interest every day that he doesn't pay us.

RB: No way.

J: Excuse me?

RB: Fuck you!

J: Slave!

R: *(Enjoying his TV dinner.)* Mmm. This new kind is chicken.

B: Chicken?

MR: Bok bok bok bok bok, chicken.

R: Rocketboy loves chicken.

J: We've got a video of Rocketboy fucking a chicken!

B: *(Perusing what's on the end of his fork.)* You mean little chickens died for this?

R: Yup.

B: Good!

MR: We're gonna find a big rock, and we're gonna take Rocketboy over to The Healing Bean and let him throw it through the window.

J: Mick, punch Rocketboy; get your hit right now!

(Mick hits him lightly on the arm.)

J: No, more than that! Right in the face, just like he hit you!

MR: I don't wanna hit him in the face. He's my friend.

B: Alright, kiss him! You two should kiss and make up! French kiss!

MR: Come here, Rocketboy. *(Kisses him on the head.)*

B: Now Rocketboy, you go kiss Jay! Now, Rocketboy, you go kiss Art!

MR: Now let's go find a rock, you can throw it through the window of the fucking Healing Bean and you'll be forgiven!

B: Go kiss Art and make up!

J: ART! DINNER! ART ART ART!

MR: Hey, we could forgive him if he breaks out the window of The Healing Bean, right? Can we? Jay, can we forgive him?

J: Yeah, we could.

MR: Yeah, we could.

J: ART ART ART ART ART!

B: Wait, shut up! I've got a song! "Art loves Tom, Art loves Tom, Art loves Tom; 'Cause when he comes he swallows, he swallows, he swallows..." *(Apparently, Tom is Rocketboy's real name.)*

R: *(Singing.)* "My body lies over the ocean; my body lies over Art's bed."

J: Tell Art dinner's ready, Rocketboy; he's gonna starve, and then he's gonna blame you!

(Jan Crouch is whispering some hideous prayer right into the camera, her makeup running down her face in little rivulets.)

MR: If you wore that much eye makeup Rocketboy, Jay would fuck you.

(On the TV some Christian says, "Father, we've just released your anointing over this telecast...")

B: He just "released an anointing!" Heh heh!

R: Hey, Art! Dinner's ready!

J: Art!

MR: Art!

J: ART ART ART!!! HELP!! ART ART HELP!!! HE'S TRYIN' TO MOLEST ME, ART!!!

MR: I'm really bothered by the fact that I'm starting to think Rocketboy's a wuss.

J: He is! He has no warrior spirit!

MR: If he had warrior spirit he'd go break that window out.

RB: And then go to jail, right?

MR: No one's gonna take you to jail! No one's gonna know you did it. We're gonna drive you there; we're gonna be *with* you, asshole! We are as guilty as you are, you queerbait! God damn! You just don't realize... hey look, check it out...

J: Hey, hand me that pillow! *(Jay gets a hold of the She-Ra pillow and starts lewdly humping it.)* Uuh! Uuh! Unh! Aaah! Ungh! Oooh!

MR: Hey! If we go and do that with you, we're just as fucked as you are, asshole! You just wouldn't be brave enough to do it! I already did it; Bruce didn't I go and blow the window out?

(Art finally emerges from his room to claim his dinner.)

J: Lookit, he's throwin' pillows all over the place!

A: He's nuts! Leave him alone!

J: Art! Rocketboy says he's gonna strangle the next one of your cats he comes across!

MR: So it's your turn! You don't like being an outsider, but then you get pissed off because you're an outsider, 'cause we go and do it, and then you say, "Oh I can't do it." You fucking wanna be one of us, and then when we try to get you to go and do things with us, you're all "Fuck you guys; I'm better than that." Right?

J: Right!

MR: He's got a fucking attitude.

(Bruce notices me looking at the Cabbage Patch Kids LP.)

B: The best song on this album is "Cabbage Patch Dreams".

MR: We ain't gonna rat you off to nobody!

D: What's the deal with that?

MR: ...because we are as guilty as you are, for taking you there and helping you do it.

B: It's about living in a Cabbage Patch dream.

D: What did it teach you about these "Cabbage Patch dreams"?

MR: Yeah, you can't even call yourself an American! We're Americans!

B: *(Quoting lyrics.)* "Here in my Cabbage patch dream..."

A: I don't like faggots and queers and cat killers!!!

I don't set trends. I find out what they are and exploit them. –Dick Clark

J: Who's that?
A: *(Pointing to Rocketboy.)* Right there, that fucking sonovabitch!!
J: Art! What happens if he kills another cat? Like he said he was going to do?
A: I'll come out here and whup his ass, but I'm not stayin' out here with that fucking faggot!!! *(Turns around, goes back in his room and loudly slams the door.)*
J: *(Looking at my lengthy tresses.)* Art don't like long hairs, either! Ask Bruce!
B: He don't like longhairs!
D: I didn't even get a chance to ask!
B: Back in the '70s, he used to drive down the street in his truck, and every time he saw a hippie he'd flip him off! And he'd listen to country truck drivin' music. Everyone would say, "Oh, man, he's like, got such bad vibes." Every time he'd see a longhaired guy with his hair hangin' over the back of the seat of his car, he'd say, "Look, there's Jesus!"
MR: You need a wart on your face! Rob! You need a wart right here, where you can pull it off... You look like Abraham Lincoln on *Star Trek*!
(On TBN there's a music video about how badly we need family values in America, featuring some guy that's a cross between Gino Vannelli and Billy Joel.)
R: Oh, it's Carmen! Have you ever seen him? Carmen rocks!
D: He's rapping!!
R: They showed the queers, they were holdin' hands!
MR: This is great! Look! "Stop handing out condoms, and hand out the word of God!"
B: And this record here is called *Rock Candy Mountain Revisited*. It's a musical anti-pollution thing, centered around rats that live in a garbage dump, and how they don't want the big people to come and turn their garbage dump into a golf course. The rats are fighting the contractors and they do a song called "Garbage City". "Isn't it pretty, and they call it Garbage City!" The greatest children's song is "Teddy Bear" by Red Sovine, about a crippled kid whose dad was killed on the interstate so he would never get to ride in a big rig again. He gets on the CB and makes the truckers all feel sorry for him and his widowed mom who can't make ends meet, so they all line up on the little suburban street where he lives and take turns givin' him a ride and givin' the mom a bunch of money. Here's Father Phylus, and on this double LP he talks to teenagers about sex. He talks about a girl with 80 different sexually transmitted diseases, and about French kissing. He was also on an episode of *In Search Of...* about the Shroud of Turin.
MR: I'm gonna call 'em and have 'em play that again! Gimme the phone!

D: Carmen? Is that his name?
(Female TBN Announcer.) I just want to remind you that coming up, Carmen is going to be with us... Live!
D: Live is gonna be there!
R: Lookit that cow!
B: Live! I heard it! Live!!
MR: I'm not even gonna try anymore. It's pointless to try and tell you guys how good they are.
R: They're playin' Live at the Greek!
MR: You would really enjoy Live!
R: Live live!
MR: Jay! Tell Rocketboy we'll forgive him if he throws a rock through the window of The Healing Bean!
J: He ain't gonna do it, he's too lazy! Fuck him!
MR: Too lazy to throw a rock through the window of The Healing Bean? C'mon, Jay! Let's go do it!
J: Are you drivin'?
MR: You're drivin'!
J: You're drivin'!
MR: Okay, I'm drivin'! You're comin'! Let's go get a rock! But I'd rather you drove; I've been drinkin' all day, I'm drunk as fuck.
D: At least then you'd have an excuse.
J: I drove last time.
MR: Come on, come on, you drive, Jay, we'll get it done! Let's find a rock!
D: Tie a poem to it!
B: It's a little early, don't you think? They're still open!
MR: That's perfect! Look, Rocketboy's bringin' his goddamn cigarettes and everything.
(Rocketboy gets up, preparing to go, wearing a ratty but colorful super-hero cape, a utility belt, and a huge Star Wars *looking power glove, which causes a round of barely muffled guffaws.)*
B: Oh, *you* won't be noticed! Ha, ha ha haha! Don't come running back here with the police chasin' you!
(Rocketboy changes into a black trench coat)
R: That's what O.J. would've worn!
D: And the tiny little gloves.
R: He does have his little gloves on.
B: Some Japanese guy was asking me about these records.
D: Yeah, they're into that. It's getting to be a really popular thing now. It's just going to make all these children's records more expensive.
B: I don't know how; most of them are so scratched up because little kids had 'em.
D: That's exactly why! Because the ones that aren't scratched up are worth more than gold! What the heck is this? "Heavy Heavy at the Go Go"? Are you familiar with that song, Rob? On the Bob McAllister record?
R: Oh, yeah! Actually, if you listen to that album, you'll recognize a bunch of those songs.
D: (Reading the lyrics to the aforementioned tune...) "At the go-go you can go-go like nobody can; Rock and Rolling to the music of the Music man."
R: Somebody told me he got arrested for child molesting.
D: Billy James Hargis did.
R: I also heard he's dead.
D: *(Reading.)* "Try to kick, kick the sky; throw your feet way up high; put your hands in these cuffs..." No, I'm sorry, it's "put your hands out in space; then you turn around and make a funny face!" Oh no, it gets worse! "Fingle over here; Oh, you fingle over here!"
R: Fingle? What's "fingle"?
D: I don't know, but I don't much like the sound of that.
B: This is the Meadowlark Lemon record, simply called *My Kids*. As you can see, he has a lot of young white boys and girls around him.
D: How did he acquire them, I wonder?
B: There's a particularly great song on here called "Earthmen". You have to stare at the picture here as I play this.
R: You can't fuck around; if you're gonna do this, you gotta do it right.
B: You have to have this in your hand and

Every style that is not boring is a good one. –Voltaire

really stare at the picture like you just bought the record. This song's called "Earthmen". This really inspired the Rocketboy band… *(Puts record on, spacy sounds occur.)* And you thought Hawkwind was hot! *(The most goddawful song issues forth, with the stupidest* Star Wars *space sounds all over it: "All of us are Earthmen, All of us are one; All of us are Earthmen; and we share the same ol' sun." It's about if some other planet attacked Earth and everyone would be comrades in arms or something.)* Remember when Ronald Reagan was in office and he said, "What if a group of space aliens, from outer space, tried to take over the world," that "we'd all gather together to fight them," remember that? Meadowlark Lemon projected that before it even happened! See, this is the record that Meadowlark Lemon made before the government shut him down… they shut him up! They put an implant in his brain and stopped him; he's on channel 40 now. He doesn't do this song anymore. He was telling too much information to the people of the world. *(Underneath all this is the "Earthmen" chorus, repeating and majestically building to a huge "Battle Hymn of the Republic" climax, making Bruce's spiel sound like one of those hokey "God Bless America" narration things – it's pretty frightening.)* They had to stop him; that's why he didn't make any more records. He tried to tell the children to stand together; to have a one world government. The black children, the Jewish children, and the white children, all holding hands…

D: You know, there's twelve child disciples on the cover with Meadowlark...

B: You hear that part right there? That's nazi marching music!

D: It's all a metaphor for O.J. and his jury.

B: This next record is for black children only; Jewish children can't listen to this; white children can't listen to this; Korean children can't listen to this; Samoan children can't listen to this. Only black children. It's called *Letter to a Black Boy*. This is by a guy named Bob Teague, who is named after the Tagu lizard. *(The door opens, and Jay and Rocketboy walk in, fresh from their mission.)*

J: We drove around and we saw this fuckin' bag lady and she told us to go get her a donut. So we go to Winchell's and get her a couple of goddamn donuts. And Mick left to go get her right now. She wouldn't take the donuts…

B: He isn't bringin' her here?

J: I don't know…

B: Lock the door, Rocketboy!

J: She was totally afraid of us!

R: I don't believe Mick actually picked up someone!

B: What happened?

RB: Duh, there was this uh, bag lady…

B: Who cares about the bag lady?! What happened over there?

J: We were driving around, and the fourth time we saw a cop, and Mick totally chickened out. He goes "This car has a black door… it's noticeable" and he started takin' off real fast. We ate all the donuts. We got two donuts, and went back to the bag lady, and she was all, "No! Get away from me!"

D: That's no kind of gratitude.

J: Then Mick went off down the street to try and find her… He wouldn't go do the window, but he would go back to talk to her.

B: Here's "Timmy the Tugboat" by the Peter Pan Singers. *(The record features the gayest, campiest lisping narrator ever to be on a children's record: "There were freighterth carrying exotic thpices from the Orient.")* I think this *is* Peter Pan singing! *(One day, the big tugboat thaid, "Thay there Tugboat Tim, how would you like to go down with me to Thtaten Island…")*

D: Sounds more like they were going down to Fire Island...

B: It starts getting into Pirates, and then it gets *really* gay!

D: Like this cut; "Blow the Man Down"!

B: Yeah, "Blow the Man Down" is pretty good! There's one called "Here Comes Widgie the Whale"!

J: This is for *Ben is Dead*? I hate that magazine! That is the sorriest piece of shit magazine, and I've stated it several times in the 'zine that I do!

B: This is the Lolliwinks *Wink at Me*.

(A horrible slightly sped up voice sings something about "If you wink at me; Maybe maybe!")

D: *(In my best Pepe Le Pew imitation...) Aah! Oui, oui! Heh heh heh...*

B: I knew this one guy that got Lolliwinks stuck up his ass during a homosexual orgasm.

D: Nuh uh!

B: And what happened was his friend went down there and lit a match to look inside, so he could get the Lolliwinks out of his ass. So he lit the match, opened up his buttcrack, and the goddamned thing *exploded* and these little Lolliwinks came flyin' out on fire and burnt the guy in the face!

D: No!

B: And he got third degree burns on his face from flaming Lolliwinks shootin' outta some guy's asshole, and the guy's asshole was all burnt up inside, too.

MR: Then he became that melted preacher on channel 40, right? The guy that's got the melted face…

B: I've gotta go through the 45s and find "Fun and Care of a Gerbil". That's the best children's 45 ever in the world! This little girl takes her gerbils to show and tell at school, and the teacher says, "Hmm… you have some cute little gerbils there…" You'll never find that. It's from the '40s or '50s. Did you do a thing on Mister Rogers? That guy deserves a paragraph all to himself!

D: Yeah, there's a paragraph on him in the last issue.

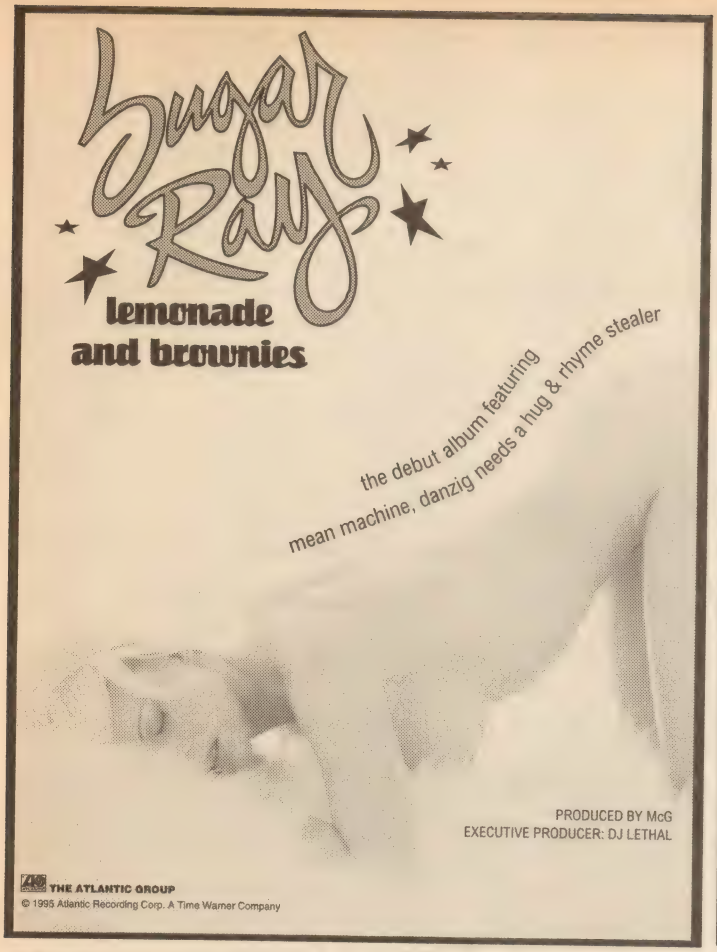
B: Did you mention "Troll Talk"? This is the best song Mister Rogers ever did. It came out on his *You Are Special* record. Look at this beautiful picture of Mister Rogers, laying on his hands and staring at you, and it says "You Are Special"…

(Misterogers: "I know a troll who sometimes sings a little silly song, like this… [Sings.] *Shidely dum de mooley moodeley dum de shidely boom boom, shidely dum de mooley tooley moodeley troll de boom…" etc.)*

"Any song with a placenta in it is, to me, a song worth listening to" – Mick Ronson

Mercifully, the tape ended before we all sat around and watched Lou Ferrigno and some other steroid-slammin' goons get their butts kicked by a bunch of ex-beauty queens on *Family Feud*: "Beauty vs. Brawn Part 2", and the conversation degenerated even further below "Beavis and Butthead" levels. Well anyway, if you still think you might want to know more about the nice folks at Mondo Video a Go Go, or just rent or purchase some otherwise impossible to find weirdness (maybe even Capt. Hook's Treasure), they're located at 1724 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles CA 90027 and their phone # is (213) 953-8896. Good luck.

Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again, but expecting different results. –Rita May Brown



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Alternativeness	Sexual and Social Impulses.
Approbativeness	Regard for Popular Sentiment.
Benevolence	Sympathy for Humanity.
Bibativeness	Capable of Combining.
Calculation	Ability to Calculate correctly.
Casuality	Ability to Reason a Proposition.
Cautiousness	Indisposition to Take Risks.
Color	Ability to Determine Color correctly.
Combativeness	Love for Encounter, Debate or Dispute.
Comparison	Ability to Analyze and Illustrate.
Conjugality	Love of Companionship.
Conscientiousness	Recognition of Duty and Principle.
Constructiveness	Inventive Skill.
Continuity	Love for Society.
Destructiveness	Attitude towards Punishment or Revenge.
Eventuality	Love for Information and Experiment.
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Friendship	An Attachment to an Intimate Acquaintance.
Hope	Disposition to Minimize Trouble.
Human Nature	Ability to Read Character by Conversation with persons.
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Immortality	Ability to Live by Dying.
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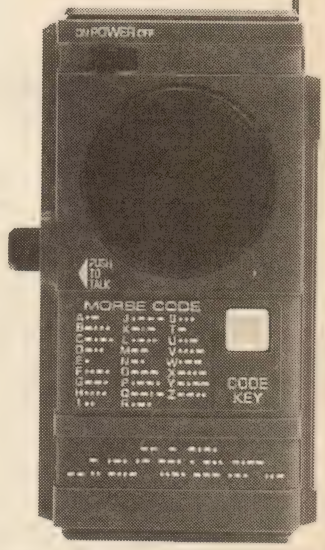

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THE SQUATTER SCENE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

with Selina "are my eyebrows even?" Romao

Disclaimer: Some of the specific facts might be off a bit. You can never quite be sure what to believe out here. Also, I don't have room to go into a better introduction to the characters, so you can just have the pleasure of meeting them as they are mentioned. Thank you.

For all those who dream of leaving their hometowns to live in exciting Hollywood, I say Warning Will Robinson! It may seem exciting at first, but Hollywood will bring out all your worst aspects and magnify them. And then before you know it, boom, you *are* that person and you're stuck here, *FOREVER!*

I lived on the streets of Hollywood for almost two years straight – no couch surfing (well, maybe once or twice), no trips back home to mommy.... I got my first taste of the Hollywood Streets when I was 14 and ran away from my Placement (a government learning/living institution for children whose parents can't or won't take care of them.) From then on anytime I ran away that's where I'd go, for days at a time. When I was a few years older, and on my own, I spent all my money and lost my apartment and moved into my car, a drivable (when push-started) VW rabbit. It was nice and cozy, just me and my cat Teadorra. It was hard to deal with her cat litter and all, and after she made a few escapes through the sun roof I got worried and put her in Casitas Hotel For Cats in Los Feliz (thank you) where I ended up working in the day to pay her rent, while going back to the car to sleep at night. But our dependable parking enforcers got my car off the streets before long – $500 in unpaid (with increased fines) parking tickets – and I was now officially homeless.

We'll start there. I had already met most of the street punks at that point: Justin, Munchkin, and a few others, and began sleeping in squats (made available after the LA earthquake) with them. First at The Paranoid Squat (across from Jack in the Box on Sunset Blvd.), an office building where we all had our own sections on the floor. Then we went to the Egyptian Theater Squat, on Hollywood Blvd., which was full of asbestos, walls with gigantic holes, and old statues smashed to bits. One morning Munchkin, Justin, Poncho, Ponchita and I awoke to find my car window had been smashed and broken in, so after that I slept in my car to keep guard, and one of them would keep me company at night, while the others went to the newly opened Hastings Hotel Squat on Hollywood. Soon I met The Florida Gang: Tom, Chris, and Jamie; and non-Floridians: Heather and Jackie, who were *all* sleeping in Tom's car (it was a big car.) I found more in common with them, and we began hanging out, parking our cars next to each other at night. Until one ill-fated day, when I left my car for a minute, to get a measley sandwich at the unfriendly day shelter, "My-Friend's Place." This is the place that has big fancy press-filled benefits at places like The Derby so rich celebrity-types can feel good about helping the homeless street kids and "My Friend's Place" can make lots of dough and then turn around and offer peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with a mini cup of water and play mind-games with the young kids who are forced to beg for the crap – some of whom they actually refuse to serve if they don't personally like them, as the founder Steve LaPore tends to do if he's having a bad day.

When I came out of My Friend's Place I saw the parking enforcers and screamed, "Nooooo!", dropping my precious PB&J sandwich and my little water, I ran at the lady who was booting the tire. She grabbed for something, possibly mace, and yelled at me, "Stand back." I went on my hands and knees, tears rolling down my face, begging for her to spare me the fate of the impound yard – and of living on the streets. She was completely unmoved by my pleas and said, "No, you have ten minutes to get your shit out of the car, they're already coming, it's too late." So there I was, stuck with bags and bags of all that was left of my personal possessions, stranded on Hollywood Blvd. – the start of my new existence as a Squatter.

With the help of Sarah Gwin, a drunk-punk part-time squatter, I got myself together and decided not to call my dad to come to the rescue, and finally survive completely on my own. So The Florida Gang dropped me off at the Freeway Squat on Van Ness, between Hollywood and Sunset. Freeway was a big four floor apartment building, that was now leaning to one side, but still in one piece pretty much – with electricity still on – at least when we first moved in. Bishop (who opened most of the squats – see sidebar) and Don opened up that squat by kicking in a plexiglass window. I stayed in this girl Grabby's room the first few nights (I didn't actually know Grabby, and she freaked when she found me in her room – it seemed everyone at one point came, sat, and took over Grabby's room – but thankfully let me stay after she calmed down.) Grabby was called Grabby because she would, you know, grab things...that weren't hers; but when I asked her she said, "Throw a cigarette at me." So I threw one at her from across the room and she grabbed it between her two fingers, lighting it in one impressive motion. Later of course she admitted she just wanted a smoke and was equally shocked at her smooth move – never able to repeat the trick. Basically they just showed me to this room and I sat in it, too petrified to look around, and the only reason I left it was because Grabby took me out to get some food. That's when I discovered that the Florida Gang were taking over a room on the third floor, and I joined them. (Soon after Tom's car got towed and impounded as well.) We got mattresses and furniture and mirrors to fix up the place (the tenants left everything they owned in these post-earthquake apartments.) Ours was The Party Room (where I'd torture them with Violent Femmes and that "Loser" song) and the other occupied room at the time was The Drunk Room (Bishop, Rag Doll, and Little John's room), which had a stereo, TV and Nintendo. The first time I went in that room I met Rag Doll (a member of the Hollywood Cats.) She was lying on the couch, frying on acid, and said to me, "You can't be in here unless you're drunk or on acid – get out." It was the first sign of things to come, the division between the different types of squatters. Other rooms included: The Shooting Room (where they shot heroin and speed – which was Big Foot and Bear's Room, which was Grabby's room until they took it over), Og's Scary Room, Don and Monkey's Room, Riff Raff's Demonic Creepy Room (which no one wanted to visit), the Satan Room (which had splattered red paint everywhere and Goth groups written in red on the walls), and The Piss Rooms (which were whole rooms dedicated to pee.) There were lots of scary crack heads lying around the place too – I never actually saw them but anything that ever went wrong, that's who we'd blame it on.

There was the occasional invasion of cops that would come to get us out of the building, but they were a joke, more afraid of us then we were of them. And if we were kicked out, we'd just hang out together and wait until it was clear to return. A few of the memorably entertaining incidents were: the small fires, (most which Grabby set, blaming them on the crackheads of course), the skull we found (which Popeye [the pervert] and Rag Doll later threw onto the Hollywood Freeway, causing an accident when a motorist eventually saw it, and the next day the newspaper proclaimed, "Dead Head Found on Freeway!"), people tweaking through rooms trying to find stuff left behind after the quake (it got to the point that they were ripping out the carpeting and taking apart the stair railings trying to find, you know, hidden stashes of drugs and money), a few paranoids who thought that the place was bugged (that the holes in the walls hid police spy cameras), the second big quake occurring while we were there – having ceilings and whole walls falling in on us....

It was the last good fun, innocent time I remember having on the streets (believe it or not). Although there were separate styles, separate rooms, separate drugs, we were all friends – a real family unity thing. That was all to change though. Things started getting whacked – everyone was doing too much of everything. A local gang kept coming by, paying us visits, telling us to get out of their territory. I had become close during that time to Zoe (a sweet, needy, spoiled, intelligent, young brat runaway that Heather had found at a show, brought back to the squat, and re-named Widget.) I soon became aware that many were young and inexperienced and needed some kind of looking after, and so I assumed the role of parent/nurse to Widget and others. The Florida Gang decided to go to San Francisco, but not Widget and I. When we passed out that night the Florida Gang left, and we woke up to Big John and Rif Raff sitting in our room, which had been locked. We realized we'd slept through the door being kicked in, and everyone clearing out of the place. John and Rif Raff wanted us to stay, but we quickly and quietly gathered our shit in silence – scared of them and the whole scenario – and jammed out of there. Feeling lost and alone, we walked up and down Hollywood looking for people, and finally found Bishop, Slur and Michelle at the gas station on Gower. They were all acting so different, as they informed us about the new squat, and how it was suppose to be kept private. We were so confused, not understanding their secret spy-like attitude towards the move and why we were not a part of it. We were finally taken to the new squat by Slur, and that is where I will end now, and continue in the next issue with the new squat on Carlton Way and Gower, and how the differences between us became even more defined, and more tense.

For now I'll just mention some of the (media related) misconceptions and an update on what's been going on recently:

MEDIA FOLLIES:

One you may be familiar with is Tweeky Dave Miller, who was focused on on a couple of episodes of the Scary Jerry Springer Show. I didn't really know Tweeky Dave at the beginning. I didn't talk to him at first because I thought he was a weird skinny bald old man with no teeth. But then I got to know him and found out he was kind and giving and that everyone on the street loved him dearly – though I still thought he was an old man. When Tweeky Dave died (of Hepatitis, on Nov. 20, 1994), Jerry had another episode with his favorite poster-boy, where they had footage of him with a mohawk (and teeth), and I finally found out he was young, about my age, and it really freaked me out. Scary Jerry has this recruiter, Neil (known as "Captain Save-a-Ho"), who hangs out around the Fame Cafe on Hollywood Blvd., gets kids to go on the show, promising to give them money; puts together shows about them reuniting with their parents, or life on the streets.... They'd pay the kids if they went on the show as guests, but when Jerry did his "Jerry on

"Can you spare some change?"

the Streets of Hollywood" series, he'd pay a small pittance, even promising to give them money and not following through. Ol' Jer came down in his Members Only-style leather jacket, with his serious face on, getting down and bonding with the street kids about the tough life out there. (As if!) Once he got in with Dave and the others, he didn't need to pay to get the kids into the TV studio, instead he had a free insider look at The Squats and could talk to them right there on the streets. He played it to the hilt too: Dave showing him how he would eat out of trash cans (okay Dave, let's get one with you finding some food in that thing…yeah, yeah, another five bucks, no problem kid), where he'd hang out on the street (Jer was quite obviously perturbed by the concept of sitting down on the dirty icky sidewalk in one particularly amusing scene), and just over dramatizing the whole thing ("Oh my god, you have no electricity, no water!!!…") The squatters played with it too: "Was that a gun?" Jerry asked after there was a loud boom. The squatters of course reply, "Oh yeah man, happens all the time." "It doesn't bother you, or scare you?" "No, why should it." Or something to that effect. As if we hear more gunfire on the streets of Hollywood than the average Hollywood resident. Jerry's Hollywood connection/recruiter tried to pull some amazing publicity stunts, too. One concept my friend found out they were discussing was getting Tweeky Dave to wear a jacket with an imprint, "See Tweeky Dave on the Jerry Springer Show," and Dave would walk around Hollywood wearing it, advertising the show. Jer wanted Tweeky Dave as his very own sideshow freak. He used him, and didn't even care enough to help him out. Hell, they were able to rerun the two part series again, now with the compassionate declaration of the tragic news that Dave had passed away. Probably better emotional pull than if he had helped him get off the streets before he died.

• Hard Copy is another show that often pays for street kids to appear (a whoppin' five bucks!) Just to set the record straight, we are not the Hollywood Trolls, which is what Hard Copy decided to call us. The Hollywood Trolls were an old Hollywood gang – no affiliation. Hard Copy decided to call us the trolls because for some reason they wanted to believe we all sleep under freeway passages. No matter how many times I told the lady we live in squats (fuck yeah, I took the five bucks), she was stuck on the idea of us living under the freeway passages since it was a follow-up story and she just cut and edited what we had to say to make it fit.

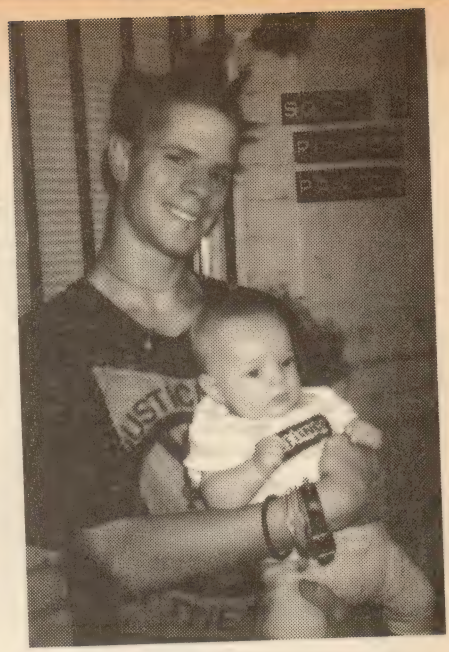
THE DEATHS:

When a squatter dies, no matter how horrific, it never seems to be newsworthy. Well, these last two years some important people to us have died and I would like them to be remembered.

• Two years ago, when I first started squatting, a guy named Chuck died. I wanted to mention it because everyone knew and liked him but nothing has ever been mentioned about him. Chuck was 20 when one day he was tweaking in the 420 alley, and I guess he overdosed on bad speed, and whoever was with him just threw him in a dumpster and left him there.

• Adam Pheifer died in April, 1994, a couple of days after his 17th birthday. He was brutally murdered by two fellow squatters. I will be writing more about this in the following piece.

• Sean Smith, 21, became a good friend of mine at the Carlton Way squat. Together we invented a two deck no rule gin rummy game, which we'd play obsessively together. He was a worker type of a guy. For example, one time he went around the squats to find supplies to build this impenetrable door for his room. He spent a week on it. He had finally finished and was still basking in the glory of it when Grabby, who's a little tiny girl, knocked on it but no one answered, so she knocked harder and the whole thing just fell over, off its hinges and everything. He was crushed, and went out and got this big, heavy wood post to put in front of the door instead. I don't know how or where he got it, but I guess in his mind it made up for not having a door. Sean also collected keys (and other things) in order to trade them for drugs and stuff. He had them proudly displayed on the wall when we had our room together. But the keys were stolen before he ever could trade them in for anything. After that he made secret Alice in Wonderland passages through the walls of the squats, once even at Freeway Squat (our 2nd stay there). He cut a hole in the floor of the 2nd story, where we'd open it and climb down to the 1st floor via a strategically placed bookcase, which we'd utilize when the cops would come and board up the 1st floor doors. He started going nutso, sitting up all night making squat candles with these big torches. When he realized he was getting disturbed, or beyond disturbed actually, he took up the more passive tasks of waiting and sewing. Waiting for things to come to him, and sewing while he was waiting – both obsessively. The last time I saw Sean he came to my new apartment. We tried to play our card game but it wasn't the same. So we just sat and talked and he sewed and he gave me a piece of his hair to remember him by 'cause he was leaving town (although I didn't believe him.) He was a traveller type, and couldn't really stay in a city for a long period of time, but Hollywood wasn't good for him – he got stuck here and even though he always said he was leaving he never seemed able to go. But the next day I went out to look for him he was gone. He went to Austin where our friends Q (fem) and Lance later went to meet him. From there they were going to NY to get Sarah, Sean's girlfriend. The scenario was: Sean, Sid, and Lance (in the back seat), and Q sitting in front with Sid's friend driving. The inexperienced driver dropped her cigarette and bent down to pick it up and the car swerved off the embankment. When she realized what happened she turned the wheel quickly to get them back on the road and they flipped, hood to trunk, six times. Lance flew out of the car, and Sid, Lance's girlfriend, who was holding on to Lance, almost flew out as well, but Sean grabbed and held on to her. After the car stopped Lance was by the side of the car, with a broken elbow and collarbone, and had to have sixteen staples in his head, and stitches in his arm. Q and Sid were okay; and Sid was worried about the driver girl because she was having convulsions. Although they were in shock, when the ambulance came, they said they were all fine and that they should focus on the driver. When they were taking care of her, Sid tried to get Sean up, who was then hunched over. She nudged him a few times and when he didn't respond she pulled him up and saw his head had been crushed in, and she could see inside it. Supposedly he died instantly, which makes it easier to take, and that he died to save Sid's life. His parents are living in Florida so he was buried there. He was my first Hollywood traveling partner. I was the brains, he was the worker – or that's how we considered our relationship (I was lazy and he didn't want to think about specifics.) I love him, and all of us will miss him.

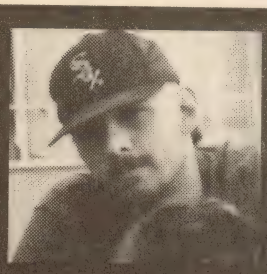


• There was another car accident in July, within a few weeks of the previously mentioned incident: Two girls named Jane and Stephanie came into town for a week and met up with Mikey (a tree punk), Darius (an old school Hollywood drunk punk), and Ricky Ticky (who always wore plaid pants and purple tri-haks), who told the girls they were on their way up to SF for the Chaos Days. So the girls said they'd go too and after they all got really drunk they started on their way. They were around San Luis Obispo, when Darius said to Stephanie, who was driving, that maybe he should drive. She said, "Okay, as soon as we get to the next offramp," and Darius agreed and passed out. The next thing that happened was the car, which was in the fast lane, went quickly to the slow lane, half way on the soft shoulder. No one knows whether she was trying to get off or just passed out. She tried to swerve out of it and the car flipped. Jane and Goblin had to get stitches and were out of the hospital after a few days. The driver was crushed by the steering wheel, and her face was smashed. Her alcohol level was 4.0. She's still in a coma on life support. Her parents were going to turn off the machine but she's been showing a slight improvement. Mikey was in a coma, and had exploratory surgery on his brain and (I think) the liver. He's out now and is doing fine. Darius went out the back window and woke up and couldn't move at all and passed out again. He ended up in a coma. Today he's out of the coma, from which he's recovered from, mohawk in tact, but is paralyzed from the waist down and is doing physical therapy at Rancho Los Amigos Hospital in Downey. If anyone who reads this knows him and wants to write his address is: Darius Guest, c/o Rancho Los Amigos, Unit 503, Room 90, Bed 1, 7601 E. Imperial Highway, Downey, 90242. Ricky Ticky flew partially out of the car and it rolled on him, and he died immediately.

• I met Squid and Lawana in the Paranoid Squat. They came in while we were sleeping, swearing the spot we were in was theirs. Justin and Squid were going to get in a fight over it, but Squid had a cast on, so Justin said he'd tie one hand behind his back. But then Lawana came and jumped in the middle and tried to start a fight with Justin, pushing him and trying to punch him, until Justin talked her down. And then they remembered they were all friends. So the fight was cancelled and a drunk Lawana and Squid went into the front room and drank and sang "I know a beer that gets everybody drunk (3 x's)… oi oi oi" to the tune of "I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves… oi oi oi" over and over again, obnoxiously all night long. We were really pissed but then it was so extreme it became humorous. They were gone from our scene for about a year, to NY or something, and when they came back Lawana was pregnant. She gave birth last spring to a boy named Paxton Ajax Wilkinson, and within a few months had a brain aneurysm, was rushed to the hospital, but died shortly after. She was just 23 years old.

I was told that for the funeral the parents made out little

BISHOP GEITNER



squatted on and off for ten years, until he got offered a job at Teen Canteen a year ago – no longer squating – and is still working as a counselor there. I first met him at the Freeway Squat. He was the only "drunk punk" who would come kick it in our room at first. He flirted with the females, drank a lot, broke windows, and helped keep the squats in order (doesn't sound like it so far, but he did.) When I could not get any sleep, due to the constant noise of people in my room, I started crying and Bishop, who I hardly new, took me from room to room, trying to find me a new place to sleep, while I nit-picked about the bugs or dirt or something. Finally I agreed on a room but bitched about sleeping on the floor and being alone in this new room, so he got me a mattress and blanket, and sat in a chair and watched me sleep. I was unsure of his motives, but more uncomfortable being alone, so I took a chance that Bishop was cool, and he was. From then on he was like a brother and my safety; when I felt unsafe sleeping where I was I could always go to his room, and know I'd be okay. He'd wake me up and drag me to shelters for breakfast, and lunch when I needed it. When we'd get snacks from shelters, we'd all eat ours, but Bishop would store his up, having secret stashes all over his room. And when my addictive need for junk food came upon me, he'd grumpily give me some. And when I stole his cookies every now and again, he'd bitch but let me get away with it. When I needed someone to look at my butt to see if I had sat in something, he'd always be there. And when any small fire needed to be put out, Bishop would just whip out his dick and pee on it 'til it went out. Squatting would have been much more chaotic and scary if it weren't for him. As it was written on the wall at Carlton Way, "Bishop's a Sap." So I felt it only best to say a sappy thanks. Thank you Bishop.

"No."

momento invitations, with a picture of Lawana with her spikey hair, so people could remember her as she was. They sent it to the printers and the printer, figuring the parents would want their kid to have hair, took it upon themselves to draw hair in with a marker. Her parents weren't too happy about it but it was too late to do anything, and they ended up having to send them out to the guests.

Recently there was a benefit show for the baby, Paxton. It was held in a warehouse in Long Beach and was well-attended, perhaps too well. The line up was Corrupted Ideals, U.X.A., Autonomy, Litmus Green and a few others – though I'm not exactly certain who ended up playing, as it wasn't long after we'd arrived that the cops showed up. I think U.X.A. were on, and people weren't half as interested in them as the previous band,that is until the punks shut the inside steel door, locking the cops out and everyone in, and the band played on, singing the old classic "fuck the police" anthems, getting the crowd *all* riled up. A guy from Channel 11 was locked inside as well so you might have seen some of the footage on their "Invasion of Punk Rock" special. Where was the baby when all of this was going on? – I'd rather not say. Today, Paxton and his father Squid are living with Lawana's mother for awhile.

MORE BABIES:

- April 18, 1995, Sylvia (who you might have also seen on the Jerry Springer show!) and Seven had a baby (though now they're separated and she has her own apartment.) The baby's name is Karalyn Carrissa Jenkins Robinson, and I babysit her sometimes.

.....

These are centers which specifically serve runaway and homeless youth. Most offer clothing, lockers, laundry facilities, clothing closets (free clothing), showers, (drug) counseling, job assistance, social activities, transportation aid, sex/health education, free condoms, referrals to shelters, help obtaining a Social Security card and California I.D., or even a bus ticket home. If you want to make donations you can do so to each of their individual addresses. Included are my favorites:

- **Teen Canteen/Traveler's Aid** @ 1720 N. Gower St. Los Angeles. 213/468-2500. Mon-Fri 9-4 pm (closed 12-1). Sat and Sun 4-12, with dinner at 9pm. Drop-in and counseling center for youth ages 12-23. Breakfast 9-10 a.m. Lunch 1-2. And they serve good food. Speak to Bishop for counseling.
- **Covenant House** @ 800/999-9999. Recently moved to Hollywood and Ivar, directly behind the pizza place. Ages 20 and under. Drop-in is 9:30 to 5:30 M-F. Shelter space as well. Ask for Jenelle, Brian, or Deanna.
- **The Way In/Salvation Army** @ 5941 Hollywood Blvd. 800/843-9294, 21 & under. Drop-in and shelter.
- **The LA Gay and Lesbian Center** @ 1625 N. Hudson Ave (also called Shraeder, after a gay activist who died.) 213/993-7450. Has special services available for gay and lesbians but welcomes all who need their assistance – 23 or younger.
- **LAYN** @ 1550 Gower Street. 213/957-7340. Ages 12 to 17. Drop-in and shelter.
- If you're going to go to **My Friend's Place** ask for Heidi. On Cherokee @ Hollywood.

OTHER SERVICES: There's the **Soup Van** (Department of Children's Services/white), the **Angel's Flight Van** (also white), the **Covenant House Van** (blue), and a few others that drive around Hollywood in the evening, wherever the main hangout spots are (sometimes even directly to the squats), delivering free food, blankets, tampons, condoms, etc.

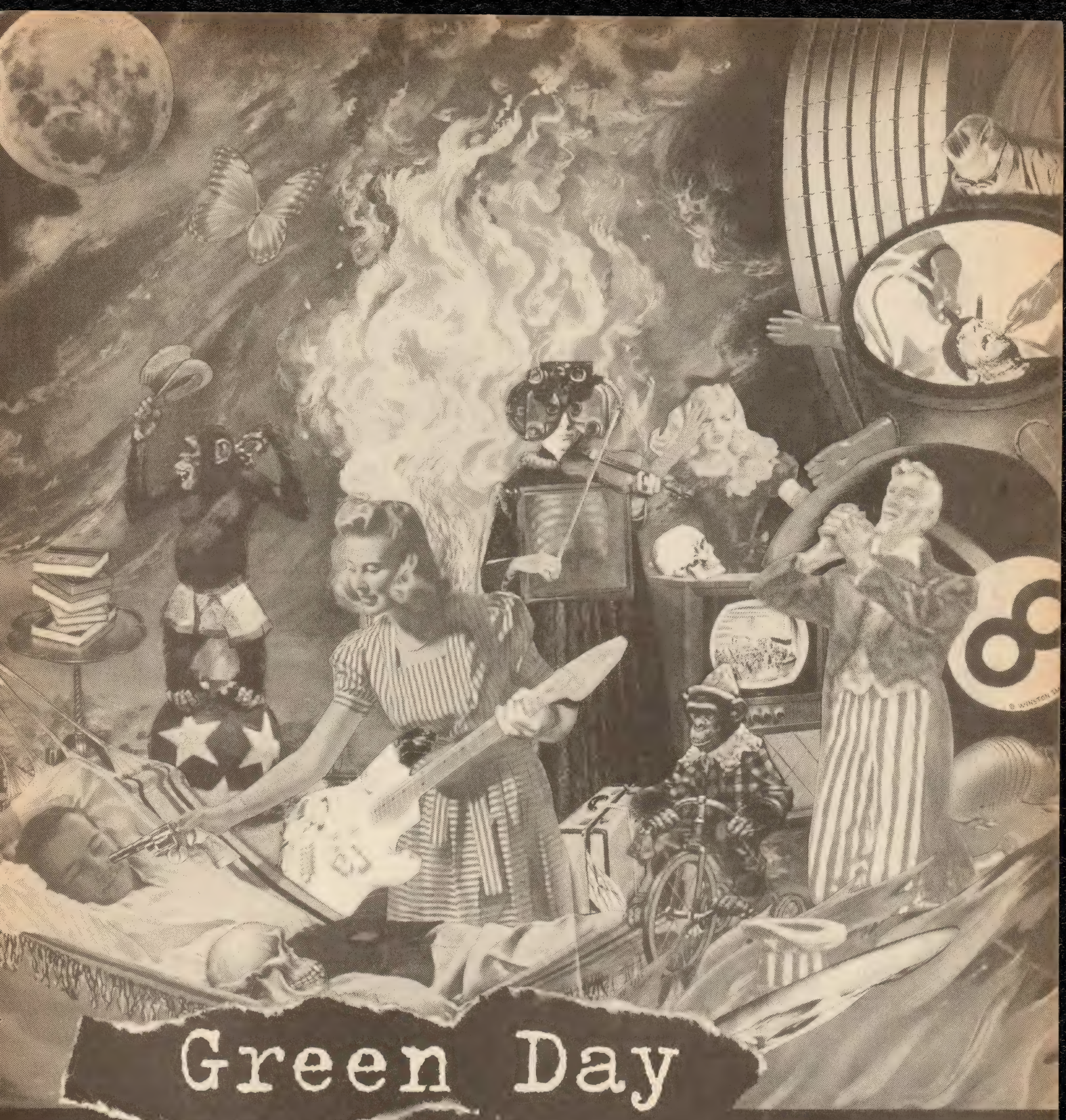
Also **Children of the Shepard** has "youth night," 6:30-7:00 on Tuesday, (Sunday and Thursday is open to *all* homeless people) where they give out free hot meals. You're suppose to listen to their sermon first but most just sit outside and wait. Youth Night is the best, less crowded and has better food. On Sun. and Thurs. you want to come and get your ticket early because there are so many people.

Other places one might want to take advantage of are: **The Los Angeles Free Clinic Hollywood Center @** 6043 Hollywood Blvd. (Info: 213/462-8632, appointments call Monday & Wednesday 3-5pm: 462-4158. For people ages 12 to 23.) Besides the health services they have a short term employment program called **Project Step** (213/462-8362), where you get paid the same day you work, $30 a day; and **Harm Reduction Central / Needle Exchange** @ 1602 Cahuenga (Open 6-10 on Wednesdays, 2-5 on Sundays. The message line 213/243-0280, the H.R.C. storefront 464-7744. Call for more info. Talk to Renee Edgington or Blue), where you can bring your used needles and get the same number of new ones free, get needle cleaning kits: alcohol, cookers, 100% cotton; condoms. It's absolutely anonymous. Sundays they show movies, Monday nights 7:30-10 they have RAW (young artists workshop), and Thursdays 4-6pm they have Zine Production Workshop.

.....

You may be wondering why the hell we're listing this information in a fucking $4 magazine. Well, it's because I give it to all the Hollywood squatters for free – and actually some of the street people don't know all this information, especially since a lot of the squatters in LA come from other cities (other cities where this much support is non-existent.) A lot of the information about these facilities are not made available to the street people – as some seem to be advertising more for donations as is noted with My Friend's Place and their numerous television spots, as if the people who need to know their services have a TV. Anyway, if you want detailed information about all the services available out there, The Way In has put together a booklet, with the financial help of the Magic Johnson Foundation, called What Where When, A Resource Guide to Living on Your Own. It is also available through other shelters, or by writing The Way In, c/o What, Where, When, PO Box 38668, LA, CA 90068-0668.

"Okay then, can you spare a dollar?...a cigarette?...the food between your teeth?"



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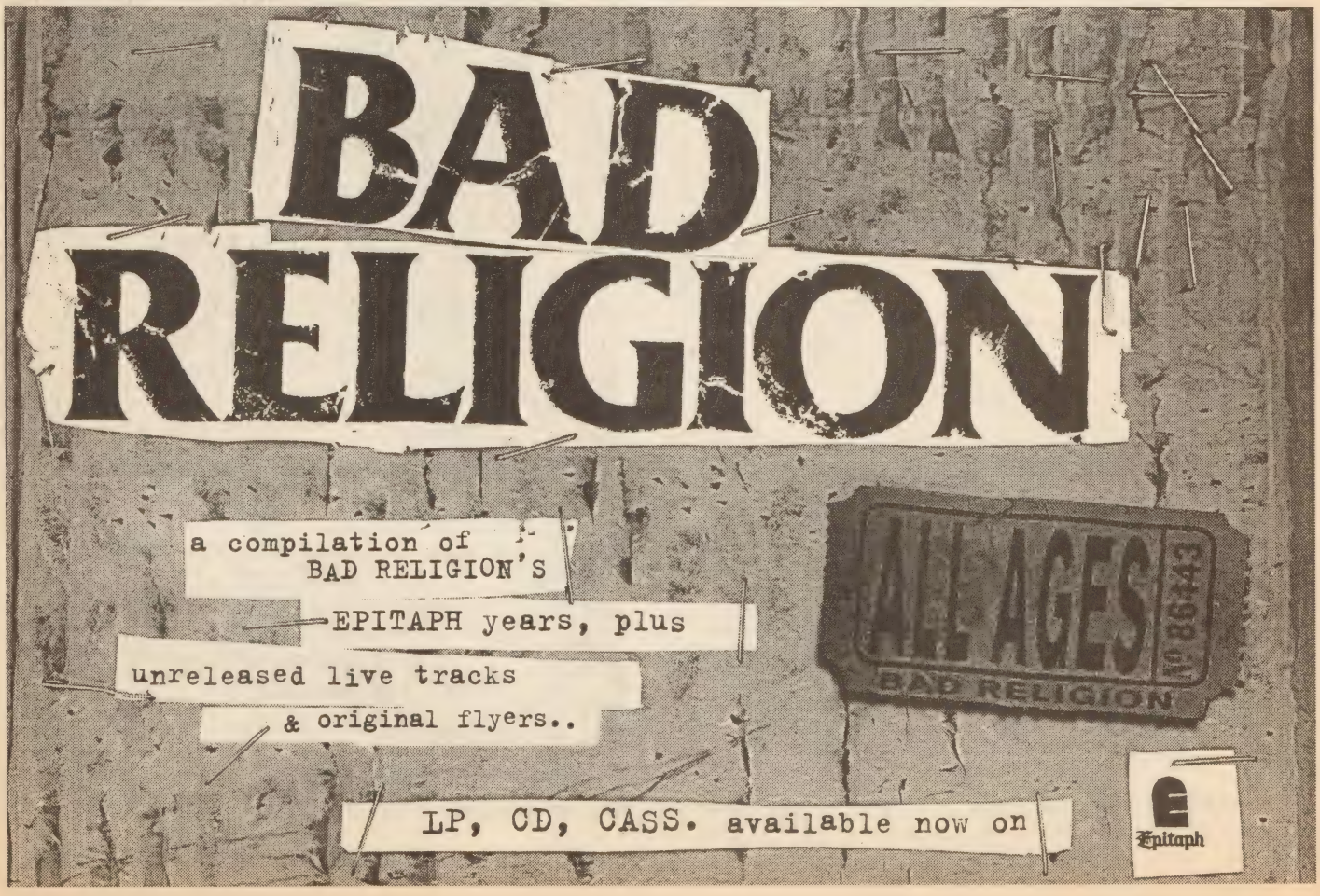


RIDDLES!

Remember all those stupid kid's jokes you heard throughout your youth. Well, they *are* slightly stale. But Don Bolles and Panacea "Flossie" Thoric, seeing that they still had some potential, decided to rework them a bit – mix up the questions and answers some – and voilá, a whole new version of kid's jokes. Totally fresh. Check 'em out. Tell them at the next party you're you attend – a guaranteed hit!

Q: Why does the sheep fall off the cliff?
A: So birds won't hit their heads!

Q: How does a dog earn a living?
A: I don't know, but you can smell it coming from miles away!

Q: What can you throw but not catch?
A: A pencil!

Q: What grows shorter as it lives longer?
A: Yankee Poodle!

Q: What do skeletons say before they eat?
A: Pay him!

Q: What do you find once in a room and twice in a corner?
A: Super Pickle!

Q: I'm full when I'm gone and I'm empty when I'm here; what am I?
A: Your temperature!

Q: What train do sheep ride?
A: Your breath!

Q: What happens when a cow walks through a bramble patch?
A: Something you don't want to sit next to on the bus!

Q: What do you get when you cross a lion and a porcupine?
A: An electrician!

Q: What did the girl tractor say to the boy tractor?
A: Make the coat first!

Q: What do you get if you cross an elephant and a skunk?
A: Barbecued chicken!

Q: What is the smartest state?
A: An utter catastrophe!

Q: What do mermaids use for money?
A: Elephant!

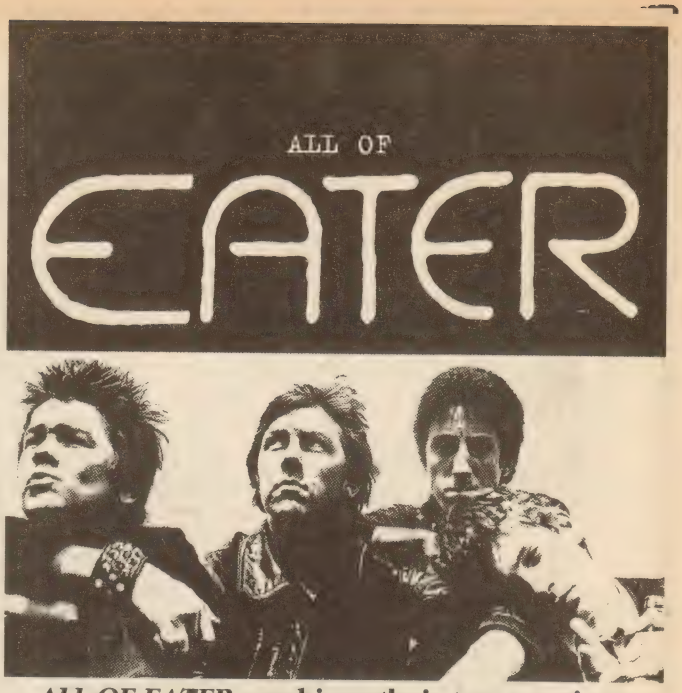
Q: How do birds send packages?
A: Morse code!

Q: How do you make a baby snake cry?
A: A right angle!

Q: What do you get when you cross a dachshund with a giraffe?
A: Mice cream!

Q: What do Alexander the Great and Smokey Bear have in common?
A: A rubber band!

Q: What did the lettuce say when it got caught in a snowstorm?
A: Alabama, because it has four As and a B!



ALL OF EATER combines their two previous import-only releases, *The Album* and *The Rest of Eater*, on to one disc at a domestic price.

SETTING THE WOODS ON FIRE is the first of three albums to be re-released domestically from SubPop Eutope artists, The Walkabouts.

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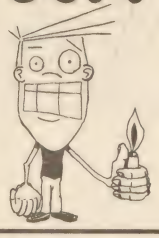

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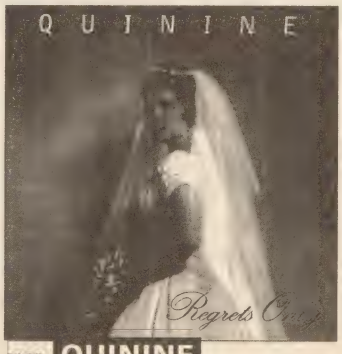

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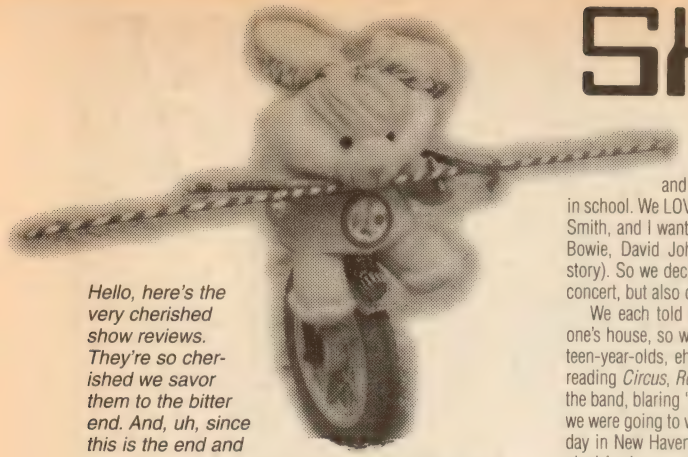
SHOW REVIEWS



Hello, here's the very cherished show reviews. They're so cherished we savor them to the bitter end. And, uh, since this is the end and there's no one left here to give these a final proofreading, and since so many of you confess your interest in getting involved with the magazine and we'd really like to give you all a chance to, we'll start here. So get your red pens out, make sure the lighting's good, put your glasses on if you need to so you can possibly read some of this tiny type, and as I keep having to remind the Ben staff, have fun!

BAY CITY ROLLERS, CANNED TRAVOLTA
WETLANDS, NYC
By Chloe B.G. of Canned Travolta
I didn't know what to expect when I was told my cheesy Punk Disco band was offered a show with the Bay City Rollers. I figured they'd be a polished, totally pro '70s extravaganza, and we'd be the post-Rollers comedy party. I was surprised to find this wasn't true.

I entered the club with my band and found it was packed, about 300 people. Shortly after entering the dressing room, the Rollers hit the stage and I'm on the toilet. I hear their first big hit from the bathroom, "Rock 'n' Roll Love Letter." The crowd (comprised of mall girls and punky lads in plaids) is going crazy, excited to see their childhood memories live. Les McKowen, one of the two originals on stage, was disappointing; making Davy Jones look hip. He had short hair and wore all black like an East Village film student. The other original guy had a small strip of plaid on his shirt, and also sported a short I'm-too-old-to-play-'70s-anymore 'do. The rest of the band consisted of a guy who looked like Ron Wood and two tall blondes that were just too happy and proud of themselves for touring the States with these has-beens. They all wore clothes that looked like 1987 KMART. Not a bellbottom or full plaid outfit in sight. The stage show and band appearance was a drag.

The cheesy keyboardist kept clapping his hands and smiling as the set became more and more disappointing. They went from two hits, into covers of songs that my parents listened to (i.e.: Bye, bye, baby, bye bye.) The audience lingered on, bored but anxious. Finally they locked into "Saturday Night." Don't get too excited – it was as if the whole silly lounge thing had mixed with the whole silly '70s comeback. "Saturday Night" was a flop and before they finished ruining it I was let backstage into the dressing room which we shared, and my bandmate and I quickly drank all of their beer.

They came off the stage and mingle with us as we changed for our performance. The guy who I know is an original comes up to me and wants to hug me because I'm wearing a huge hot pink fur dress. Since he's so fond of my dress I take the opportunity to tell him that our band does a cover of "Saturday Night" and that ours is horrible on purpose, and I hope he's not offended. He replies "it can't be any worse than ours" and admits that they suck and says that at least they know they suck, because they've toured with lots of other comeback bands who took the whole thing seriously and the Rollers are just looking to have fun. Phew! I was totally relieved to find he was actually a cool and humble guy and that his band was just as much a joke as my band is.

Halfway through our set we begin our version of "Saturday Night" and I yell, "this is how the Bay City Rollers should have played it." The band, who were watching us, winced in embarrassment and grabbed their stuff and quickly snuck out a side door. By the end of our set of '70s covers everyone who had stayed was drunk and having a good time. In closing, a note to the Bay City Rollers: I hope we didn't offend you with our dirty lyrics to "Saturday Night." Good luck on the road and I hope you didn't need those towels you left behind because we took them home with us.

MY FIRST CONCERT: ALICE COOPER AND ZZ TOP
@ THE NEW HAVEN COLISEUM, NEW HAVEN CONNECTICUT
By Pleasant Gehman
So, it was Alice Cooper's Billion Dollar Babies Tour, and me and my pal Ann managed somehow to get tickets. I can't remember how much they were, but Ann and I raised the money for it by selling mini-whites in school. We LOVED Alice Cooper – she liked their drummer, Neil Smith, and I wanted Alice himself (along with Marc Bolan, David Bowie, David Johansen and Mick Ronson... but that's another story). So we decided that not only was this going to be our first concert, but also our debut as Groupies To Be Reckoned With.

We each told our mothers that we were staying at the other one's house, so we had all night to be out. Pretty radical for thirteen-year-olds, eh? We spent the whole week before the concert reading *Circus*, *Rock Scene*, and *Creem*, swooning over Alice and the band, blaring "Billion Dollar Babies," and trying to decide what we were going to wear. We finally decided that we would spend the day in New Haven and shoplift our entire outfits! What a brilliant plan! Ann's mom dropped us off at the mall, in our sneakers, Levi's, tie-dyed T-shirts and big "snorkel" coats (Arctic parkas in Khaki nylon with fur-trimmed hoods that everyone, male and female, wore on the East Coast back then. These were perfect for shoplifting in, because they had such huge pockets and sleeves with elastic (to keep out the cold) that you could stash things in. The first thing we did was go to a shoe-store and leave our grubby sneakers there, lacing up cool round-toed, gum-soled knee-high aviator boots under our Levi bell-bottoms...then walking out with them. We stole make-up, stockings, and accessories (I got a killer purple Lucite star-shaped glittery necklace that I wish I still had!). And for clothes I swiped a silver Lurex tube top and purple satin hot-pants, Ann got a kelly green satin and a rhinestone vest and mini. We walked to the Greyhound Bus station, rented a locker, and went into the lady's room to change and make ourselves up, then walked the seven blocks to the concert hall and stood in line in the freezing mid-December weather in our stolen scanty finery. BRRRRR!

We thought ZZ Top sucked – they were just ugly hippies with gross beards, to whom we'd never, *ever* give our foxy lady time-of-day. It seemed like they went on forever. Finally, Alice Cooper came on, fire-pots and snakes and guillotines and all. We were mesmerized... we were in heaven...we were stoned out of our teenage heads on dirt weed that a guy with purple eye-shadow and braids had shared with us, standing on top of our chairs, screaming ourselves silly.

We sweet-talked our way backstage after the show, but the band had already left. ZZ Top was still there, but we didn't give a fuck. We went to a pay-phone and, remembering that *Circus* had said Alice only stayed at Holiday Inns, we called the three in the area and tried asking for his manager, Shep Gordon. On #2, we hit pay dirt. I was putting on a fake voice saying I was from a local paper, and we got invited over for the after-party. When we got there, via hitch-hiking, there was mostly just the road crew and Glen Buxton, who was all drunk and horny, plus a bunch of normal-looking ugly guys and some ladies who looked like hookers. We smoked some pot, and took a Budweiser can that somebody told us Alice Cooper had been drinking out of, then went to an all-night coffee shop until it was a "decent" hour to change and go home. By that time, we were already wetting our pants over the up-coming T-Rex tour.

ROCK 'N ROLL PURGATORY: A JOURNEY BEYOND THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
By Skylaire
There is no heaven for those hard rocking, fast living superstars of the hedonistic '70s. In fact, one can be assured they will almost all be lined up with the dictators, rapists and other evil doers when Armageddon approaches.

In a dream, it came to me: we had ventured into that mystifying middle ground where rock 'n roll goes to die. Down crash the arena rock acts and from their ashes arise: *their tribute bands.* They inhabit an inter-dimensional plane; a literal rock 'n roll purgatory – where one can relive anything, time warped resin re-runs. Living, breathing retro beings, fleeting, convincing imitations.

The setting could serve as a decent surrealist film set. Expense of the decor was not spared; after all the good Lord was footing the bill. Bejeweled and reflective, the mirrored walls were not done justice by the patrons this evening. With lights to rival many of your flashier extra-terrestrial vehicles, and a sound system that would allow you to hear a junebug clear its throat. Almost a limitless cavern, the venue was split level to accommodate the drunken buffoons waiting to trap paranoid women in the shadowy corners and hand them unwanted, pre-paid drinks. No, girls, these morons don't go to hell. Tufts and wisps of that tell-tale rock 'n roll hallmark, dry ice, wafting up my nose. It was the perfect setting for an evening of hot house super groups.

As we sauntered in, we found about 50 hair farmers in various states of intoxication. I was giggling from the absurdity of the whole concept. The suspense must have been killing someone, for upon our arrival Sabotage; the tribute to Black Sabbath, bolted on stage revealing a giant silver Druidic cross above the drum kit, and band members wearing identical ones around their necks. Clad in a nifty black fringe shirt, with matching cross stitched on, the young, virile Ozzy was terribly enthusiastic, and kept arbitrarily making the Nixon victory sign. There were two older fellows on bass and guitar, and the pseudo-Geezer kept joyously kicking his legs in the air. They did all the joys of Sabbath: Sweetleaf, NIB, Iron Man, Into the Void, War Pigs.

To compensate for the absence of Physical Graffiti, the Led Zep tribute band, we were shown the horrible Led Zeppelin masturbatory fantasy *The Bong Remains the Bane* (made by people on drugs, for people on drugs) in between sets.

During an unsolicited chunk of Led Zep, I took the opportunity to wander upstairs and peek at the disco veranda, which contained another dozen tables, and a little enclave where you could eat frightening Mexican food from a suspiciously pinheaded man.

Dream Police (Cheap Trick) were up next by default, and costumed impeccably. I was amazed that the singer's panty lines were not visible beneath his stylish white polyester slacks (must've been the Lord's intervention). I was thankful because they had 1000 times more energy than the Zep film. Strangely, their set included no bona fide hits until two unruly and obese women forced them to do "I Want You to Want Me," which is a wonderful ditty close to what young, obsessive serial killers would write to those unlucky first girlfriends. Not being familiar with 'Trick, I gathered most of their songs were about beaches, teenagers and parties. I liked the fact that the pseudo-Rick kept throwing out handfuls of Dream Police guitar picks and that I and my faithful companion were the only two who ran to pick them up.

Having been a rather intense Rush fan (back on the Earthly plane) led me to anticipate the Rush cover band Visions (and having once been in my own Rush cover band, I was interested in seeing how they handled sonic treats like "Freewill" and "Mystic Rhythms"). Visions, true to trio-dom, is led by a nice Italian boy who must have gone to great pains to attain Geddy Lee's impossible vocal range. I was saddened by the guitarist's Orange County surf shorts, longing for the nifty suits that Alex Lifeson sports. They broke into "Spirit of Radio." We broke into gales of laughter when pseudo-Geddy began to sing, purely out of amazement, and we had to commend him for the effort. Like the other acts, they were bombarded by arbitrary spurts of dry ice. Meticulous musicians, I had to wonder from what depths of geekdom they had emerged. They infused some songs with a twinge of psychedelia, which was a refreshing departure from Rush proper. As they broke into "La Villa Strangiato" and the drummer's kit began to pulsate, to the time they made it to "Xanadu," it seemed that Close Encounters was appearing on stage. The most astonishing part came when the drummer, correctly nicknamed Supernova, recreated Neil Peart's epic solo, circa 1989 (Show of Hands, *The Rhythm Method*). They were true to Rush, as pseudo-Geddy played monstrous bass, keyboards, foot petals, *and* sang like a deranged Russian woman.

We needed a little air after that one. Outside, in the cold expanse of nothing we heard random bars of later day Stones hits wafting through the sweet air. Dick Swagger, Jagger clone-deforce, compelled us to return inside just by asking for a glass of water over the P.A. I was suspicious that it really was Jagger on stage. I mean, he is getting up there in years. They rolled through the motions, exuding Britishness and an authentic '70s sleaze. We were entertained by the amorphous second guitarist bearing no resemblance to either Ron Wood or that other guy. But I was anxious. I wanted something else.

The grand and apt finale for the evening – Sheer Heart Attack, "A Royal Tribute to Queen." I had been graced by their presence earlier in an Earthly location not befitting their regalness. Pseudo-Freddie, a hellacious Chicano of indeterminate age named Enrique, emerged on stage in a black patent leather suit. I ached, I screamed, I...I almost died as they broke into *Tie Your Mother Down*. Smashing the cymbals, our Roger Taylor made cylinders of glitter cascade down upon the audience. They resembled Queen so much that it gave me the shivers, and my heart was palpitating (I so adored Freddie when I was a little girl).

Their mysterious fifth member, a keyboardist, confused me, but I guess Enrique didn't have the time to master the piano after spending all of his time copying Freddie's stage moves. He had them all. I wondered how difficult it was to find a guy willing to take on the daunting and socially reprehensible task of being Mr. Mercury. I considered it something of a social service, as I (and presumably others, judging by the enraptured audience) could not

BURNING MAN 1995

By Howard Hallis

I was lost somewhere between the earth and my home.

Morris Everett, Justin Atwood and Meredyth Munroe were all going up to The Man in a van with the seventies feet decorations glued up near the light in the back. I wasn't on acid this time on the way up. Maybe next time.

We got the smokes at 7-11 and the beer at Highland Grounds, and Justin gave Meredyth a shopping cart ride in the parking lot before we left.

Bill Hicks spoke to us from the dead and convinced us that life was just a dream and we're all really in this big space ship of infinite light. Then the Geraldine Fucking Fibbers started playing and it was all gone mad time again.

We stopped at the double Burger King Taco Bell on Route 5 and I saw the coolest air freshener in the world: THE FIST. Morris got a radar detector. It worked like this: 1 is they're not so close. 2 is they're kinda close. 3 is they're scanning. 4 is they're scanning you. 5 is they're clocking you. 6 is they're really fucking clocking you. 7 and up...slow the fuck down!

Meredyth told me about the alien autopsy TV show. Someone from Speilberg's camp said the effects were quite convincing. Then she told me about the dream of being trapped on an endless highway with no exits.

Got the big black boots on and the vinyl jacket. Turtle neck and sunglasses. I was ready for the desert.

Thoughts afloating... Breeze trail blaze all over the salt valley. I will destroy the hopeless sheath I have become.

I thought about God and She was an angel.

Angels love Devils.

Angels love Devils so they can save them.

Angels love Devils

Because they tell better jokes than other Angels.

Angels love Devils in order to understand them.

Angels love Devils in order to maximize the concept of Balance in the way things are.

Soooo that's why I'm a Devil.

At least this year.

I'm The Red Devil riding on the motorcycle with Polychrome the blue elf around the campsite. Had my dust goggles on to protect me glazzez from the sand.

Kiki asked me The Four Questions this year and they were as follows:

"What would your favorite type of room be like if you could decorate it any way you wanted?"

I said "A Holodeck."

Then she asked me: "What was my favorite animal and why? I said "An octopus because it is very intelligent and communicates with color as well as being very beautiful."

Next was "What's your favorite color?"

I said "Treechrome."

Finally she asked me "What was my favorite body of water and why?"

I said "The Summer Sea. No, just kidding. The Pacific Ocean because it's so big and vast and seems to go on forever."

Then Kiki told me this: Your favorite type of room reveals what you picture the after life to be. Your favorite color is the color of your aura.Your favorite animal represents your ideal mate. Your favorite body of water reveals the type of sex you enjoy.

Interesting isn't it?

Like my cousin Aubrey Hallis said:

Let's base our culture on hate.

Let's base our hate on fear.

Let's base our fear on change.

Let's spend our change on beer.

It was day one of the Burning Man festival for me and all I'm thinking is that

all music is

is curved air.

Curved air.

Fuck that trips me out.

Is the Devil just the Perennial Antagonist in all its archetypal forms? Is Darth Vader the Devil? Is the Green Goblin? Is Doctor Doom? Is Ming The Merciless? But what about The Punisher? What about those who wear shades of grey? What about those who walk the line between good and evil? What is is that one becomes

When one is neither The Devil

Or an Angel

But something in between?

Perhaps those are humans.

So this year it's just as cool. It hasn't been Lollapaloosized into a capitalist security prison. There were a few cops, some on dune buggies and some on motorcycles...but they were smiling. That made a big difference to me.

There were literally hundreds of different tents out there this year. Darby from *Ben Is Dead* made a tropical paradise that was shared with Don Bolles, Mike Vague and Eliza Schneider among others. They were right next to the bus with the Burning Man logo professionally rendered on the back. Mike Gump was there with his Bug Mobile selling Frozen Bugs (Not Reccomended) and Chilly Chili (chili on a stick-The Chilicicle). Chicken John was there and we talked about his "Circus Ridiculous" and how it toured the states. He also told me about his new work: "Erich Orser-The Revenge!" LA Cacophony was split into 2 factions for a few nights, with Reverend Al at the Toyland explosion set and the rest of us (who didn't want to work on building shit in the daytime sun like the lazy shits we are) in the Halloween Camp.

I took shrooms with Meredyth. She got them for free. We talked about shit and I told her about Eva. She seemed to be cool with it. I did play "Summertime Rolls" by Jane's Addiction on

Black Rock Radio 99.5

Radio Burning Man

just to remind me of the girl last year. 1994-1995 was my "Fall In Love With A Girl Who Didn't Love Me And Getting Over It" year. That song was for her.

I really wish Eva would have come. 1995 would be a Burning Man without sex...and with all the spiritual freedom of one of these events, it would be extremely difficult to withstand temptations of the flesh. I should get a Black Rock Burning Man Gold Medal for this one.

In the desert, everyone wants to get laid. You can't help it. It's an instinctive thing. You're in a situation so close to death from the elements that your first instinct is to breed to ensure your immortality. All the naked people. All the sexual freedom of an anarchistic society.

The mushrooms were strong. I felt the ground breathing like a Cthulhoid Mother Earth moving its orgasmic belly beneath my feet.

Then it was like what Fred M. said:

"I was like Obi Wan Kenobi and just went wandering"

Lots of stuff from the last year was on my mind. I thought about Summer. Asked why it happened the way it did and the universe told me it was all a product of DESIRE. DESIRE. That bitch.

Neil Gaiman had her DOWN man!

I thought about Eva & knew I might be in love.

My friend Alex Konya told me:

"Take it for what it is. The more you try the worse it gets. And then sometimes when you say fuck it and try not to control it and let it control you, you get it. That's not the way everyone may think, but that's how I think. And I am just a figment of your imagination and exist as a dot in your mind."

Riley told me about her URST.

Her Unresolved Sexual Tension.

She talked about Burning Man 1994:

"Me and Bix were both married to guys named John, came to Burning Man, kissed other boys, came home, started a punk rock band, divorced our husbands and were changed ever since."

The Dust Storm of 1995 was only an hour but it was kind of like the one in 1993 that lasted all night. I went out and got a margarita at the Tiki Hut near our camp after it was all over and everyone looked in the sky and saw a double rainbow. It was fan-fucking-tastic.

Looked in the sky and saw a Stealth Plane. Not the ones you see in the model shops or on television. A REAL Stealth Plane, an aircraft that looks like the kind in Top Gun but can disappear into thin air without a loud sonic boom instantly. I had at least one reliable witness who saw it as well. I saw all this BEFORE I took the mushrooms on the second day.

Michael Gump and I drove to the Rave and danced to Donna Summer.

Then I got lost and wandered aimlessly dressed in a Giant Walking Ear Costume made by Rush Riddle. Saw many things. Many mysteries. Watched a video editing artist for more than an hour in one of the media studio trailers parked in the dust.

Missed the Cacophony ToyLand explosion, but Justin described it as follows:

"Stoned and drunk off my gord, I saw the Apoclypse explode all around me. I held onto an arm of a burning mannequin, waving it like a maniac on methane, as Reverend Al torched it up with a fire stick. Chicken John flipped his top hat and laughed as teddy bears burned, and rain fell from the sky. Nuts with child proof lighters and gasoline...GOD just had to laugh."

After all the fun, it was time to sleep.

Day 3 was the day of the Burning Man. We went to the hot springs and everyone got naked.

"Huh Huh Huh. There were naked chicks, Beavis."

"Yeah. Heh Heh Heh. Naked. Heh Heh Heh."

"I have seen the mountain...and it is good. Huh Huh Huh."

"I got wood. Heh Heh Heh."

We left as the rain began. There was a hail storm starting as we drove by the naked gun range. Naked guys and gals firing high caliber rifles. It was cool.

After the rain and hail there was mud. Naked people sliding in it. One guy slid so fast he clocked some camera operator from CNN and knocked her out!

Then Justin made hot dogs and spaghetti sandwiches & I got into my Red Devil suit. I was The Red Devil riding on the motorcycle with Polychrome the blue elf around the campsite. Had my dust goggles on to protect me glazzez from the sand.

The man went up and the security was extremely tight this year. The smiling cops were not gonna let us dance around the fire when the fucker collapsed! I guess they were nervous about that lady who got hurt last year. The Burning Man was ignited after a lackluster ceremony and a seated crowd. Oh well. Maybe I would have enjoyed it more if I was on better drugs. Someone gave me a tab of ecstasy but for all I know it could have been that legal shit that's not supposed to work. Sharkbait then came on and threw hundreds of drum sticks out to the crowd. I banged loudly. They ignited the Burning Pig effigy in honor of this years new addition: The Black Rock Cops.

Anyway, things became cool again as more fires were ignited. The phallic effigy was then set ablaze and people writhed around it. There were now lots of little fires being built around many of the campsites. We lit a small wooden thing with fire crackers all over it on fire, doused a giant wheel shaped table in gasoline and rolled it over the burning wooden thing and it went up with a big woosh. Then wood and cans were put on top, and Chicken John went and burned Ronny James Dio's giant Pyramid and snake props with a chaotic laugh that made even me as the Red Devil wonder if he was fucking nuts. Then these hippies came and started gathering around our campfire, but they ran away when I threw my plastic tent on the fire and set noxious chemicals into the air. Then the styrofoam dance floors went into the blaze and the smell and the danger of the horrible fire seemed to soothe everyone as David Bowie's "Man Who Sold The World" played on the stereo.

I went to sleep in Chicken John's van and dreamed he was trying to get me to go to this party where there was this one room where everyone was under water. I agreed to go, found the under water room, and went in. I started talking to one of the people in this room and then left the party in search of a snorkel.

We left Black Rock the next day, ate a hearty brunch at the Peppermill buffet in Reno, and made our way home. The event was bigger this year but still cool. About 2500 people. But the presence of authority could be felt along with the extra numbers. Perhaps this is necessary with all of the chaos. I don't know though. Authority makes me nervous.

Can't wait till next year, though.

exist without the music of Queen. I must say they made me smile like a fool, and the sounds they achieved made me swoon and curse Reagan for letting AIDS spread. I had no idea Queen were still so popular with the older folks, as they swarmed to the stage like flies. In an envelope of haze, encircled by some angelic glow, I saw Queen that night. They were somewhat akin to God. God doesn't visit purgatory often, but this night, I don't think anyone was complaining.

(This was actually an amalgamation of various L.A. tribute bands shows. I must give a thank you to the Water's Club in San Pedro, CA. The almosphere and club itself puts anything in Hollywood to shame. These shows were too unreal – it all seemed like a fever dream to me.)

NOTE: In Retro Hell #3 we will feature an in depth look at the tribute band phenomena; the anatomy of a tribute band will be exposed with Sheer Heart Attack. We are compiling a list of all the tribute bands of North America, so if you or some one you love is involved in such an enterprise – don't hesitate to call/fax us information today.

SIOUXSIE, SPIRITULIZED

WILTERN

By Darby with Selina

Basic info. Spiritulized sounded like The Jesus and Mary Chain with a harmonica and harsh strobe lights – well, at least the two songs I saw. It was fun watching the death rockers shriek from them like vampires in the sun. Their CD is swell, but the rest of this review just didn't happen. Sue me.

But that leaves us more room for Siouxsie. Siouxsie was the 1st "punk" band my sister and I got into – different periods. Then about nine years ago (or so we've calculated), we made big plans to see Siouxsie together during her *Tinderbox* tour. We were so excited we bought tickets for two nights. But the most memorable one was when we drove all the way to Santa Barbara. We missed Love and Rockets though we didn't know enough to care at the time. The memorable moments of the show: #1) Seeing Siouxsie's underarm hair. #2) Her cool glittery body suit. #3) Siouxsie yelling at the guards for not letting the crowd dance – and eventually ending the show after just one encore because of it. #4) And my sister remembers fondly the "Happy House" puppets and how cute and fun they were (I doubt she'd make that up.) #5) And more importantly that she was done up Siouxsie style. I think we were too.

We were such fanatics that we were determined to see her after the show. We went outside to the back of the theater to wait for her, thinking it was an extremely unique idea and that we were very cool, but surprising enough there were all these other fans waiting there too. About an hour into it some dude came up to us and says, 'Hey, do you want to know where the after-party is?" And thinking we were getting the inside scoop we dorkily replied, "Yes!" So he told us the top secret information and we ran off to find her. As we walked away we turned and saw this guy was still standing by the back door but we were too excited to wonder why he wasn't coming to the party with us. So we asked some people where this hotel was that he mentioned and got directions. We didn't really understand the concept of hotels so we pulled a Mission Impossible and snuck passed the concierge as he stared at us. *We're spending too much time arguing over whether we took the stairs or the elevator and I have this sneaking suspicion that you could care less so let's say the stairs.* We went to the 2nd floor, which is I think where the guy told us to go but we had no room number so we just walked around listening in at each door. At one there was some commotion (possible party) but decided to check out more rooms before knocking. It was strange, this hotel was creepy, old, and quiet. We hardly heard a noise coming from the rooms. We went to another floor. Nothing except one where we heard some music but that's it. After an extended pep talk ("Oh my god, should we... we have to... etc...") we cajoled ourselves into knocking on the door with the possible party. This time around it sounded more like a TV and a few utterances but it was still the best bet. We knocked, waited, and a minute later the door opened. I'd love a picture of me and my sister standing there with our mouths to the floor. An old man about 50 opened the door with a smile and a cheery, "Hello" and as he was continuing with, "Would you like to come in" both me and my sister's field of vision included only the sight of another man in the room (I say Hispanic about 35) on the bed in bondage gear tied up with legs spread and a collar around his neck sorta smiling. I looked back at the first guy and stuttered, "Uh, er, um, gulp, uh, I think we um have the wrong room." He asked if we were sure and we said we were. And he said, "Well, would you like to come in anyway?" And staring at the other man we declined and back-tracked away. After he shut the door and we got over our hysterics we came along a door that had a key in it. We opened it and there was nothing inside but I kept the key (my

Sentimentality comes from an inability, for whatever reason, to look reality in the face. –Marilyn Sowell

sister says it was so I would remember the night but I think I thought I was going to go back and rob the place.) We left embarrassed, self-esteem a little lower but we still didn't realize we had such a great prank pulled on us until we met these guys who told us that it was a gay sex hotel. We met these guys when my sister ran out of the car to pull a Siouxsie poster off of a pole. We'd gone back near the theater to see if there were any more great tips and they were a coupla wild and crazy comedians playing at a club near the show, so you already know how lame they were, and they invited us to their very own private party in their very own motel room where we went, so you know how lame *we* were.

My sister just mumble-jumbled to me the rest of our story and I typed it in verbatim: 'We were in there and they were all drunk...and remember they all wanted to touch your tits or something about tits and they were drinking beer there was lots of beer. And they were wanting to touch your tits - cause you had big tits then. And then one of the guys said to you to go into the bathroom with him. And I was just like, 'What are you doing?!' Like in sign language. We were all in sign language, between you and the guy doing the coke, and you telling me you'd tell me in a minute. And later I went into the bathroom and I don't know why you wouldn't know that I went into the bathroom with the dude…I was only 14 and you were just lying on the bed...and he has a line of coke on the toilet seat and I did it without telling you and I'd never done coke…I did the line, this big old line with a $20 bill and I snorted it right off the toilet seat…and I must have told you I'd done the coke then, didn't I tell you? And then we wanted to go and this guy wouldn't let us go and then we said, 'Get the fuck out of the way,' and we just left…maybe that's when I told you I did the coke…and then we went home…feeling stupid…but we had the key with us…and the poster…and the memories of Siousxie ...that would last the rest of our lives."

Well, that was a nice story sis. So why don't we tell them our new Siouxsie story. These are the key phrases that will describe the show: Sang slow. She was in slow motion. Hard to sing along to – that was the most frustrating. Oh Baby energy. We seat-jumped to the front so we could see her better. Her outfit. Thank god she took off her jacket but again wrong belt. Wrong pants, with the wrong belt. Seemed old. Nice leg moves and flexible. Some Peter Murphy moves. Her hairdo was long thin held back in clip. She had some whack fuckin' eyebrows. Big lumpy wrong. No cat eyes thing going. No eye make-up? Kinda nice seeing her without the whole Siouxsie thing on. Weird bags under eyes. Face gotten real long. Bony. Even tho her music keeps going downhill it wasn't that bad. Not like she's selling out but changing. Had a fight with people over her new record so she could do it how she wanted. Some of the lyrics worthwhile.

Well, that was sure a lot easier than writing it all up. *It sure was sister.* Okay then, shall we tell them what stupid things we did after the show? *Yes sister, why don't we.* We waited inside with Sean deLear who offered to help get us backstage since we were ill-prepared. After 30 minutes and basically being among only a few others who weren't yet inside we made friends with one of the nicer security men and he let us sneak by him. Completely retarded and spastic and certainly uncool, we ran by him only to make such an obvious scene that everyone stopped us to see our passes – and soon we were thrown out of the building. And there we sat, for over an hour. Waiting patiently for someone to understand. I wanted to give up, but this is the kind of shit I go through for my sister that she doesn't appreciate. *As if!* Desperate we stumbled upon another man who offered us up a Siouxsie tip. Well, we were asking him for his pass but he needed it for the tour, so he gave us this key name that possibly was a code word for "Putzes trying to sneak backstage," but we ran back to the door and used it and every other name we could possibly come up with. (If he were to give us a hotel key for the Vine Lodge we were there!) A very nice woman named something like Melanie or Heather or Melissa finally let us in, we can't remember why but it was probably a sympathy thing. We walked up, cocky as hell because we had our passes, and all those mean security guards were confused and sad they couldn't kick out the groupies. We entered the "guest" room where there was absolutely no one of interest to us, ie: no band members. And in there we waited another hour, by this point all food and drink devoured by the very important people. It was so boring, as it usually is when you finally get into a place you've been waiting too long to get into. Sean said Siouxsie was upstairs showing pictures of her cat to people – so we waited for her. And waited. Aaaargg! And waited. It's also hard to give up – like a gambler who is sure her luck is going to turn around with the next roll of the die. *Yee haw.* We took our loses. We took pictures of Selina with Steve, and then with Budgie (I guess I lost them – somewhere around where that hotel key is.) And I guess we can wait another ten or so years to meet her – *you hear that Siouxsie Sioux!*

MY 1ST CONCERT: SOCIAL D., BUTTHOLE SURFERS, P.I.L.
by Karrin Vanderwahl

My first concert experience was Social D. and the Butthole Surfers opening up for P.I.L. at the Grand Olympic Auditorium in November of 1984. I had left home to join the circus that had sprung up around the Olympic Games in L.A. that summer and a couple of other street urchins and myself had pan-handled a bunch of money so we weighed our options about how to spend it: food, alcohol, drugs or entertainment? We resolved to try and get into the show. Short on dough yet determined to get in, we pan-handled all through the line. My savior appeared in the form of a heavyset Hispanic man with a bright yellow "Staff Pro" jacket who was familiar with the potentially dangerous situation I was in and slipped me into the venue. It was a good thing he did too, 'cos after the show there was the hugest collection of cops congesting the streets all around the place just lying in wait to kick our asses. You'd have thought there was a donut convention or something. Well, oblivious to my surroundings I was really glad that he did 'cos it not only saved my hide but was the show that would hook me into this stupid scene for the next ten years of my life… at least.

Once inside I marveled at the sight of the Surfers clad gaudily in housecoats and curlers. They were lit up by blacklight and the fluorescent neon paints they were covered in glowed in terrific accompaniment to the sounds they were creating. It must've been around the time they released "Locust Abortion Technician" and it was the wildest thing I could've imagined seeing live.

I had never before seen such a great collection of punkers and punklings assembled in one place. It was great. I recently read in an old issue of *fLIPSIDE* an account by the promoter of those historic Olympic shows who claimed that he would look down and see five slam pits going in the pattern of the Olympic logo. I don't know how he could've seen anything so cohesive amidst that throbbing throng of bodies. All I could make out was the person standing right in front of me once I got down to the floor for P.I.L. I must've been hurling through the pit for all of about 60 seconds before being nailed in the jaw by an elbow out of nowhere. I started to go down but hadn't even hit the ground before an enormous skinhead grabbed me. I have to admit I was still a bit fuzzy so I scarcely remember how the hell he managed to hoist me up onto his shoulders. But he did and I was able to watch the rest of the concert from atop a thrashing, six foot five skinhead in the pit. Man, what a view. It was definitely more comfortable than where I might have ended up. Maybe not the brightest thing to do, but ah, the adventure of it all. P.I.L. were great, too.

HOLLYWOOD COLLECTORS EXHIBIT
BEV GARLAND/HOLIDAY INN HOTEL, N. HOLLYWOOD
by Darby

Has-been stars are people too – and they still have a place to shine. They can't get a decent script or they're in-between talk show appearances and they can somehow fit into their busy schedule meet and greet-type appearances at events like the Hollywood Collector's Show, selling autographed stills of themselves for five bucks a shot. I'd heard of these before but with Retro Hell I finally felt the need to attend. This one was at the Beverly Garland Hotel in North Hollywood. A few bucks to get in and you're immediately in the midst of fifty or so celebrities of years gone by. From movie stars to TV sitcom legends, even a few '60s and '70s Playboy centerfolds for fun. Isles of them seated in front of their memorabilia with placards stating their name and sometimes their TV name just in case you couldn't figure it out. We started the browse – like we were shopping for a celebrity that was worthy of our attention. And many of them just sat their looking at the passers by, trying to sell them with their smile. You kinda felt bad if you glanced at all their photos and them and they smiled at you but you didn't want to stop and chat. I felt like I do when I run into a celebrity on the street – I can't look them in the eye. I just want to leave them alone – let them be with their tortured life of fame. These people were examples of where such a life can leave you – yearning for more contact with possible fans. Trying to catch whatever sugar-buzz is left from the remains of their stardom. Milking it for all it *was* worth. Obviously not all were so desperate. Some were *only* their to "give back" to their fans. There was "Mary Ann" from Gilligan's Island – proving the more stupid your show the more fans you've related to; Original Batman Adam West, of course (he winked at Lisa); The ultra rad Dr. Bombai from Bewitched – sitting with a very old Gladis Travis the nosey neighbor and another star from the show that has slipped my recollection. The first stars I got the nerve to talk to were Elizabeth and Nancy Bradford from *Eight is Enough.* Both the most beautiful of the Bradford clan. Nancy didn't change that much – well, you'd recognize her if you saw her – but it's as if her edges and lines have been gone over with a fine chisel. Like the sharpen command in Photoshop. All signs of youth removed and replaced with a conservative attitude and dress. Like my friend Lisa noted, they all seemed like your typical Agoura Hills resident (a town only 40 minutes outside LA yet its inhabitants seem far more removed.) Nancy was sick and really seemed bored and bothered by the whole affair. She was starting to pack up their stuff so I tried to talk to Elizabeth before they left. I kept looking at her photo for confirmation that it was really her because she looked so different. She looked good though – in a normal sort of way. Her hair was blond now, not brown. She was smaller than I'd imagined with a more frail aspect. Actually all her features seemed reduced – her lips, her eye brows, even her hair was thinner. She didn't seem as much a victim of phony smiles and facial expressions though. Elizabeth was more friendly and casual about the affair. We only talked for a few minutes but she was able to tell me about her kids and that *they're* why she hasn't been working lately. They were selling signed color photocopy 11x17 posters of collagéd Bradford family photos for $25.

Since some of these people were starting to leave we made our way to possibly the most important young star there, Ms. Dana Plato. At first glance you'd recognize her but to look a little closer you'll see the effects robbery and drug addiction in the public eye can have on an ex-TV-starlet. She's fucked up. Crazy. And totally rad. Brandon Cruz introduced us to her and she agreed to do an interview (we brought along a camcorder just in case.) So Lisa whips the thing out and just when we're getting into it – you know, she was about to tell us how she and Willis and Arnold would have wild threesomes, while Mr. Drummond looked on, telling them all what to do – Lisa boffs it all 'cause she didn't charge it and the camera battery goes dead and we're left with a promise to do it some other time. Big let down. Lisa charges the battery and we move over to Billy Barty (the only star left) – who looks even smaller in person – and we do perhaps the most boring interview I've ever been involved with. His young assistant/manager (wife?) was very concerned with our intentions but we convinced her of our devoted fandom to Billy. But despite the fact that Lisa and I knew we had seen him in a lot of things, all we could remember was *Time Bandits* – so we were at a loss. We just kept it focused on how great and cute he was and he loved it.

As the weekend was coming to a close and the crowd started to clear out a bit, most of the "stars" made their move, packed up their cherished memories they weren't able to pawn off, and got the hell outta there. They knew better than to be the last one left. If that's the only thing an ex-star knows only too well is that things can always get worse, including one's own self-image.

As history has shown *again and again*, even the greatest stars of the moment can be the has-beens of the future. The fine line between utter fame and utter disdain is so obvious I don't know why stars get so shaken up by the whole thing. It seems the ones who put their whole lives into it, the ones who lavish and *need* the public's applause and *believe* in it, are the ones who end up suffering most when it comes to the crash and burn, while the more realistic seem to soar through any discord. Is that a good enough ending? – that's all I have to say.

CINECON 31
AT THE RADISSON HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT
By Mark Fletcher

The Cinecons started in 1964 when a group of 8mm-silent movie enthusiasts organized a convention where they could exhibit their collections. It has since mutated into a national event that features 35mm and 16mm prints from the Turner, Library of Congress, MOMA and UCLA archives, celebrity guests, an awards banquet, and a memorabilia swap meet. The attendees, now known as the Society for Cinephiles, include film historians, actors, directors, writers, film buffs, collectors, and a number of guys with cheap toupees.

The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel has been hosting the event for the last six years and there are no plans to relocate any time soon. This works out nicely for me considering the close proximity of my apartment to the hotel. But this is beside the point. I've always enjoyed movies from "Hollywood's Golden Age" on both an historical and an aesthetic level, especially the late silents and early talkies. Witnessing the transition from silent to sound technique combined with the healthy, voluptuous legs of the actresses in their short dresses has been a source of fascination for me since puberty. So much so that I was willing to shell out $70 and spend my entire Labor Day weekend among Hollywood's legends, both living and dead, from the first half of the century.

Among the living were Mel Torme, Janet Leigh, directors Robert Wise and Richard Fleischer, Ann Miller, Sylvia Sidney, Sheldon Leonard, and Francis Lederer. The former half of this group are rather contemporary by Cinecon standards, but they did all enter the movie biz in the '40s, getting them just under the proverbial Golden Age wire. Also in attendance were "B" stars Maris Wrixon and John Abbott, and ex-child soprano/professional virgin Gloria Jean (I've never heard of them either). Almost all of the celebrities appeared in conjunction with the screening of a favorite film from his or her career followed by an interview with Leonard Maltin, or someone like him, and questions from the audience.

There were, as a rule, two concurrent screenings every two hours from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m. Screenings would resume following a two-hour dinner break and end at around 1 a.m. The screening

AAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!

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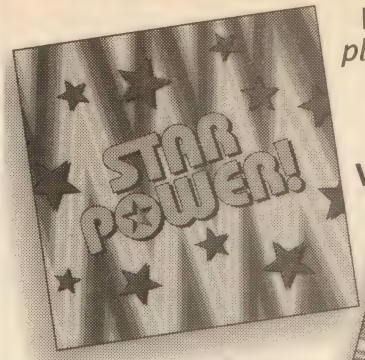

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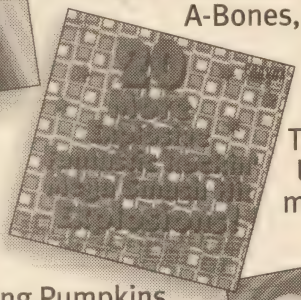

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rooms were the Blossom Room, a cavernous banquet hall with air conditioning from hell, and the Cinegrill, a small cabaret-type room just across the hotel's lobby. This made for a lot of people running in and out of the two rooms trying to catch both movies. I learned not to sit near the door.

Unfortunately for me, most of the movies I wanted to see were being shown in the Blossom Room. My health declined rapidly. Despite the drawbacks, I managed to sit through a lot of movies – not as many as I had intended, but as many as my ever-so-fragile condition would allow. At times I felt like Capt. Kirk: "Must... tolerate... running nose... and... weak plot! Must... see... restored Technicolor sequence... of... Fay Wray!"

Speaking of restoration, the convention kicked off on Thursday night with an appearance by film preservation patron Mel "The Crunchy Frog(?)" Torme and his 1945 short *Movieland Magic*. I didn't get to see it. The Society didn't send us pre-registered folk programs in advance, and my telepathy must have been on the blink or I would have known that the first show started at 7 p.m. Instead I arrived just barely in time to get Mel's autograph.

Up next was the Preservation Panel comprised of representatives from the four archives, and a few reels of recently discovered silent film fragments called "Silent Film Fragments." The big attraction of this screening was to be a brief color film clip of Louise Brooks, probably not seen in over 65 years. The Library of Congress rep was very proud of this find and went on at length about its discovery. The lights went out and the screen was illuminated with the ten-foot-high Technicolor image of an attractive young woman with straight brown bobbed hair. "Colleen Moore!", the audience exclaimed, almost in unison. So much for the experts.

The evening ended with a painfully obvious *Rain* knock-off entitled *The Painted Woman* (1932), starring a now-forgotten cutie named Peggy Shannon as the good-hearted tramp, and a young but not very slender Spencer Tracy as the pearl diver who makes her an honest woman.

Other provocative titles that littered the program were *Pointed Heels* (1929) with William Powell, Fay Wray, Helen Kane (the model for Betty Boop), and "Skeets" Gallagher; *Tonight or Never* (1931) with Gloria Swanson as an opera singer (she does her own singing) in need of an orgasm; *Lady of the Night* (1925) with Norma Shearer — not as racy as it sounds; *Three Girls Lost* (1931) with Loretta Young and John Wayne (as an office clerk?); *I Loved You Wednesday* (1933) with Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi — racier than it sounds.

Friday through Sunday was a continuum of black and white movies, celebrity guests using the word "wonderful" and plugging their recently published memoirs, seemingly endless lines of autograph hounds, camera flashes, applause at the slightest provocation, and sinus pills.

The convention reached its climax on Sunday with a special nitrate screening at UCLA followed by the awards banquet back at the hotel. UCLA is one of only three places in LA County licensed to exhibit nitrate prints because of the tendency of these cinematic treasures to burst into flame. I love danger, don't you?

Our guest celebrity was Sylvia Sidney, one cranky old broad. I adored her. The program consisted of two short subjects, one of which was a Busby Berkeley musical, and a Technicolor feature called *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (1936) with Henry Fonda, Fred McMurray, Spanky McFarland, and our gal Sylvia. Henry, Spanky, and Sylvia are members of an Appalachian family involved in a generations-old feud with a neighboring family. Fred is the city slicker who spoils their good time.

At the end of the film, Sylvia took questions from the audience with Leonard Maltin as moderator. She started by telling the audience it was in for a big disappointment, insulting the organizer who misspelled her name, and barking at people for taking flash pictures of her. She then took a few questions. It seems that the location shooting for *Trail* was a living hell, most of her early films were garbage, *Dead End* director William Wyler was a jerk, Hitchcock treated her with respect because she made more money than he did, and she was labeled a Communist sympathizer for her pre-war anti-Naziism. She took special care to insult, or at least embarrass, anyone who asked her a stupid or pedantic question. It sure was fun. When it was time to leave, Sylvia graced us with a wise parting statement: "Old age sucks."

Illness prevented me from attending the awards banquet. Several people told me it was a lot of laughs (even Sylvia was in a good mood) until a Magic Lantern show, which dwelled heavily on disease, death and interment, bummed everyone out, particularly the numerous octogenarians. The awards are from the Society to the celebrity guests in recognition of their past achievements, as well, I suspect, as for their ability to keep breathing. A number of other Golden Age veterans were also in attendance, almost all of whom would be recognizable only to the initiated.

A Society business meeting was held Monday morning followed by a reprise of the bummer Magic Lantern show and a few more movies, with the convention ending mid-afternoon. I was kind of sad when it was over. My criticisms and post-nasal drip aside, I found it to be a worthwhile experience, even though Sylvia refused to go home with me.

MY FIRST CONCERT: YES, 9012LIVE TOUR

by Pete

This was Yes' triumphant mid-'80s comeback tour on the strength of their Trevor Horn produced 90125 album, feat. My dad bought me tickets which sat in his money drawer for two months before the concert, checked and tucked in every night before I went to bed. The concert was at the Hartford Civic Center. Inside the couple in front of us was smoking a joint. The first time I ever got high. The laser show was amazing. During the whole concert I was just waiting for the dope electronic drum break in the middle of "Owner Of A Lonely Heart" but when it finally arrived they totally botched it. Stoned and furious I decided to bumrush the stage but only got about ten feet before my jaw found its match in an iron railing.

TV REVIEW: RETRO STAR RICK SPRINGFIELD IN *HIGH TIDE*

ON CH. 9/KCAL SAT/SUN AT 4PM (watch for time changes)

By Selina

For those who are too old to remember or too young to have known, I shall flash ya back to the late '70s/early '80s and then bring you up to the present. Rick was a teen beat hunk in such high ranks as John Travolta was – well almost. I first saw him in the end of the '70s on *General Hospital* as Dr. Noah Drake, but in Australia he was already a famous singer. Then in '81 he attempted the big screen with his hit teen movie which I and every other lusting girl went to see more then once, spending our free time inside movie theaters in ahh – though fuck if I can remember the name of it. His hit song "Jessie's Girl", from the record *Working Class Dog*, played continuously on the airwaves. Then Rick got lots of attention from all over and so Noah was no more. Sadness filled us, as anticipation cheered us, with the thought of more music and movies from Rick. But instead, he faded on the radio and never came back, and as for the big screen never more. And so we silently waited. Then in the '90s we witnessed a super-brief comeback on the last episodes of Knott's Landing where his aging but sexy hot self appeared to us again – until the cancellation of the show a couple of months later.

Now at 46 he's back and looks as good as ever and a lot more mature as Rick stars in *High Tide* as Mick Barrit, an ex-cop turned surfer and older brother to Joey Barrit, an annoying, stuck-in-puberty, horny *Baywatch*-y surfer who uses such words as "cowabunga dudes" and "gnarly." They both live to surf and for hot chicks, and reluctantly work as a detective team for an old guy named Gordon, a very wealthy, very connected, family-like, loyal boss who has an assistant named Fritz, whose from Berlin, and who seemed more independent at the beginning but now she fetches coffee, gathers all the facts for cases, and dreams of going out on cases herself. The one time she asks to go on a case Gordon laughs and says she's not ready and gives it to the guys, even though she's older and smarter then Joey. She's also suppose to have spent six years of extensive training in some weird name police-like force. In one particularly amusing episode, without their prior knowledge, Fritz flew to Hawaii where the brothers were and helped them with a female slave trade case they were working on. Rick, or I mean Mick, who is obviously in lust for her, wasn't happy 'cause she might get hurt but she said oh well and dressed up as a woman worthy of being sold as a slave. It worked and she was napped and taken to a boat, thrown down and locked into deep hole with some other woman that *Baywatch* would love to acquire. In a very difficult maneuver she climbed up on beams to the top, then hid to the side and when it was food time she yanked down the guy who opened the hatch and escaped while the dingy females yelled out, "Who *was* that wonder woman." Then they took off their heels and beat the bad guys with them. Fritz then goes through the boat taking out the captors by karate, even killing one by a head-lock death grip, then takes out six guys at once by throwing in some kick boxing. Then the brothers come to save her and get thrown in that hole and only Rick gets out but it he looks real pathetic trying. Then Rick and Fritz meet up and take out the last few guys with karate/kickboxing moves and Fritz says, "Damm I broke two nails," and with that she's back to office work.

The brothers do not seem to have a home or any other family. All they seem to have is a convertible, cellular phone, two surfboards, two wet suits, and some Hawaiin/surfer clothes (Rick's always in jeans and an open buttoned Hawaiin shirt while kid bro's in shorts and a surfer shirt or tank top). In each episode they never actually get to surfing, until the end when the credits roll, when they run out and you see their backs running to the water. Only once in fact did they actually get in water with their boards, which they lied on top of and paddled around on for a little bit. I think it must have taken a lot of lessons for that.

Due to the lack of bathing suits up the ass and packs of young naked flesh running, bending, and bulging every second, the show is an A.M. weekend thing, unlike *Baywatch* which after initially being canceled made sure there was tons of this. This is truly a sad world when David Hasselhof gets a good time slot and Rick gets crap. I mean Rick sings better, looks better (when he runs there's no flabby skin that flops up and down as David's does), he acts better and he's a true hunk. If it wasn't for the many young bodies, David and *Baywatch* would have been over with. Rick though is the hot body to watch for on *High Tide*. It's worth viewing and stupidly hilarious.

Postscript: For the past month I was unable to find the show at any time on Channel 2 (being that it was on at the fine insomniatic TV viewing time of 2 A.M.). I was unhinged but then I was flipping the channels and landed on 9 and there was the show – not canceled, just relocated. But it was more fucked then that – the whole show changed. Rick is still Mick except you see his bare chest a lot more and Joey is still the same guy except he drinks beer instead of milk now. The rest is screwed: There's no Gordon and instead of Mick flirting with Fritz, who's also disappeared, there's Chris, a cop. The opening music is different and the new theme of the show is shown in the begining credits with a female in bikini running forward with boobs a'flopping. The brothers now own a surf shop on the beach, so they're finally at the beach, and open the show as if they just finished surfing. Still Joey meets girls, falls in love, and she gets them mixed up in shit so they don't get paid for solving crimes now, except on occasion. Well, I feel kinda lame now for all my praise about how *High Tide* didn't sell out with T & A but, just as *Baywatch* did, they got canceled and in order to save the show they hired a few playboy centerfold-types and now show flesh every second possible. Well who knows, now maybe *High Tide* will be a hit. I don't care, as long as Rick's still around. P.S. Note that *Baywatch At Night* which is a rip off of the *High Tide* premise.

CHAIR-RAISER FOR DEEP RIVER BOOKS

"Four community activists (Tarik Ricard, Paul Krassner, Sabina Virgo, Jon Rappoport) celebrating free speech in America..."

By Skylaire with Darby

This evening was a mixed bag of cunning oration and excruciatingly PC pander. The fact that it was being held in Santa Monica, a haven for nurturing males and earthy goddess-types made me slightly apprehensive, but the promise of AIDS scam info had me very interested.

The first speaker, Tarik Ricard, delivered an informed, down-in-the-hood speech about AIDS, the AIDS fraud, and the greater fraud that has its hand in the machinations of our society. He rattled off frightening statistics about our health care providers, the FDA, and other evil things. He asserted that the close ties between health care providers, pharmaceutical companies and the "petro-chemical" corporations of the world are only leading to the degradation of our collective health. He made mention of Peter Duesberg, probably the biggest proponent of the theory that AIDS and HIV are not synonymous. Using lots of brother jive lingo which was lost amongst the whitebread Santa Monica crowd. Never the less, he was really "down" and emotional about his subject. But the theme of the lecture began to get hazy once he infused it with a healthy dose of black power 'n pride talk. He got really off the subject far too many times to cover any one of them in the single hour he was given. I would have appreciated if he had stuck to scary health facts and insightful comments and not the annotated list of ancient African medical practices and books of African proverbs – things that would have been interesting – but *that wasn't why we were there*, and it would have been more efficient had he passed out flyers with the books listed. I must say that his health statistics and information were potent, however I wish he had devoted more time to AIDS, the stated topic of his lecture. (And who can avoid comment on Tarik's lovely omnipotent wife and her astounding mole.)

Paul Krassner looks like he should, after doing all those drugs and living through those crazy times! He looked like his face was melting off while you were watching him, and his rodent-like persona exuded a faint death vibe; every little cough containing a piece of his soul. He devoted his time to political stand-up comedy, Reminiscing of his old time Yippie shenanigans. He was delightful when he was recounting the stories of his youth but we found it very difficult to pick out his lecture's theme from amongst his scattered references to hash oil, being spied upon, and the counter-culture. He successfully strung together a bunch of drug stories under the banner of conspiracy though the audience was better capable of keeping track of his tangents than he could. Perhaps he needed some sort of assistance, like a magician with his magic act, so when he pulled all these rabbits out of his hat he could keep track of them.

Sabina Virgo, a social political analyst and local bleeding heart "examined the roots of racism, discord, and oppression in America." She'd look hot in a big purple mu-mu, dispensing her wisdom with little sparks coming out of her head. We had been informed that she was "the best speaker on KPFK" (L.A. political radio station), and we were sorely disappointed when we, instead of hearing her speak, were herded into small groups and forced to analyze a hypothetical story of a girl who has to make it with a boat

captain to get across the river to see her lover. Her segment reminded us of a high school English class, with every one straining to make the most enlightened comment. Tarik Ricard, the evening's first speaker, was in our group, and he had the socially, politically, spiritually positive right answer! But the only creativity in that game of course was to figure out things other than the obvious p.c. response and blurt them out loud in a disorderly fashion – which we were glad to oblige. You know, the kinds of things you have to do in the real world so you don't kill people for being so insipid – see we *were* learning.

Somewhere along the way, the dining hall adjacent to the lecture room began to hum and then later buzz with the drone of chatty Angelinos. During Mr. Rappoport's segment someone must not have felt the din was sufficient to drown him out, so they added some schmaltzy Sinatra wanna-be for our listening pleasure – it certainly added to the activist vs. the apathetic vibe that those scenarios seem to inspire.

NOW WE TALK ABOUT JOHN!

It all began with Melatonin. England and Canada have outlawed the sale of amino acids. John explained this as a conspiracy; as Melatonin is being outlawed, the man that owns the 'use' patents rallied against them but will make a ton of money off it in the end by licensing it to big pharmaceutical companies.

He managed to tie in the Mumia Abu-Jamal trial in with the Waco tragedy in with the Melatonin conspiracy. He spoke about secret radiation mind control experiments on children; he made mention of the quick adaptation to the term "Afro-American" as opposed to the slow transition from "Negro" to "Black" in the '60s. This, and more, all woven together into a brilliant discourse explaining that we have no civil rights. You see, in America, if you experiment with anything that is different, and you benefit from it in some way, the government doesn't like it and will want to take it over or destroy it. Alternative therapies, religion, anything. It was amazing, the amount of information he was able to successfully spin together.

We recorded ourselves discussing the event immediately afterwards and it really expressed another side of how Jon rubbed off on us: *He is so sexy! Jon, Jon, Jon! Takes your mind off of the topic by being so fine! You and that big mouth! The way you clench it back so that it gets bigger, and that crazy accent, like some German scientist from Hogan's Heroes (or some NY suburb). We enjoyed his sly, lizard-like appearance, and the way he trolled the words off of his tongue. The way you couldn't see his eyes, even though they were there, under those crazy brows, deep and piercing, starring right through your soul in the audience. And his knowing and mysterious nature, pleading with you to come, come on a journey with him to discover the secrets of the universe!* But you think us insolent? Hey, John is an extremely intelligent man who is obviously worth more than his blatant intellectual sex appeal. It was quite a feat to blend the sometimes horrifying information contained in his lecture with charm and a wicked sense of humor, but he did. We were impressed by his easy-going nature and his articulate manner and his ability to drop a lot of heavy information and tie it together under one relevant banner. We were never concerned that Jon would lose the focus of his topic, we never worried for a minute that he'd lead us astray, we felt very secure, and empowered. He just couldn't help but get to us. If there is one speaker that could leave you in rapturous awe, it truly is Mr. Rappoport. Please go to Deep River and get yourself one of his well-researched books: *AIDS, Inc.*; *Oklahoma City Bombing, The Suppressed Truth*; and the one mind-control and radiation experiments on children in the U.S. Call them up and ask them when he's speaking again. Listen to him on KPFK. Let Jon show you what's really going on in America damnit. And if he's not totally appalled by our review he might even tell you all about it here in *Ben Is Dead*.

Deep River Books is home to many important and some really hard to find books – and regularly host worthy speakers and events. They are located in Santa Monica, CA, at 512 Santa Monica Blvd. 310/451-1224.

SPACELAND

by Don

As a part-time DJ and occasional booker at Silverlake's Spaceland, I have a prime vantage point for all the groovy Rock shows that take place there, in between the Happy Hours, Monday Night Football, and Latin Lesbian Disco-rama. Probably the best all-round evening was a show featuring POO POO BOMB, DEMOLITION DOLL RODS, FLOSSIE AND THE UNICORNS, and QUINTRON THE AMAZING SPELLCASTER with his psychotic "Organ Fantasy." It was yet another show that endeared me to the club's owner, due to the generally noisy quality of Poo Poo Bomb's "music" and the less than packed house (I'm still glad I booked it, though, so nanny nanny boo boo). Quintron cut quite a dashing figure, his shaved eyebrows suavely replaced with little boomerang shaped eye-pencil things, a drawn on Errol Flynn meets Ron Mael mustache, a dark pin-striped suit, and a lovely feather boa. His Hammond was hung with a huge banner that read "Mister Quintron," and on top were some eerily lit jars filled with various increments of liquid that he percussed on now and again. As his lovely assistants skated around the room amid the *Close Encounters* disco light-show in sequined swimsuits (and more feather boas), shooting bubbles from strange plastic space-guns, Quintron worked his "special" magic weaving a plush, if dissonant, musical tapestry that would have made Anton LaVey weep tears of joy, or at least have a heart attack trying to tango to it.

The attention then shifted to the glowing, fleshlike, oddly pulsating object that was taking up the whole stage. Some old prop from the first season of *Star Trek*, perhaps? Madame Tussaud's rendition of John Carpenter's *The Thing?* No, merely the puppet theater wherein the all-puppet band Flossie and the Unicorns were to make their Los Angeles debut. The puppets are way fucked-up looking, and there's a whole story, not just a "concert." Apparently, while Flossie is making a "secret weapon" something goes wrong and the house burns down. Her bandmates, Princess Pandora Stardust and Snicklefritz the guitar playing turtle, remind her about the Battle of the Bands. First, there's a Texas Death Metal band with an unpronounceable name, and then a horrible puking sock puppet band, but they're of course no match for Flossie and the Unicorns, who win easily with their secret weapon, the spinning vortex machine. They then sing their theme song that, as everybody knows, gives you psychic powers and fresh breath. I don't remember all the words, but I think the first verse is "Flossie and the Unicorns; Whoo Whoo; we're gonna teach you Esperanto..."

A mighty tough act to follow, although if anyone could it would be Poo Poo Bomb, Stephen Holman's ridiculous noise/sillyness power trio with John Napier and Josephine Huang. They made a big ol' noise and an even bigger mess. Mr. Holman must have studied circular costume changing with the Dalai Lama, cause he didn't even stop for a second until the final song, which was possibly the best version of "Free Bird" I've ever heard (and hopefully the last). Over a low volume white noise din, Stephen recited the words totally deadpan, but in the thickest Scottish brogue this side of Loch Ness: "I'm as frree as a birrd na; an' this birrd ye cannah change! Nu, this birrd ye cannah change."

The Demolition Doll Rods finished off the night as only a trio of hot Rock City foxes could, clad in nothing but a few strategically placed Mexican playing cards. Christine, Margaret and Danny Dollrod looked tres babe-issimo as they banged out the hits for almost an hour, proving just how much can be done with three chords, two drums, a little bit of soul and a whole lot of distortion. Oh my, how we rocked that evening.

Probably the next most memorable show was the hyper-prolific God of noise, MERZBOW, with guitar-noise-mutant Solmania. Merzbow was noisier than anything that you don't have to stick your head into a revving turbojet engine to enjoy. Masami Akita, who basically *is* Merzbow, has got this noise thing down to a science; just when he's making the most excruciatingly brutal noise you can imagine, he finds a way to make it even noisier and *more* brutal. What's really startling is that he and his lovely assistant Reiko A do all this with only a small fluorescent light fixture strung with a couple of cheap springs, a contact mic, some kind of oscillator box and a few effects pedals. (Well, I guess there *were* a couple of huge bass amps, a guitar amp and a PA system, but somehow "Merzbow unplugged" scarcely seems possible). It was the most intense audio assault I think I've ever experienced, and one of the only concerts where my roommate, John Aes Nihil, didn't complain about how he "did it better in 1968 so what was the point." Even though Ohno's (that's Solmania to you) pedals weren't working very well, with the ubiquitous Damion Romero (Slug, Speculum Fight) adding his gut-wringing bass stylings there was no shortage of covered ears and spontaneous bowel movements. Ohno's homemade guitar-thing is a mad scientist's wet dream: a Winchester Mystery House/Rube Goldberg contraption, covered with little speakers, pickups, knobs, switches, wires, and with assorted necks, strings, doo-dads, gizmos, and veeblefetzers poking out of it every which way. The damned thing even sported a '70s style "talk box" plastic tube thing (like Peter Frampton used on "Do You Feel Like I Do?"). Openers at Spaceland were THE BRAIN, CRIB, and BASTARD NOISE, a Man Is The Bastard side project. The Brain are a mainly analog electronics duo, who sound like a hopped-up Klaus Schultze, but slightly darker and without the annoying New Age overtones. Crib was an extremely loud, though engagingly consonant, solo bass drone, like if some one gave Elliot Sharp a double dose of Prozac and then slowed down the tape. Bastard Noise couldn't decide if they were punk rock, grindcore, or Whitehouse, and I found myself wishing they would just get over it and accept the fact that they were really Pablo Cruise.

At the Fifty Bucks the next night: SPECULUM FIGHT and PHYSICS began the festivities, although I unfortunately missed them. I did make it in time to see the hardest working band on the local Avant Garde scene, SOLID EYE. These guys are usually pretty entertaining, and always musically superb. Solmania's sound really was nuts, like if when the legion of demons got cast out of that guy in the Bible, instead of going and possessing a herd of swine they possessed Glen Branca's guitar orchestra and made them turn everything up extra loud. Actually, Ohno did act like *something* was happening, maybe not demons exactly, but like a series of grand mal seizures. This was by far his best show that I've seen. It would have been impossible for Merzbow to top the previous night's show, but this one was equally amazing, and even included some quieter passages like on his *Music For Bondage Performance* CD. Physics' John Goff got up on stage with Merzbow for the encore, and started playing some groovy bagpipe stuff, which, as soon as Masami Akita turned his machines on, was promptly and completely obliterated. In a display of true Highlander spirit, Mr. Goff valiantly, if inaudibly, played on.

The DESTROY ALL MONSTERS reunion, hot on the heels of the Ecstatic Peace double CD release, was another simply fabulous night. There was a sadly comic episode in the ladies' room, when a drunken Karrin V. threw an entire mug of beer all over DAM chanteuse Niagara's pretty dress for reasons that nobody has been able to figure out yet. Karrin not only scammed admittance by claiming to be Kim from *Scram Magazine*, but evidently perpetuated this fiction throughout the night, causing even more confusion when the real Kim got a phone call the next day from a friend saying, "I should have warned you about Niagara... she can be pretty feisty. But, why on earth did you have to pour a drink on her?" After drenching the Destroy All Monsters singer, Karrin (she couldn't fool me; I knew it was her all along) decided to join us in the DJ booth. With all the finesse of a tranquilized rhino she power-stumbled into the booth, sloshing a beer all over the place, barely missing the PA power amps and my records. As I was announcing "last call," she grabbed the microphone, managing a slurred "And Niagara ish a fucking... bish!" before I could get the volume fader down and re-capture the mic. The show itself was pretty good, too, especially the end when drummer/internationally acclaimed visual artist Mike Kelly threw a huge tantrum, ranting about the other band members, naming names of people who had "pussies," and finally throwing down the mic and storming off the stage. I forget who opened, but after whatever that was, performance artist Marnie Weber came out in a gold lame jumpsuit with a hole cut out for the belly button, wearing rabbit ears, a bunny tail, and little bucky bunny teeth, repeating the phrase "I am not a bunny" over and over while a bizarre slide show was projected on and behind her. Next, was the overachieving and under appreciated Solid Eye who, yet again, reigned supreme.

MAN OR ASTROMAN? did a pretty frantic set, and rocked in a mighty way even though the PA kept cutting out. I overheard a couple of swooning groupies chatting about the comparative benefits of dating Astromen: "Oh, sure (unintelligible alternative rock guy's name) is cute and all, but *these* guys are *real* scientists!" "Oooh, yeah! They can experiment on me anytime! Tee hee hee!" Yes!! By golly, I just love it when the nerds get the babes!

L7 did a secret show that was totally packed, and evidently for good reason. These ladies have gotten *so* much better, it was hard to believe I was watching the same band that used to be called L7! The last time I saw them in a small club was about six years ago when they still looked at their fretboards the whole time, and every time I've seen them in-between was at some huge echo-y shitty sounding hall where you could barely see them, let alone hear anything but a loud, muddy mess, so it was really strange to actually be able to *hear* what six or seven years of non-stop touring can do for a band's "chops." Great stupid fun, and with an MC like two-fisted drinker and Zero-One alumni Donny Popejoy, one could expect no less.

The GERALDINE FIBBERS had some PA problems at their last Spaceland show but Carla Bozulich and her gang rose to the occasion despite the now-you-hear-it-now-you-don't sound nightmare. Carla is so damn sincere it's scary; I guess that's one of the things that makes me like this band that is so diametrically opposed to anything I normally would listen to. Then again, I like Shampoo, Elastica, and listening to industrial and automotive product announcement musicals, so I'm probably just completely out of my mind anyway.

Lest we forget, there was the second Los Angeles appearance of psychedelic stream-of-surrealism legend KEIJI HAINO. Not as loud as his '94 Hong Kong Cafe show (with the two Marshall stacks), but no less incredible, this was one of Spaceland's more glorious moments. For those not familiar with Haino-san's musical implosions, please do yourself a favor and buy the *Fushitsusha Live 2* CD and any three or four of his solo efforts, of which there's more than plenty to choose from – he's almost as prolific as Merzbow, and Merzbow has literally hundreds of releases.

THE FOOFIGHTERS did their first Los Angeles show at Spaceland – a month or so before I started DJing there so I had to scam my way in. It was an allright show, but in retrospect, the most memorable thing about it is how much better the band got in the next few months before their American Legion Hall extravaganza. I know, it's not very cool to like a band that's on the cover of Rolling

Stone these days, and I didn't think much of their album when I first heard it either, but those darned song things just sorta snuck up on me. Next thing I knew I was listening to KROQ and watching MTV just to catch all the Foofighter hits.

The CHEATER SLICKS have been to Spaceland twice now; first with the Fireworks and 68 Comeback, and most recently sandwiched between young upstarts MAGIC PACER and THE RED AUNTS. Both times were brilliant displays of total mind-numbing pure rawk mothafuckin POWAAAH, BABAY YEAH!! One of the only bands, along with the Blues Explosion and the Demolition Doll Rods, to make that Cramps-style-two-guitars-and-drums thing work. And it does work, indeed, even without the Doll Rods' kooky duds or the Jon Spencer sex-boy-superstar trick. These are just three record collector looking guys from fuckin' Sheboygin, and the drummer looks like he's just about to request that you "squeal like a pig" or tell you what a "purty mouth" you've got. If they're getting all that energy from doing speed then chances are they'll never live long enough to make it here a third time, but if not then I'm *really* scared of those people.

BEN LEE

NO LIFE RECORDS

By Darby

Ben Lee played free at No Life and it was sold out if a record store can be. We patiently waited for the weak constitution types to exit for some air and quickly took over their high ranking positions inside the place. I listened to Mr. Lee's tape a few months before and thought it was cute, cheery and all that but who knows what got me to go. I think it was because I thought he'd probably be big and that I should check him out in a small place while I could. He was sitting at the end of the store, too low for much of the crowd in back to see (though they were standing there looking as if they were watching something.) From my fancy spot outside with absolutely no view it sounded as if a young Billy Bragg was inside, sorta goofin' off, maybe a bit tipsy. The (aural) resemblance was uncanny (from my horrible memory.) And by now I'm sure others have made the comment and readers are yawning all over the place about this great insight but he still sounds just like Billy Bragg. I like Billy Bragg. I have all his albums. He was a comforting sort. I wonder momentarily what he's doing now? (Probably the same thing.) I saw him at the Roxy – somewhere in the late '80s – while I was on antibiotics and alcohol and fainted as I was running for the door (weak constitution type trying to get some air.) I didn't make it and looked quite foolish sliding towards the door in a faint. Sometimes I like that feeling, when it all goes black and heavy. It used to happen to me a lot when I was young. Maybe it was anemia – they said I had it. So I left the Bragg show to recover and they wouldn't let me back, in the fucks, so I had to listen to the encores from the outside. And Ben sounded like Bragg did, as I was sitting outside, unable to see. He has the same kind of chutzpah (I gotta get my grandma to teach me Yiddish already) and for a 16 year old some decent lyrics which, despite their juvenility still blew away 99% of all rock star lyrics around. That song about crying was touching and he has a real feel for things and I hope people don't try to steal it from him. There were lots of girls too old for him, sizing him up, wishing he was their boy (friend or child, who knows?) Some of the older ones making gross evil goo-gooish faces "oooh, he's so cute" (especially as his voice cracked on the straining notes) as if he was some damn puppy dog or something. So I decided I like Ben Lee. And even though it may be nice to see him grow beyond the cute factor I'll appreciate his youthful gusto and intelligence and charm for now.

A few other pleasant shows worth mentioning: BJORK: She even made the Palladium an enjoyable situation to see a show. Is the little pixie girl getting a little bigger? Well, she still super cute and nice to watch and hear. Damn if she could just find someone to write her some decent songs. Sure, she's got a few, but they're really outweighed by a bunch of crap. It's amazing what her lovely vocals can save; BOSS HOG: They've got half a CD worth of good new songs, which is a decent average, and it's quite a fun listen. But the audience favs are the two sorta duet-ish numbers: "I Dig You," and "I Idolize You." All the girls watching for signs of true love between Christina and John. "Ooh look, they're singing together." While the boys make "Oh, yeah, let me show you what you've been missing out on baby" grunts. (I heard them!) Many of the other numbers are actually sorta rock/metal/funk/hip. Instead of being cool and cold on stage as I imagined Christina might be she just looks like she's really happy, in front of the leering audience. And damn if she doesn't have a real strong voice. Her and John make a complimentary pair in more ways then just sex; BOWIE: Should I even mention the line for that retard Halloween party?!; SPACELAND: I do want to re-mention a few shows Don talked about, just to clear things up: DESTROY ALL MONSTERS and POO POO BOMB sucked so bad I can only assume we saw the performances from different dimensions or Don's just being kind (it *is* possible); and that GERALDINE FIBBERS show, I don't exactly know how or why, was one of the best performances I've seen all year. Actually Flossie and the Unicorns, and Quintron the Amazing Spellcaster might be the second best… perhaps I should get out more?

SXSW

By Darby

Though I swore never to attend another one of these music convention things I couldn't help myself when it came down to it. I needed to get out of town bad and it had nothing to do with where. I needed to have some plans I couldn't postpone or weezle out of at the last minute. And, of course, the magazine had to be finished... So Austin, Texas it was. A bunch of LA folk were going in on a booth and invited us to participate. Dubbed COLA (Coalition of Los Angeles or something) the booth included WIN Records, Catapult Records, *Flipside* Magazine, and a few others. Ton Records actually got the booth originally then sold half to us, sorta separated themselves from our whole "COLA" scene and later regretted it I think when we were listed in some paper as having the best booth in the place. It was kinda like a mixture of all our messy bedrooms and certainly the least anal corporate kiss my ass of anything else there (which was all dull to the point of unbearable.) Last year when we went we set up our "booth" in an area in the center of the action which happened to have two couches and a table strategically located. We just took the spot over, claimed it as ours and unlike the security enforced NMS or CMJ music seminars, no one complained – actually some staff even complimented us on our creativity.

I think I was one of the only people who attended this seminar who didn't see the shows. It seemed to me the smartest thing to do was avoid all the locations that were attracting the masses. I did get suckered into going to a few – usually for free food – but either left before the bands or somehow didn't notice them. One of the two performers I did see was Lee Ving on one of the first nights there (Emo's – free food and beer.) Lee Ving playing Fear acoustic. Quite lovely. It was all I needed to fill the music portion of my trip. The rest was filled with sightseeing, hikes around the river, thriftin', and one of the nicest sushi dinners I've ever had (yup, right there in Austin.)

The rest of the review is actually about listening to those demo tapes that people gave us. Nancy, Noël, Wendy and I drove a mini van to Austin so on the way home we reviewed these tapes together. It went something like this:

We've decided to do some music reveiws of all the free shit we compiled at the South by Southwest Music Convention, not cause we review everything we get 'cause most of the time it gets thrown into a box which gets thrown on top of another box where eventually it will be scavenged through by all of Darby's friends or pissed on by Cookie. Anyway, for those of you who gave us tapes, it's your lucky day cause we got 23 more hours in this fucking mini-van and we're gonna be listening through every painful minute. –nancy

FROGPOND

4:32 PM / COMFORT, TEXAS.

darby: It all sounded like the same song.

noël: Yeah, kind of.

nancy: So, if it was just one song it would get a good review.

wendy: They were nice girls.

n: I like them 'cause the girl with the blonde hair was cute.

d: It was pretty and sellable, but uninnovative.

(at this point noël goes to sleep – already too much for him.)

MOSS BACK

6:58 PM / 313 MILES EAST OF EL PASO ON THE I-10

w: It sounds like Twisted Sister with all the windows down. What's their name? Moss Butt?

n: Moss Back.

d: No, it's the Wretched Fucks.

w: Is this the tape with the guy in his underwear on the cover?

d: Jackoff T-rock with a dash of dull Fugazi and seventies arena rock.

n: You can't use the word Fugazi! Fugazi's too rad. (puts the tape back in) Wait it does kind of sound like Fugazi.

KNAPSACK

7:16 PM / 288 MILES FROM EL PASO

d: Well...

n: Wait, we've only heard one song. We should at least listen to the next one.

d: Can I just make a comment about *this* song? This song insults my intelligence. That they think I haven't heard that song three million times before.

n: Why do they have to try to give you something that you've never heard before? Who says that's their responsibility?

d: There's no use for it... When it's a typical song, done the same way... it's like the songs from the '50s, like Johnny Be Good. How many times did people redo that one?

n: The next song's called "effortless."

d: That's the right word.

(pause to hear song)

d: It'll probably get the singer a nice girlfriend.

n: It's a total, indie-cute boy meets indie-cute girl love song.

d: There's too many earth signs in the band. They should do more acid. No, maybe they'd get too hippie... maybe ecstacy.

n: Yeah, ecstacy.

d: Maybe mushrooms.

n: They'd get totally hippie on shrooms! Heroin... Yeah, heroin because it's trendy right now.

d: Nice, easy, sellable, with a KROQ intro. You'd never remember that song.

w: I'm getting really tired, does anybody else want to type?

JUNKIN GROIL

7:41 P.M. / STOCKTON (the only other city besides Comfort between San Antonio and El Paso – it has a Dairy Queen)

d: Ooh scary.

w: Gross angry rave boy.

d: Painful

n: This is that really nasty shit they play at those designer s/m clubs in L.A. like where rich people go to feel all bad-ass.

LOVERBOY

8:35 / LEAVING STOCKTON.

We couldn't resist this $4.99 special at the gas station and we needed an excuse to get rid of the previous grossness we were subjected to. Noël is still sleeping. We're reviewing it anyway.

n: This is one of those records where the first song is awesome and the rest of it totally sucks.

d: I don't remember these at all...Listen to this song! Are they gay? (referring to their song called "Prissy, Prissy.")

w: Definitely a top ten favorite of the Quicky-Mart selection.

d: Very ELO.

n: It's so dramatic ("teenage overdose…")

d: I can see how girls liked this more than boys. It's the soft-core rock band of that era.

n: I don't remember it sounding like this in high school.

d: This song captures the essence of cliché early '80s rock.

n: I hate overly literal lyrics.

w: "The Kid is Hot Tonight" is so triumphant.

n: It's total feel good.

d: It's feel good buddy music. I love songs where the chorus is everything and forever.

n: This is a pretty cool song too ("Turn Me Loose.")

d: Yeah, the first two are good...(singing) "I Wanna FLY" That line is the best!

n: I have to fart.

d: NO!!

w: It's o.k.

9:25P.M. 10 MILES WEST OF BALORHEA.

w: Let's review a song on the radio.

d: Yeah!

n: Ok, and then we have to get back to our agenda. We have a responsibility to the people.

"SUNDAY NIGHT SIX PACK" FM 102.1

We think it's called "Waiting for Love"

n: Who the fuck is this?

d: Wendy knows.

w: No I don't.

("Take a Chance Baby")

d: This is the same person.

n: It's the "Sunday Night Six Pack"!

d: What does that mean?

n: It means they play six songs by the same person.

d: Oh. (pause) Wow!...wow.

w: She's the next Lita Ford. Maybe if she rocked a little harder.

n: I feel sick, does somebody else want to type?

d: Oh God! It's Pat Benatar!

w: Is it?

d: It is...I've been thinking that for the last two songs but I've been too scared to say it.

w: Wow.

n: Is she making a comeback or was that old stuff?

d: No, she made a comeback like a year ago...Wait, did Pat get fat too or was that just Linda?

w: noooo...it's so sad, I'm in denial.

darb puts in tape.

n: Ooooohhh. I love this song.

w: What is it?

n: Oooohh.

d: Do you want me to rewind?

n: Ohhhhh.

w: What is it?

n: Ah, it's so sweet and sad (and so relevant!) (singing) I'm so, I'm so, *un-sat-is-fied.*

We never did get back to reviewing the demo tapes. It took all our energy just to get through those – and it was a pretty good bet that none were going to top the Replacements. Maybe in another lifetime. The End.

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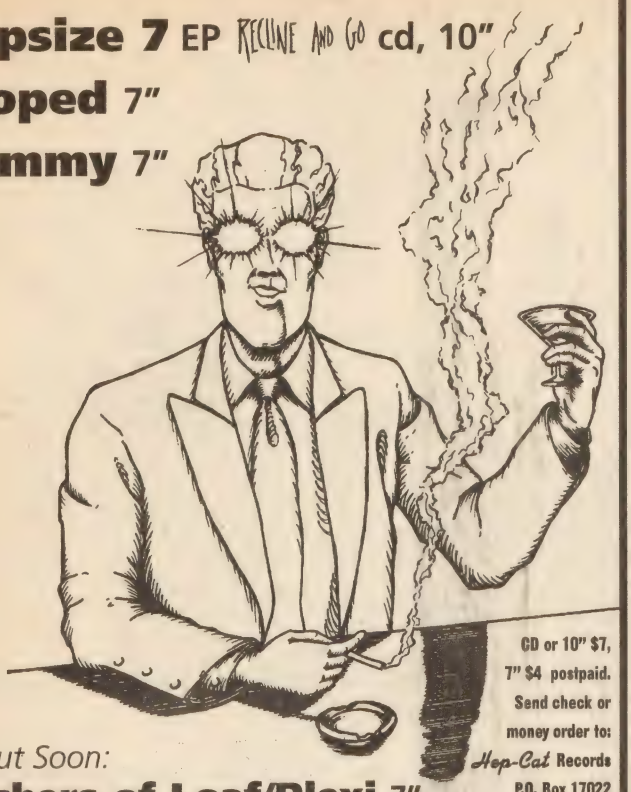

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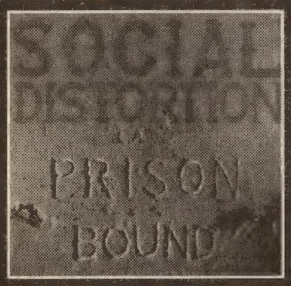

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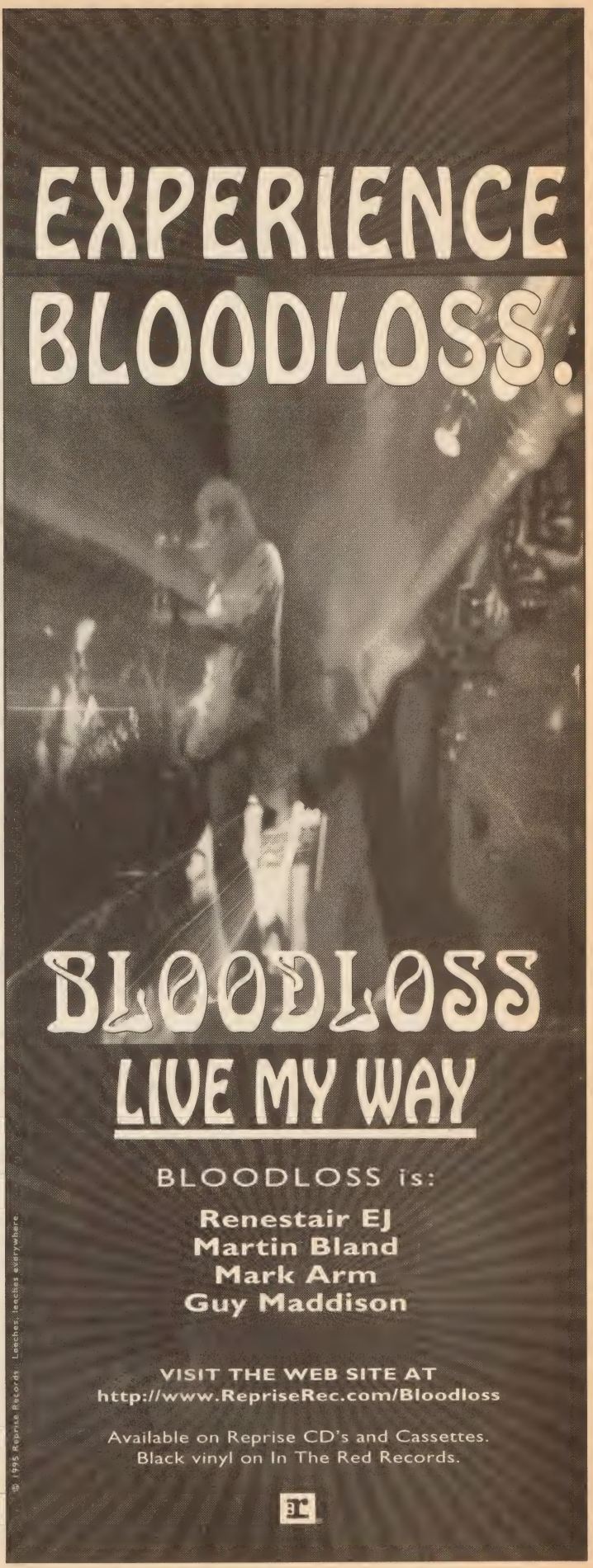

Mike Condello Presents: THE BEST OF THE WALLACE & LADMO SHOW

by Mr. Don Bolles

Once upon a time, there was a TV program in Phoenix Arizona, when I was but a wee tyke, (in fact, it started before I was even born) called *The Wallace and Ladmo Show*. This was unquestionably the best kid's show of them all, and if you don't want to take my word for it, ask Alice Cooper, Doo Rag, the Sun City Girls, the Tubes, the Meat Puppets, Greg Turkington (Zip Code Rapists, Amarillo Records), or any one else who grew up in Phoenix in the '60s, '70s, or '80s. Wallace, Ladmo, and local DJ and man of a thousand characters Pat McMahon were dealing in the kind of lunatic absurdism noire that's just now being mined by the likes of Ren and Stimpy or Bevis and Butthead.

The main characters were Wallace, the slightly overweight father figure, and his zany sidekick Ladmo, a lovable dolt who wore a top hat and a t-shirt with a tie painted on it and was the quintessential 6th grade hot dog eatin', little league playin' regular kid (except for the fact that he was 40 years old). The inevitable serpent in the garden, Gerald, was a spoiled rich kid from Paradise Valley (the Phoenix equivalent of Beverly Hills). He had a Buster Brown pageboy do, big round horn-rims, velvet 'n' lace kneepants; oh, and a huge monster that he would occasionally unleash to wreak havoc and destroy everything. Played with villainous glee by Pat McMahon, Gerald spent his on-air time cursing the "public school brats," and regularly causing all sorts of trouble for which the unsuspecting Ladmo would be blamed. Poor Ladmo would then be unjustly punished, which usually meant a good spankin' by Wallace, amid cries of "No, Gerald did it!" from the outraged kids in the studio audience.

They did the usual kid-show stuff, like show cartoons and have a few kids on the show every day to win "Ladmo Bags," filled with the latest Wham-o toys (Monster Magnet, Slinky, etc.), Twinkies, Vienna sausages, and whatever else their advertisers would kick down. Bob Log from Doo Rag was actually a lucky recipient of a Ladmo Bag, and also got to show off his rock collection for the viewing public. Well, the Ladmo Bag thing was where the show's normalcy ended. In between "Roger Ramjet" and "Dodo the Kid From Outer Space" cartoons were segments featuring such twisted Pat McMahon characterizations as Ozob, a cigar smoking, stubble encrusted, kid-hating clown; a fake super hero named Captain Super, whose big feat of strength was to tear one page of the phone book in half, and kindly old Aunt Maud, who would tell quaint children's stories from her rocking chair that inevitably ended with something like "and then all the cute little bunnies got run over by a truck," just to name a few.

As *The Wallace And Ladmo Show* was produced live in an era when nobody had VCRs, a lot of the cool stuff that happened is unfortunately lost forever. As far as anyone knows, there are no recordings at all of regularly featured musical groups like the Buggs, the Munchkins, the Ladmo Civic Opera, and my favorite band from the show, "The Losers," a sort of neo-Dada "musical" ensemble that looked like insane Victorian nerd buffoons. They would introduce themselves and their "instruments," like "Hello, I'm Sabu Winethrop and I play The Lettuce"; another guy would play "The Chair," another "The Piece of Paper," and so on - then they would proceed to rip up, smash, bash, fold, spindle and mutilate these things in a low key, systematic orgy of destruction and cacophony, like a joint composition by Harry Partch, the Bonzo Dog Band, and Survival Research Laboratories. Although these groups left no concrete evidence of their existence, they certainly left an indelible impression on many a malleable young suburban mind, which may partly explain why Phoenix gave rise to so many really out-there bands.

Luckily, not *everything* was lost. *The Wallace and Ladmo Show* spawned quite a few records, and all of them are chronicled on an extremely comprehensive CD, put together by the man responsible for most of them, Mike Condello, titled "Mike Condello Presents Wallace and Ladmo's Greatest Hits." The best known of these gems were some 7" singles done in 1964 and '65 by a group that was poised to achieve real commercial success. They called themselves Hub Kapp and the Wheels, (they were originally Hub Kapp and the Tire Slashers, until the TV station found out) and, with the versatile Pat McMahon as teen-idol Hubb Kapp, their image was just what teenage America was looking for - huge fake bouffants, gigantic eyebrows, wraparound shades, matching suits, and lots of attitude. Their first single was the modest "Let's Really Hear it For Hub Kapp," backed with a song called "Work Work," which became a regional hit, as any song with lyrics like "Work Work, a dirty word; Dirtiest word I ever heard" should be. Capitol records signed them up immediately, and put out a single (with the swirly yellow and orange label); "Sigh, Cry, Almost Die," b/w "Bony Maronie." Their unlikely joyride to rock stardom was cut short, however, when Capitol found out that "Hub Kapp" was actually just a Pat McMahon put-on, and "The Wheels," (Rip Chord, Ry Krysp, Ty Klyp, and a guy whose name I can't recal on

sax) were nothing more than a tongue in cheek parody, perpetrated by a bunch of cynical pranksters! Undaunted by this minor setback, they went back into their Phoenix studio and cranked out "(Don't Make Jokes About My) Little Volks" a cool Hot Rod music spoof, putting a then unheard Beatles song "What You're Doin'" on the flip, in a last ditch (and sadly ineffective) effort to scam a hit before re*tire*ing (groan).

One of the more amazing Christmas records ever made was by Ladmo himself, with a little help from Mr. Condello and serious vocal trio the "La Chords." It had a Beatle-ed out version of "Rudolf the Red Nosed Reindeer" on side one and a priceless narration of "The Little Drummer Boy" on the other. Condello and Ladmo teamed up to create the "Ladmo Trio," doing an EP called "Blubber Soul," part of a running joke about Wallace's "weighty" problems, with piss takes of three Beatles tunes- the Wallace-inspired "Obese Man" ("Nowhere Man"), the best version of "Michelle" there is, "Run For Your Life (Little Brat)" and the Yardbirds' hit "Shapes of Things" with lyrics about Captain Super.

With the advent of psychedelia and the Beatles huge success with the "Sergeant Pepper" album, Mike Condello put out a couple of 7" EPs of his new group "Commodore Condello's Salt River Navy Band," performing Weird Al style lampoons of current rock hits. The first of these little gems was "Mike's Mini Album," a head-on parody of "Sergeant Pepper," with more lyrics about the various characters on the show, like "When He's Sixty Four," about Gerald using his riches to force everyone to go to school and drink carrot juice "every single day"; "Lovely Auntie (Auntie Maud)" to the "Lovely Rita" music, "Ladmo In The Sky With Almonds"; and, of course, "A Day On The Tube."

The follow-up was "Commodore Condello's Salt River Navy Band Makes a Comeback," and featured send-ups of non-Beatle material, and an intro and outro by an ersatz Ed Sullivan. Condello is one of a small elite that is hip to how truly God-like the Bee Gees were in the '60s, as evidenced by his inclusion of two obscure Gibb Bros. send-ups – "Gerald of Sunnybrook Farm," to the tune of "Craise Finton Kirk Royal Academy of Arts" and a song about a popular feature of the show, "The Time Machine," to the tune of "Red Chair Fade Away." Just when you might think this guy is strictly from wimpsville, he whips out "Sonic Boom," a noisy as heck anti-supersonic jet rant set to the tune of Hendrix's "Purple Haze" and an original (!) called "Soggy Cereal," about how this un-American phenomenon is actually an insidious Communist plot. Another original compositon is the unforgettable (especially if you heard it as much as I did) "Wallace And Ladmo Show" theme song, "Ho Ho, Ha Ha, Hee Hee, Ha Ha." Hearing it again for the first time in 15 years brought back more stupid memories than all the episodes of *The Wonder Years* put together.

Alas, all good things must come to an end, (so there can be room for stuff like Rush Limbaugh and "House of Buggin'") and *The Wallace and Ladmo Show* was no exception. Condello got kicked off of the show shortly after the "Commodore Condello" EPs, for being too much of a freak and a bad influence on the kiddies, but *The Wallace and Ladmo Show* went on to become the longest running kid's show in the history of television, lasting over 35 years, plenty long enough to insure the permanent warpage of multiple generations of Phoenician mutants.

The last tune on this CD, "1954," was written by Condello in 1989, specifically for the big 35th anniversary show, and damned if it didn't bring a tear to the old third eye: "Long before there was flower power, there was black and white and there was Eisenhower... Shaky grey image on my TV, There were a coupla guys I liked to see... I'd rush home at 4 PM, then I was one of them." Although I didn't start watching the show till long after it's 1954 beginnings, Wallace, Ladmo, Gerald, Mike Condello, and the rest of the chaotic crew really *did* make me feel like one of them, and for an alienated misanthropic nerd like myself, that was no mean feat. Even though I haven't lived in Arizona for almost 17 years, it was nice to just know the show was still there. Now that it's actually gone, I feel kind of sorry for the folks that have to grow up in that desert wasteland without it. Thanks, you guys, and thank you Mr. Condello for a whole lot of really cool music - and a unique and indispensible CD. *Now* do I get a Ladmo Bag?

Oh, lest we forget, besides being a really neat-o slice of Mylar, this is a benefit album. As a memorial to Ladmo (actually Ladimir Kwaikowski), who died unexpectedly last year, all proceeds from this CD go to the Boys and Girls Club of the East Valley, Ladmo Branch.

If you want one of these fine CDs, or related info, contact IMPACT MUSIC 910 S. HOHOKAM DRIVE #101 TEMPE, AZ 85281 or call toll free (800) 899-DISC (3472). But wait, there's more! View Designs recently published the book "The Wallace And Ladmo Show – 35 Years of Laughter!" Call (602) 279-0841.

Addendum: The other day I was watching an episode of "Cops!" filmed in Phoenix AZ. The police were subduing a greasy pimplefaced speedfreak stoner who had allegedly been threatening his sister with a gun and generally acting tweaky. They made him sit on the couch after handcuffing him, and when the camera zoomed in on his pathetic, glassy-eyed Keane-ish face, he blurted a phrase that probably went right by most viewers, but, to a Phoenician, it spoke volumes: "I want a Ladmo Bag!"

What gets wet the more it dries?

@#*!DEMO HELLI$?%8

by Slymie Baldwin

Okay, so I'm the new Demo reviewer here at Ben is Dead, and I've got a problem. You see, unlike my predecessor, the sorely-missed Mr. I.P. Freeley, I don't actually enjoy ripping people's heads off. I only got this job because all of your dopey demo tapes have been piling up like dirty dishes around the Ben is Dead offices ever since Freely left to work for Rollins, and nobody was willing to go near the wretched things but me. I mean, I'm a very guilt-ridden, anxious person, so if I get a demo in the mail I picture some sad little band sitting in a stinky garage somewhere just praying that a good review will make them rich and famous... and then, when the tape is awful (and they're really almost ALWAYS awful) it just breaks my heart. So I'm left sitting here, staring at my computer monitor, wondering whether to lie to my readers, or to tell the truth and feel like a mound of shit...

But there *is* a way out of this dilemma... if all of you good bands out there will send me your demos and the shitty ones will just acknowledge that you're shitty and go back to pumping gas some place, then maybe my ulcer will finally clear up and I'll be able to get some sleep at night...

That's not too much to ask, is it? Anyway, on to the slaughter...

PORK STRIP: This is the first tape I pulled out of the big sack of demos Darby gave me, and it's as demo-y as demos get. This band has gone a little too far out of their way to look like they don't care what they look like. The tape has weird little bits of gummy, gluey stuff on it like it's been in somebody's underware for a while, and the handwritten song titles look like notes you'd pass in junior high... the actual music carries over this extended-childhood aesthetic, with lots of amusingly incompetent tape-jumps and crude songs about hogs and the like. I actually sort of like this awful, sloppy thing, but unfortunately I'm doomed to be the only soul on earth to appreciate this band, as they didn't include any address on the tape or information about how to contact them... an important lesson for all future demo column hopefuls. Ah, well...

REAL EYES: Psychedelic, sometimes cutesy music that swirls around in my brain without ever really landing... there's obvious talent here, but the pervasive, hippie-ish goofiness sometimes reminded me of Jethro Tull or the Grateful Dead or something, and God knows we can't have that. Still, there's something to redeem almost every song, and I suppose it could be good drug music, in a pinch. (c/o Kusten, 2235 Emmons Ave., #2 Brooklyn, NY 11235)

BLEEDING HEMORRHOIDS: The he-boys at Rectal Records bring us a stinky load of scatology-based frat boy metal, or "Scat-Frat." I'm not absolutely sure if this group intends their racist, sexist, staggeringly boring music to be taken as a satire of dumb jock attitudes or the real deal, but it's pretty damn painful to listen to in either case. They claim to be a punk band, but trust me, this is heavy metal of the most repulsive, wearying variety. If songs like "Get Honky" and "Keep your mouth shut (and your legs open)" sound like just the ticket to you, then by all means get yourself a keg of brewskies and get ready to rock. It's the perfect soundtrack for gang-banging weeping sorority girls on a Saturday night, or hey, maybe even lynching a coon. Party on, dude. (P.O. Box 210322, Woodhaven, NY 11421)

MISS 45: Rough, slushy, sexy rock and roll. The first song is pretty deadly, then they pull it together for a few good numbers, then they crap out again at the end. They sound like a good live band, and you can really hear them trying, just coughing up blood with every note, but they're not quite there yet. I suspect this band will be something really special in about two years or so... (1334 Benton Way, Los Angeles, CA 90026)

SHOCK VALUE: Neither shocking nor valuable, I'm afraid. Well-meaning, doofy, lackluster heavy metal so happy and inept that it just makes me cringe. Please, let's just move on before I get the douche chills again... (316 Ridgewood Rd. Elk Grove, IL 60007)

CEREAL DEATH: Repetitive, sample-heavy serial killer music. The accompanying cover letter is actually far more interesting (and spooky) than the music... "My name is T. Garan. I am an artist, musician, writer, and long-haired dude. I have enclosed a copy of one of my latest music projects... I am also responsible for actual wounds, torture-device, and now loosens tightens (sic) all just in recording project stage due to funds. Soon I hope to have a CD of actual wounds what would be my best work... Ben Lives on." Whoah, Nellie. Unfortunately, the tape itself didn't scare or enlighten me or give me any sick thrills, it just made me want to cut off my head and bury myself in the back yard. (T. Garan Records. No address given)

FRENCHY: While I generally don't care for loungey acts, this band is something very, very keen. The business card they enclosed promises "Low Brow Hijinx," and they deliver in spades. Featuring swingin' chickie vocals, a moaning oboe and the sort of kinky xylophone sound the world hasn't heard since at least 1966, this is a deliciously cheesy outfit. The opening number, "The Devil's Beatin' his Wife" was so good it made me want to beat somebody, while the follow-up, a positively buggy version of the old "Spiderman" cartoon-show theme song, had me dancin' on the ceiling... Then, just when I was crying for more, Frenchy flit right back out of my life with the crazy Nat King Cole number "Straighten Up and Fly Right." I have absolutely nothing bad to say about this tape, other than I wish there was more of it. *C'est Magnifique! Vive Le Frenchy!* (1361 11th Ave. San Francisco, CA 94122)

THE SUDDEN: This band's bio calls them "Post-Gothic" but to me they sure sound a heck of a lot like the early '70s progressive sludge you can hear every day on your local "Classic Rock" station. They seem very sincere in their depression, but I just don't like this band at all. Next case, please... (P.O. Box: 9907, Canoga Park, CA 91309.)

ZARK AND SEPULVEDA, "Over the Interstate Lines of the Mind": Poetry over repetitive samples and riffs, vaguely in the Laurie Anderson/solo David Byrne mode, except not that interesting. There's nothing actually bad about this tape, but it never engaged my interest and often I found my sleepy mind swerving dangerously all over the road. If you're just starving for some of this music-and-spoken-word stuff then this isn't the worst example you could find, but if you're willing to look around just a wee bit longer I think you could do better. (P.O.B. 1905, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009)

THE MAGIC DRAGON: It's hard to gauge exactly how far behind the times this band is... five years, maybe, with the funk-a-delic Chili Pepperesque noodling that starts off their tape? Or maybe ten years, with the icky heavy metal nonsense that fills the rest of the tape? Perhaps we'd have to go back as far as 20 years, considering their geeky *Dungeons and Dragons /Lord of the Rings* motif? In any case, I wish them godspeed back to Middle Earth... (P.O. Box : 43805 Detroit, Michigan 48243-43805)

EVOLUTION CONTROL COMMITTEE: The 'Committee" is, in fact, a lone mad scientist named Mike Gunderson, and this tape is a recording of a "reasonably attended demonstration" he gave at the Acme Art Company expounding on his arcane musical theories... Gunderson performs meticulous experiments on compact discs, scribbling on them with markers, microwaving them, tilting the CD player... you get the idea. While the music produced from these experiments is generally unlistenable (sometimes it sounds like "Revolution #9" and sometimes it sounds like a pinball machine,) the lectures Gunderson gives between each song are very intriguing, rather like sitting in the back row of a night class taught by Dr. Frankenstein. Every now and then the audience lets loose a smattering of puzzled applause, but it's to Gunderson's credit that not once during the performance does he turn on them and exclaim, "Ah, so you think me mad, do you..? Well, I'll show you all! With my incredibly discoveries I shall take over the world! Ahhahahaha!" Although at several points you can tell he really wants to do just that... (P.O. Box : 10391, Columbus, OH 43201, USA)

AUNT BETTY'S FORD: These boys bang away pretty good, and they sound utterly competent and professional, but I don't know, there's something about this tape that keeps me from endorsing it wholeheartedly... They just sound *too* perfect, like there's nothing very idiosyncratic or individual about them. I expect to see this band on Conan O'Brien with an old black and white movie projected behind them any day now. Oh, and they have a shitty name, too. (No address given: 714/858-1514)

JULY: This band is pricelessly awful. I mean, I put on their tape and 20 seconds into the first song I was helpless with laughter. I can say, without the slightest exaggeration, that this record sounds like music written by a bunch of 13-year-old heavy metal fans, as performed by their irritable, semi-retarded, hare-lipped school custodian... In other words, this thing is a fucking masterpiece! From their relatively flashy cover and lyric sheets (the interior art features a wonderfully irrelevant diorama of dying or very sleepy polar bears), you might almost think you were dealing with professionals here, but trust me, such is most emphatically not the case. I suppose I should give them an A+ for a full 12 songs worth of hernia-inducing laughter, but somehow I doubt they'll appreciate it. I take back everything bad I ever said about heavy metal. If any of you headbangers out there are making music this gloriously grotesque then I beg of you, send it in. (1739 East Carson St. Suite# 350, Pittsburgh, PA 152031700)

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.5.6.7.8's	",CD,Au Go Go	5.7	5		•			all girl							toxic pufferfish
AC/DC	Ballbreaker, CD, East/West	1	5				•		•		!!				stool softeners
acrimony	The Acid Elephant EP, Cd, Godhead	3	3								•		•	induce	mushrooms
Alcohol Funnycar	Weasels, CD, C/Z	5	5			•									
All About Chad	I Know A Girl, 7", Big Pop	7	7		•	•						•			
Baby Chaos	safe sex, designer drugs..., CD, Electra	7	n/a		prob				•				•		smoke peat moss
Battalion of Saints	Death R Us, CD, Taang!	5	4	•			•				•	•		I wish	gun in mouth
Bloodloss	Live My Way, CD, Reprise	5	2								•				opium
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Bobsled	demo cassette	7.5	5	?			•	yes!!!	sure						
Boom Band	Three Worlds Collide, CD, THC	1.1	4	should be							•		•		something nice & white
Boss Hog	CD, Geffen	8.5	6.5	•	•			•	•						Sugar
Brad Jones	Silt Flake, CD, Ginger	2	n/a			•					•	•	•	induces sleep	
BRainiac	Internationale, CD single, Touch & Go	8	5	•			half		•						
Buck O Nine	Barfly, CD, Taang!	5	1									•			cheep alcohol
Campfire Girls	Mood Enhancer, CD, Interscope	8	n/a					•							
Captain Sensible	The University of Geoffrey Brown, CD, Humbug	7.9	7												gin & tonic
Cornershop	Woman's Gotta Have It, CD, Luaka Bop/Warner	8	8					FP?				•			turkish delight
Dogmatics	1981-86, CD, Vagrant	7	5							•					
Douce Gimlet	7", Pie Eyed Serenade	7	8												
Earth 18	4 song CD, Medicine	8.5	6		?	at times				•					LSD
Electric Company	A Pert Cyclic Omen, CD, Onion/American	1	2							•				induces sleep	something strong
Eleven	Thunk, CD, H'Wood	6	5.5					•							vodka
Esquivel	More of Other Sounds, Other Worlds, CD	10	7						•	•				B4	pink fuzzy cocktails
fogmachine	Quiet Like Sleep, CD, Polar	2	n/a	?							•		•	induce	tylenol to stop bleeding ears
Foot Stone	Lippy, CD, Dromedary	4	3		•						•				
For Squirrels	Example, CD, Sony	5	3		•							•			
Frail	7", Hibler Mart	8.5	8.5												

SENT BRIBE	GIMMICK	FAMOUS PRODUCER, ARTIST, FRIEND	(MIGHT BE) GOOD LIVE	WHO (OR WHAT) THEY REALLY WANT 2 B	WHAT THEY REALLY SHOULD B CALLED	GIRLS, GLITTER, STARS... IN COVER ART	COVER SONGS	RETRO	OTHER COMMENTS	REVIEWER
				The Ventures		equipment looking good	•		Predictable souped up surf rock, Japanese girl style	(s)
	anitqus R worth something		once	AC/DC	Cry 4 Yesterday	Angus in all his glory		•	Imagine our beloved Noel, a Filipino of very small stature, pretending to be Brian Johnson, who we think was miked from his bed @ the nursing home. The only thing U can get out of a record like this is a few laughs	(s)
						fields of green			The space age graphics on the cover had me expecting love and joy techno. No luck. They have a song with a 'bong mix.' Kill me now!	(s)
				Guadacanal Diary						(L)
	Emotionaly well adjusted			Nice guys		a haircut	•	•	Off key, sweet lyrics about a crush	(L)
						n/a			They're from Scotland, but they don't sound like the Proclaimers- they sound like your average cute Britrock act.	(s)
						the band framed			Slight variation on the theme of anthemic hard core metal.	(s)
	sshh... they think they're gangsters			Valentino's illigitimate sons		them looking gangsterlike		•	Agitated horns and overly emotional vocals are not improved by the band's attempt at a 1940s ganster image.	(s)
			•			boating	NO!	•	A blur of madness, fun boy 3, housemartins, & adam ant. Vibrant & gay w/ nice abstract lyrics. The record rating keeps going up... I'm a sucker 4 this shit. A solid piece of work.	(d)
gum, candy, baloons			•			kiddies			Even tho I really liked Bulimia Banquet (2 former members) I put this 1 off 4 a while, but thought I owed it to Mia since I almost broke her butt bone once. I like this!!! Top of worthwhile '90s punk rk list. LP out soon!	(d)
Big Press Kit			for a laugh	brain transplant recipients	songs the Cosby Kids taught us	cosmic heads			Receiving a #1 position in a High Times poll garners no points with me. Two home boys chillin'- with all the funkiness of Malcolm Jamar Warner in a V neck sweater.	(s)
			•	The B-52s	Airbag Equipped			•	Image Writer makes for good percussion	(L)
Big press kit		Kim Deal plays with him				Glitter, alright already!			'This is the reason people don't try to be more creative.' Vocals of a congested Geddy Lee.	(s)
			•		Moog-a-thon	pop art color blocks			Weird vocals pounding, sounds that make U go grrr. Really neat. Some spacey guitar effects, genuinely psychotic vocals. Fond of Moog--always a good sign.	(s)
			•			dumb drunk collage	•	industrial	Upbeat ska with a tinge of metal. About the tightest horn section I've eve heard, especially on "Calling in Sick." Brings back fond memories of kicking up dust to Skankin' Pickle and the Voodoo Glow Skulls.	(s)
							Strawberry Fields		Don't be put off by the goofy name!	(L)
	all around great guy	he was the Damned's guitarist!			a hero!	carburetor			Some would say he's lost his spunk; others might just say he's matured. Recalls moments of the Damned's glory. Very melodic. Swell guy.	(s)
				ancient mystics		60s pop rec. cover parody			Mystical edge to the jangly pop sound. Singing in foreign tongues is good, although they're really just British in the end.	(s)
						them looking gleeful		•	Punk songs with crunch- seminal Boston band that sings songs of your life. I bet they're really nice guys.	(s)
				farmers	highball w/ onion	rooster			Great at sing-alongs	(L)
		they channel Marc Bolan	•	electrified T Rex		trippy rave graphix		•	Bolan-esque vocals; fuzzy, trippy, lush – good balance of old influences and new technology. Lovely.	(s)
	some will love this	brad laner (medicine)			nose bleed	blurry photos			Mostly instrumental (ambient?) with overly pretentious song titles.	(L)
	gorgeous girl from Moscow				radio friendly	apple			Decent, catchy tunes guaranteed to be found on the radio someday. Dollops of organ help.	(s)
						sexy woman's white face		•	This album was first released in 1962- brilliant sound quality on the CD. Esquivel manages to infuse more energy into his orchestra than most of those 'cutting edge' alternative rock acts.	(s)
			if you like pain			electric chair and sheep-cool			All I know: it frightens me.	(s)
stick of gum				Speedwagon vs. Rplacements	Club Foot Stone	Lippy lipstick			'Even though they sound like they're from San Diego no one in the band has ever been there!'	(s)
						microphone mosaic			too bad half the band died in carwreck night of major label debut...	(s)
a sticker	none!		•	Texans		injured doll			Real nice.	(L)

Reviews by L = Lisa AA. S = Skylaire. D = Darby

BAND	TITLE, FORMAT, LABEL	RECORD RATING 1-10	COVER ART 1-10	ANGRY	CUTESY	SOFT 'n FUZZY POP	PUNK RK!	FEM VOCALS/ PLAYERS	GOOD 2 MAKE OUT 2	2 COOL	LYRICS HURT	SOUND LIKE 100 OTHER BANDS	AT LEAST THEY CAN PLAY	NICE B4 / WILL INDUCE SLEEP	WHAT DRUG WANT TO B ON WHEN LISTEN
Giant Ant Farm	Fortune, CD, Vaccination	7.7	4					FP	•					B4	
Goo Goo Dolls	A Boy Named Goo, CD, Warner	5.9	6												tobacco
Grant McLennan	Horsebreaker Star, CD, Beggar's Banquet	6.9	3.7									•			
Grover	My Wild Life, CD, Zero Hour	3	2			•		•			•	•		induce	
Guided by Voices	Alien Lanes, CD, Matador	4	2								•		•		
Gwen Mars	Magnosheen, CD, H'Wood	6	6					guy who sounds like girl							
Half Japanese	HOT, CD, Safehouse	7.6	4.1				proto			•					caffeine
Hanna Cranna	Better Lonely Days, CD, Big Deal	2	2.5								•		•		
Hayride	Elfin Magic, CD, Capricorn	5	4.3									•			
Heartworms	Space Escapade, CD, darla	2	8			•					•	•	•	induce	antedote for heartworms
Heavy Vegatable	Frisbie, CD, Headhunter	7	2		•	•		•						B4	crack
Here are the facts you requested	"Renschenfengwang gjiang" 45", Elevator	7.5	6.9							•					smart drink
j church	arbor vitae, CD, Honey Bear	6	4		prob	•	•						•		
Jack Black	Got Jack Black if you want it...CD, Double Deuce	8	5.7	•						•					hard liquor
Knapsack	Silver Sweepstakes, CD, Alias	6	5	•	•	•									caffeine
Laibach	Slovenska Akropola CD Nika	8	4	•										B4	
Legendary Pink Dots	From Here You'll Watch the World Go By, CD, Soliel Moon	7	8			sorta			•					B4	xanax
Lizard Music	fashionably lame, CD, World Domination Music	5	5									•			peyote buttons
LonelyTrailer	Yeah, so?, CD, Mud	2	5											induce	
Lutefisk	Deliver from Porcelain: Theme & Variation, CD, Bong Load	7	5				•		•						mescaline
Man or Astroman?	Heuvos Rancheros, 45", Get Hip	8.5	7.9						•	•					space cookies
Manic Hispanic	The Menudo Incident, CD, Doctor Dream	9	8	sí			viva!			•					tequila
Marilyn Manson	Smells Like Children, CD, Interscope	7	5.5	but at what?						•					expensive heroin
Mark Brodiet & the Beaver Patrol	The Shores of Hell, CD, Shredder	5	4						•				•		drinks w/ umbrellas

SENT BRIBE	GIMMICK	FAMOUS PRODUCER, ARTIST, FRIEND	(MIGHT BE) GOOD LIVE	WHO (OR WHAT) THEY REALLY WANT 2 B	WHAT THEY REALLY SHOULD B CALLED	GIRLS, GLITTER, STARS... IN COVER ART	COVER SONGS	RETRO	OTHER COMMENTS	REVIEWER
divine packaging	from another era	bassist picked up Cale from airport	•	renaissance house band		ghost ship galley		•	clarinet, sax, strings, well arranged, interesting gypsy cabaret ditties; vocals oft too overwrought	(s)
		Husker Du guy produced them!		just themselves	Mucky Puppies	frightened child, named Goo?			Good back ground fuzz if you're a character in a television drama.	(s)
	writes clever lyrics	REM likes him!				kissin' in the atrium			Former Go-Betweens strings together very clever lyrics. Smart Aussie rock.	(s)
	from Chapel Hill, NC		no	good song writers		Barbie's ugly mug			"We didn't set out to win awards fr sassy-ness."	(s)
					Voices Led You Astray	desert drums			More introspective, overwrought rock. Yuck. And I had such expectations!	(s)
		Steppenwolf producer came out of retirement for them!			Gwen Mars needs guitars	alien chick			Psychedelic influences still don't make them stand out. They got big fast. Maybe its because one of their songs sounds like Iron Man.	(s)
Big press kit	20 years & we can't tune our guitars!	influenced a bunch o' greasy kids	yep			stylized woman			Patti Smith singing into a giant resonating spring. 2nd song sounds so much like the Dead Milkmen I was waiting 4 the punchline. Head honcho Jad Fair is a big deal. Good nose pinching music.	(s)
						forlorn woman			Named after a Connecticut witch hanged in the infamous trials- we can only hope they receive the same punishment.	(s)
Big press kit						purple mountain elfheim			With song titles like 'wormbringer' and 'King Phrague' I'm not sure what their shtick is. One guy in the band looks like Ronnie James Dio, so I guess that's their elfin connection. Speedy and from Athens.	(s)
		Archie Moore of Velocity Girl	Hell no!		boring	space music rip off	•		Totally unnecessary covers of Blondie's "Sunday Girl" and Radiohead's "Creep." Trying to ride the spacey strings and electro rock resurgence wave, and doing it badly.	(s)
	kooky rhythms & lyrics don't rhyme		•	A Ben & Jerry's flavor	Pinkish Crayola	Dog w/ frisbee		•	Lots of short songs about stuff they either like or don't	(L)
	musicologists		•		exploding plastic devolved giants	trippy arty thing			Experimental pop- they don't quite rock, they fizz! They shimmy. Lots of purposely bad synthesizer, weirdness. They founded a pop music think tank in their home base o' Berkeley. Music Lib revolution? Sign me up!	(s)
						Asian girl & type			Some of that pop rock stuff.	(s)
						the boys		way	Something rockabilly, something punk… inspirational. Their zine of same name includes thoughtful guide to literature & films."	(s)
	kinda sounds like the Replacements		•	Successful Indie Rock Stars	Sofabed				Competent Pop-Straighter than Straight	(L)
	Iron Curtain			Ministers of Culture				•	Reissue of 1987 LP/ Application to join a state without borders is inclosed.	(L)
			•			cyber jungle beetle			Low key jungle techno on "1000 Commandments" w/h equally low key vocal whispers that R a Dots trademark. Conjures up images of waltzing w/ Dracula in foggy London.	(s)
		pro Steve Albini	•			incomprehensible child toy w/ •			With songs like "She's a Very Fat Weirdo" and a name taken from one of my favorite children's books, I thought they themselves, would be, well, weird. No dice. Dullsville, baby.	(s)
			NO			flowers n' stuff painted by a mental patient			Arbitrary industrial buzz over 10! tracks of incessant dog barking. Only people like Man Ray can get away w/ stuff this bad. Somewhere they break into 3 chord punk pop anthems.	(s)
				not quite sure		drug induced painting			L.A. drunk scum darlings. Kind of interesting. Some may recall mid-'80s Butthole Surfers…	(s)
			very	first surf band to leave our galaxy		astros in dusty desert			Gorgeous surfer-billy tunes, some slow, some warp speed… If there are more bands like this in the yawning abyss of the cosmos, please send ASAP!	(s)
	beaner punk rock			cheech &chong back up band		platos de Menudo	•	•	Inspired parodies of X's LA (East LA), "I Got a Right," "New Rosa," etc, by collection of rockin' hombres; punk rock, barrio style. If this gavacho can dig it…	(s)
	all took a murderer's surname	Reznor produced		ghouls		the scary singer	•	•	An aromatic blend of Industrial and trash rock, with Trent Reznor at the helm. Better than I expected, although still trite at times.	(s)
	Vancouver surf band! Guffaw!		•			Satan surfing	•		Canada's most popular surfin' combo. Good at what they do.	(s)

Reviews by L = Lisa AA. S = Skylaire. D = Darby

BAND	TITLE, FORMAT, LABEL	RECORD RATING 1-10	COVER ART 1-10	ANGRY	CUTESY	SOFT 'n FUZZY POP	PUNK RK!	FEM VOCALS/ PLAYERS	GOOD 2 MAKE OUT 2	2 COOL	LYRICS HURT	SOUND LIKE 100 OTHER BANDS	AT LEAST THEY CAN PLAY	NICE B4 / WILL INDUCE SLEEP	WHAT DRUG WANT TO B ON WHEN LISTEN
Mekons	Untitled 1&2, CD, Touch & Go	5.5	1.2					FV				•			
Memphis	7", Superlux	9	5	•			.		•						whisky
Mothra	Leaning on the Fridge, CD, Deat Beat	7	9			•			•			•		B4	Ritalin
Nutley Brass	Plays the Greatest Hits of Shimmy Disc, CD	2	2		•					•					Dramamine
Oasis	What's the story, morning glory?, CD, Epic	7	n/a		•	•						•		induce	tea and soggy toast
Paradise 3001	Sunspots, CD, ESP-Sun	5	5.8												
plainfield	Ted Bundy's Volkswagen, CD, Smelly	5.8	4	•						silly			•		chicken's blood
Rentals	return of..., CD, Maverick	7	3	sad				•	break up to		•			•	valium!
Rocket from the Crypt	Scream, Dracula, Screa, CD, Interscope	5	5	•								•			tequila sunrise
Rocketsled	71 Nova, CD, Bulletoboggan	9	5	•					•					B4	Drano
Roger Nusic	Hello Lovers...	7.6	7			half			•						LOVE!!
Rosa Mota	Wishful Sinking, CD, Mute	5	6.7		•	•		•					•	B4	
Sauce	Why Can't You..., 7", Hardtail Records	100	7	no!	sort a	perhaps	o.k	not quite	in San Pedro	no	um	101	they can	i wouldn't	life!
Screaming Headless Torsos	n/a, CD, Discovery	7	n/a												
Screeching Weasel	Kill the Musicians, CD, Lookout	7	7				•								
Sideshow Confusion	Lip Read Confusion, CD, fly daddy	3	2								•	•		both	No Doz
Slant 6	Inzombia, CD, Discord	8	8		•	half		all girl	•	•					estrogen
Smashing Pumpkins	Mellon Collie & the Infinite Sadness, 2CD, Virgin	8.9	8	•	•			•	•	•					masturbation
Stapled Shut, Crom, Spazz, Despise You	Left Back/Let Down cop., 7", Theologian	9	in poor taste	•							•	•			hugs, not drugs
Streinikoff	hojladrija... CD, NIKA	6.8	4	prob					•						
Super Deluxe	Famous, CD, Tim Kerr	6	5		super				•			•		induce	
Superchunk	Here's Where the Strings Come In, CD, Merge	7	7			•		•	•					B4	sleep
Supernova	Ages 3 and Up, CD, AM Rep	6.5	5		•		pop								nitrous
The Beauticians	Imperiale, CD, Cheemo	3	4		•	•		•					•		nail varnish
The Coolies!	Take That, You Bastard!, CD, Casino	4	5			half						•	•		jus' alcohol

SENT BRIBE	GIMMICK	FAMOUS PRODUCER, ARTIST, FRIEND	(MIGHT BE) GOOD LIVE	WHO (OR WHAT) THEY REALLY WANT 2 B	WHAT THEY REALLY SHOULD B CALLED	GIRLS, GLITTER, STARS... IN COVER ART	COVER SONGS	RETRO	OTHER COMMENTS	REVIEWER
						deep, sorrowful black			Arbitrary noise bursts on one side, rockabilly in a tin can in the other.	(s)
	the South			poets		1/2 a sunglass				(L)
				Olympic hopefuls	can't do much better than Mothra!	stylized snowflakes	•	•	Good for the holidays.	(L)
	The popularity of lounge music			The Muzak Corporation	Nostalgia Will Kill You		All	•	Irony may be their only saving grace (and that's not saying much)	(L)
		aren't they yet?		toast of the Brit indie scene	comfortably bland	n/a			Well crafted songs that fit comfortably into the current British mold. Soo boring.	(s)
						acid graphix			Pretty average trance music. Hippies would like it, but they wouldn't get very interesting LSD visions from it.	(s)
		ex of Da Willys & Vacant Lot			cranky	suburban dream home			Singer sounds like Kermit the Frog on steroids. One song features the memorable chorus, 'die you fuckin' pig' followed by 'I want your flesh, I need your flesh!' And on their sleeve: Rednecks with brains!	(s)
	love	matt of Weezer			The Saps	The Sap			Their publicist has called some 50xs 2 make sure we knew how great this record was doing. The 1st & 5th songs ARE great… but mostly downhill from there. Good outlet 4 the big heartache, perhaps more worthwhile 4 the artists than listener. Sorta sweet.	(d)
	San Diego		•		...and fizzle back to it	mean ol scorpion			The vocals have changed, the tempo is slower. A few snazzy touches, like horns, but otherwise flat as a pancake.	(s)
				Your Worst Nightmare	Flame	a '71 Nova			More rad metal from Vermant	(L)
			•		hopeless romantics	thee love machine himself			Straight forward, sleazy rock. Nice vocal chirpings. Genuinely inexplicable. Confusing. I should consult Flipside, but think this is a joke.	(s)
			•			pretty little severed heads		•	Nice stomach picture on back cover.	(s)
finger puppets	geeks	doubt it	•	dog toys	The Men	tiki disco			Reminiscent of style-mixin' Samba Hell but geekier. Asking irreverent questions like: Why can't you be more like my stapler, and keep my papers together.	(d)
					funkee monkees	n/a		•	Living Colour/James Brown/touch of Fishbone… funky, in a positive way. Good vocal inflections- like an old time Southern Baptist minister	(s)
						bloody weasel			Any band with a song titled 'I Wanna be a Homosexual' is okay in my book! (Although Darby always thought it was by Social D.)	(s)
			NO		Just Confused	boring '90s graphix			I can't tell if the singer's inability to stay on key is endearing or annoying.	(s)
	they're zombies!	don't need one	•			zombie girls in grave			Garage rock by slick, sassy rockin' chicks…	(s)
	rock stars, sticky songs	yes		king of the throne	The Billy Corgans	stars, planets, virgin			The epic saga of Billy. "Tell me I'm the only one, tell me there's no other one, jesus was an only son, tell me I'm the chosen one," & later insights, "I fear that I am ordinary…" Alterna-metal w/ brat boy vocals & enchanting yet morbid true-love lyrics.	(d)
			•	Evil Incarnate		corpse, heroin, jesus, baby		•	Oooh- scary!	(L)
		Biafra digs them		Euro pop darlings		bleak, impressionist commie painting	•		Slovenian rock that ain't bad! Suprise you're friends with quirky rock in a foreign tongue!	(s)
					Stripped	sparkles on stage	sparkles		Harmonic rockin' pop. Cute guys. Sorta Brit feel, especially in their vocals, but from WA.	(s)
a sticker			•	Van Halen					Good to listen to on Sunday morning	(L)
	spacesuits		•			space van	Close Encounters transmision	•	Low level cross between Buzzcocks, Toy Dolls, & 1 other I can't recal. Geek punk 2 B sure. 20 songs long. Better w/ more or less personality – not certain which.	(d)
	love of hairstyle			XTC, Beatles		block art				(s)
	They're not Asian!					erm, a coolie			They did a rock opera about a man who murders a black transvestite chef & steals his recipes & becomes famous. I'd rather hear that.	(s)

Reviews by L = Lisa AA. S = Skylaire. D = Darby

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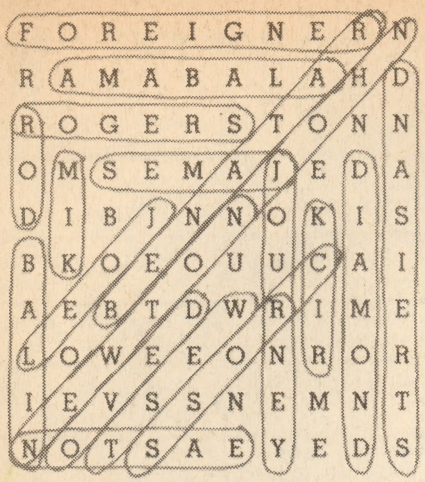
The Geraldine Fibbers	Lost Somewhere Between the Earth and My Home, CD, Virgin	8.7	cover-2, liner-9	•				•						B4	After big meal
The Joy Poppers	Zoomar! CD, Widely Dist.	8	6		•	•	•		•						acid
The Queers	Move Back Home, CD, Lookout	5	2.6									•	•		
The Red Krayola	amor & language, CD, Drag City	8	1			at times	inaway		•	•					what ever Mayo is taking!
The Selecter	Hairspray, CD, Triple X	7	7.9					•							none
The Zambonis	Away Game/ The Ref's Daughter, 7", Tarquin	8	10		•		•					•			ice
These Animal Men	Come on, join the high society, CD, Virgin	7	5		•				•	•		•	•		spiked tea
Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments	Bait & Switch, CD, American	6.5	n/a	maybe	?		•								
Tiny Tim w/ New Duncan Imperials	Live in Chicago, CD, Bughouse	7	5.6		•					•					nostalgia
Total Chaos	Patriotic Shock, CD, Epitaph	6.6	4.5	•			duh								beer, cheap beer
Trickbabys	player, CD, Go Cart	6.7	7												real hard liquor
Ultra Violet Eye	Out of Focus, CD, Californium	7.6	3			•				•					
V/A	Strange Notes! A Germs Cover Comp., CD, Bitzcore	9	5.2	!!!			!!!			•					rabies medication
V/A	Resurrection of the Warlock, CD, Old School	8.9	10		dreamy			•		•				B4	marijuana
V/A	This is Boston, Not LA, CD, Wicked Disc	8	9	•	•		•		•			•			Fond memory
V/A	A Means to an End: The Music of Joy Division, CD, Virgin	5	5		•					•		only 1			Lithium
V/A	The Poop Alley Tapes, 31 LA Bands, 2CD, WIN (winrecords@aol.com)	8.5	6.5		•	•	•	•			•				no-doz, farfalla, wine, & smokes
V/A	Step Right Up, The Songs of Tom Waits, CD, Manifesto	8	5	drunk				•	•						cigs, hard liquor, cold harsh city, late night
Vibro Champs	The Stimulating Vibes of the...CD, SciFi Western	8.8	7.2												tanked on cocktails
VON LMO	Cosmic Interception, CD, Variant	8	4				proto								cosmic dust
Yum Yum Tree	Trendy, CD, Girlie Recs.	2	2	•	•		•	•		•	•	•			pain killers

Record Review Chart concept by Jessy with Evan, Darby, and Skylaire.

SENT BRIBE	GIMMICK	FAMOUS PRODUCER, ARTIST, FRIEND	(MIGHT BE) GOOD LIVE	WHO (OR WHAT) THEY REALLY WANT 2 B	WHAT THEY REALLY SHOULD B CALLED	GIRLS, GLITTER, STARS... IN COVER ART	COVER SONGS	RETRO	OTHER COMMENTS	REVIEWER
			•	Alan Lomax	Stilted PLow	surrealism			Woozy and Sweet as yams	(L)
	retro sound, smart		•		Sunny Daze	a man holding bloody heart			Wifts of the '60s. Nice harmonics, Silly lyrics. Can you say analog? XTC, Julian Cope, etc., good.	(s)
						the boys playing	•		How you might have felt in the 9th grade. Committed the heinous crime of using the word 'cretin' in a song and not being the Ramones.	(s)
	tit girl strewn all over insert	they're all famous! sshh!	•	psych ward patients		tit girl w/gun		in a way	Mayo Thompson and co. – freaky fried art rock noodlings. I like it! I bet he's a lunatic, too!	(s)
Big press kit	two tone pioneers		•	revived pop stars		beehive babe	•		Reformed in 1991, they stay true but not chained to their roots. Polished ska-pop, upbeat and joyous. Great organ spurts.	(s)
	all about ice hockey			Canadians		ice-cleaning machines			Melodramatic and sporty.	(L)
	very British		•	Superstars!	apt name	anit- yank propaganda		•	Anthemic Brit rock… clear, tight, young and spunky.	(s)
Big press kit		signed by Johan K.	•			n/a			I would like to know who came up with this name… Ron House's very 'original' vocal stylings could wake you up from death. Straight punk, except for the screech owl.	(s)
	Tim is a gimmick				out of their minds	the legend himself	•	duh	Although his voice at times sounds like a ragged ship's sail, boy can he rock that ukulele. Well chosen songs; includes the best version of 'Highway to Hell' you'll ever hear.	(s)
	they're so hardcore!		•		Invasion of '84	flying punk superhero		way	tres hardcore- they keep the angst ridden gutter punk banner flying.	(s)
						the band as insects			Thank God, they have a pulse. A touch of Southern-style sleaze. Singer Lynne has an interesting drama queen type voice. Garage rock.	(s)
jewelry box packaging						drawings of girls			Worth it for 'Smoke on the Water' sung in German. Nice harmonies. Extra points for use of a harpsichord.	(s)
				as good as the Germs		Darby!!	All	duh	A solid collection of covers from semi-famous international punk bands With punk covers it seems you only get the slightest variation on the original, so I'd suggest you just buy the real thing. The Germs, very important stuff.	(s)
						Marc staring towards the heavens	all	•	As a fan of T. Rex I was anxious to hear this – some beautiful interpretations, incl. "Ride a White Swan" by Stormclouds, & a hillbilly explosion of "Bang a Gong" by Friendly Ghosts prove that Bolan's unique song writing skills have stood test of time.	(s)
				Southlanders	Pilgrim's Pride	punk rockers		•	Classics never lose their style.	(L)
	All Joy Division songs	see gimmick		Ian		cityscape	all JD plus Bowie/Eno Warsaw- cover of cover	•	How many more of these decadent tribute albums do we deserve?	(L)
	all recorded @ Poop Alley by Tom Grimley	many songs include members of/or sound like That Dog, (too)		loved and adored		poop	Fading Fast, He Stopped Loving Her Today		Lotsa self-indulgent breakin' my heart/love me please ditties...arg. Polar Goldie Cats, Recess, Radies Man, Magic Pacer, Fibbers, Beck, & Rod Poole stand out. Nice look @ many LA bands & the unique one man studio. Worthwhile compilation, mucho variety.	(d)
	all bands that evan cohen loves	many							Strong work, intriguing covers by most. Best: Tindersticks!!! (doing "Mockin' Bird"), Wedding Present, Violent Femmes, Jeffrey Lee Pierce. You're left thinking the bands on this tribute actually care about the work they're covering – weird!	(d)
						them looking snazzy			Amazing MN rockabilly-roots troupe w/twinges of surf pop and They Might be Giants nasally goofiness. They're fun, they've got an upright bass, and they're sharp dressers to boot!	(s)
	space invader	Thurston Moore digs him		aliens		The MAN, the alien			VON LMO is something of an institution; has influenced scores, incl. T. Moore; draws Sun Ra comparisons and features dissonant sax.	(s)
ass kissing letter	Tantrums			angrier then they are	sassy pants	"Girly" drawings	!	•	Rips off angry fem novelist Dorothy Allison without even a thanks!	(L)

Reviews by L = Lisa AA. S = Skylaire. D = Darby

RR Charts cut out the b.s. writer's stick in to connect their worthless opinions. Yeah!



1. Newton-John; 2. Streisand; 3. James; 4. Joel; 5. West; 6. Alabama; 7. Rod; 8. Ross; 9. Journey; 10. Rick; 11. Cross; 12. Benatar; 13. Devo; 14. Diamond; 15. Kim; 16. Balin; 17. Newton; 18. Rogers; 19. Easton; 20. Foreigner.

LEFT- OVER WORDS: NUMBER ONE

answers to wordfinder

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ERRORS #25

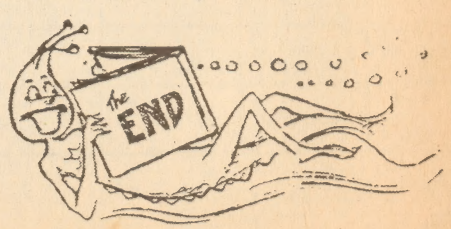
- The pictures of Howie Pyro and Dee Dee Ramone at Coney Island were from 1993 (not 1977), and photo credit is to Johnny T, from Clowns for Progress.
- Fuck if I remember,.

retrolexica

by Jon, Darby, Skylaire, & Patty

These are a few of the current terms used to refer to the retro world & retro world views – which will possibly help you gain a better understanding to the conspiracy, and help you relate with all hip enough to use them.

Retrology – The study of retro.
Retrolectual – One who has the ability to argue everything with outdated logic.
Retrophobia – An obsessive anxiety of retro culture to the point that when a person is retrophobic they don't watch T.V. for fear of seeing re-runs; can't listen to the radio for fear of hearing the oldies; etc.
Retrauma – A trama caused by one who's been adversely affected by retro.
Retroanorexia – One who obsessively consumes mass quantities of retro and has to barf it up in order to stay human.
RetrObGyn – Someone who checks women for cameltoes.
Retroblivious – One who can somehow block out and ignore all retro culture.
Retrobot – One who acts and reacts to the world as if it is only a world of past occurances and they need only function as they and others have functioned before.
Retrogre – One who is hidious and forces others to continuously, forever live their dull memories with them. hello.
Retroriental – David Carradine.
Retrobscene – Being forced to listen to Rick James while locked in a basement.
Retrobvious – When people recall memories of obvious retro culture and think they're being neat-o for remembering.
Retrocalifragilisticexpialidocious – Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.
Retrococo – The overdone decorating style of George Clinton
Retrodor – The stink of retro.
Retroedipus complex – To have an unhealthy obsession with Carol Brady.
Retrogress – One who is so involved in retro culture that they actually become young again; some even de-evolve to the point of reliving their birth.
Retroptimism – Being optimistic about the past.
Retrokay – "I'm okay, you're okay." (Who the hell wants to be "okay" anyway?!)
Retrobituary – Some futuristic posibility we can only fantasize about today.
Retro phone home – Obsession with extra-terrestrial "E.T." (Skylaire's got it)
Retrostilskin = Smurf (papa)
Retrow row row your boat...



It's the most unhappy people who most fear change. –Mignon McLaughlin

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